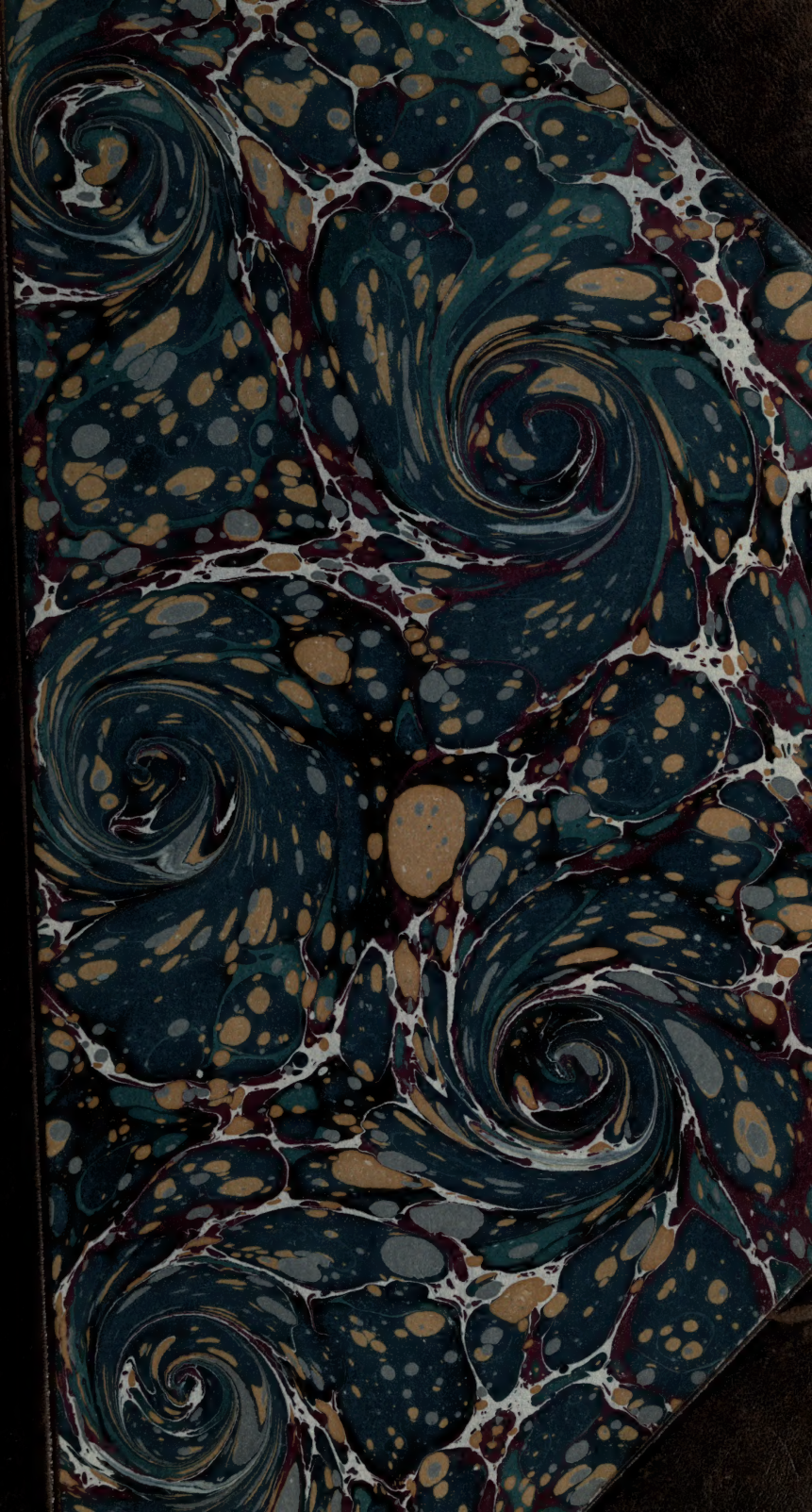




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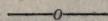
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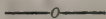






Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



CHAPTER XI.

DURING the two years which followed the Duke of Norfolk's death I did only see my Lady Surrey once, which was when she came to Arundel House, on a visit to her lord's grandfather; and her letters for a while were both scanty and brief. She made no mention of religion, and but little of her husband; and chiefly touched on such themes as Lady Margaret's nuptials with Mr. Sackville (Lord Dorset's heir), and Mistress Millicent's with Sir Hammond l'Estrange. She had great contentment, she wrote, to see them both so well married according to their degree; but that for herself she did very much miss her good sister's company and her gentlewoman's affectionate services, who would now reside all the year at her husband's seat in Norfolk; but she looked when my lord and herself should be at Kenninghall, when he left the University, that they might yet, being neighbours, spend some happy days together, if it so pleased God. Once she wrote in exceeding great joy, so that she said she hardly knew how to contain herself, for that my lord was coming in a few days to spend the Long Vacation at Lord Sussex's house at Bermondsey. But when she wrote again, methought—albeit her letter was cheerful, and she did jest in it somewhat more than was her wont—that there was a silence touching her husband, and her own contentment in his society, which betokened reserve such as I had not noticed in her before. About that time it was bruited in London that my Lord Surrey had received no small detriment by the bad example he had at Cambridge, and the liberty permitted him.

And now, forsaking for a while the theme of that noble pair, whose mishaps and felicities have ever saddened and rejoiced mine heart almost equally with mine own good or evil fortune, I here purpose to set down such occurrences as should be worthy of note in the more obscure sphere in which my lot was cast.

When I was about sixteen, my cousin Kate was married to Mr. Lacy; first in a secret manner, in the night, by Mr. Plasden, a priest, in her father's library, and the next day at the parish-church at Holborn. Methinks a fairer bride never rode to church than our Kate. Her mother went with her, which was the first time she had been out of doors for a long space of time, for she feared to catch cold if the wind did blow from the north or the east; and if from the south she feared it should bring noxious vapours from the river; and the west, infection

from the City, and so stayed at home for greater safety. But on Kate's wedding-day we did all protest the wind blew not at all, so that from no quarter of the sky should mischief arise; and in a closed litter, which she reckoned to be safer than a coach, she consented to go to church.

"Marry, good wife," cried Mr. Congleton, when she had been magnifying all the dangers she mostly feared, "thou dost forget the greatest of all in these days, which doth hold us all by the neck, as it were. For hearing Mass, as we did in this room last night, we do all run the risk of being hanged, which should be a greater peril methinks than a breath of foul air."

She, being in a merry mood, replied: "Twittle twattle, Mr. Congleton; the one may be avoided, the other not. 'Tis no reason I should get a cold to-day because I be like to be hanged to-morrow."

"I' faith," cried Polly, "my mother hath well parried your thrust, sir; and methinks the holy Bishop of Rochester was of the same mind with her."

"How so, Polly?" quoth her father; and she, "There happened a false rumour to rise suddenly among the people when he was in the prison, so I have heard Mr. Roper relate, that he should be brought to execution on a certain day; wherefore his cook, that was wont to dress his dinner and carry it daily unto him, hearing of his execution, dressed him no dinner at all that day. Wherefore, at the cook's next repair unto him, he demanded the cause why he brought him not his dinner. 'Sir,' said the cook, 'it was commonly talked all over the town that you should have died to-day, and therefore I thought it but vain to dress any thing for you.' 'Well,' quoth the Bishop merrily, 'for all that report, thou seest me yet alive; and therefore, whatsoever news thou shalt hear of me hereafter, prithee let me no more lack my dinner, but make it ready; and if thou see me dead when thou comest, then eat it thyself. But I promise thee, if I be alive, by God's grace to eat never a bit the less.'"

"And on the day he was verily executed," said Mistress Ward, "when the lieutenant came to fetch him, he said to his man, 'Reach me my furred tippet to put about my neck.' 'O my lord!' said the lieutenant, 'what need you be so careful of your health for this little time, being not much above an hour?' 'I think no otherwise,' said this blessed father; 'but yet, in the mean time, I will keep myself as well as I can; for I tell you truth, though I have, I thank our Lord, a very good desire and a willing mind to die at this present, and so I trust of His infinite mercy and goodness He will continue it, yet I will not willingly hinder my health one minute

of an hour, but still prolong the same as long as I can by such reasonable ways as Almighty God hath provided for me.'” Upon which my good aunt fastened her veil about her head, and said the holy Bishop was the most wise saint and reasonablest martyr she had yet heard of.

Kate was dressed in a kirtle of white silk, her head attired with an habiliment of gold, and her hair, brighter itself than gold, woven about her face in cunningly-wrought tresses. She was led to church between two gentlemên—Mr. Tresham and Mr. Hogdson—friends of the bridegroom, who had bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves. There was a fair cup of silver gilt carried before her, wherein was a goodly branch of rosemary, gilded very fair, and hung about with silken ribbons of all colours. Musicians came next; then a group of maidens bearing garlands finely gilded; and thus we passed on to the church. The common people at the door cheered the bride, whose fair face was a passport to their favour; but as Muriel crept along, leaning on my arm, I caught sound of murmured blessings.

“Sweet saint,” quoth an aged man, leaning on his staff, near the porch, “I ween thine espousals be not of earth.” A woman, with her child in her arms, whispered to her as she past, “He thou knowest of is dead, and died praying for thee.” A man, whose eyes had watched her painfully ascending the steps, called her an angel; whereupon a beggar with a crutch cried out, “Marry, a lame angel!” A sweet smile was on her face as she turned towards him; and drawing a piece of silver from her pocket, she bestowed it on him, with some such words as these—that she prayed they might both be so happy, albeit lame, as to hobble to heaven, and get there in good time, if it should please God. Then he fell to blessing her so loud, that she hurried me into the church, not content to be thanked in so public a manner.

After the ceremony, we returned in the same order to Ely Place. The banquet which followed, and the sports succeeding it, were conducted in a private and somewhat quiet fashion, and not many guests invited, by reason of the times, and Mr. Congleton misliking to draw notice to his house, which had hitherto been but little molested, partly for that Sir Francis Walsingham had a friendship for him, and also for his sister, Lady Egerton of Ridley, which procured for them greater favour, in the way of toleration, than is extended to others; and likewise the Portuguese ambassador was his very good friend, and his chapel open to us at all times; so that priests did not need to come to his house for the performance of any religious actions, except that one of the marriage, which had taken place the night before in his library. Howsoever, he was very well known to

be a recusant, for that neither himself, nor any belonging to him, attended Protestant worship; and Sir Francis sometimes told him that the clemency with which he was treated was shown towards him with the hope that, by mild courses, he might be soon brought to some better conformity.

Mr. Lacy's house was in Gray's Inn Lane, a few doors from Mr. Swithin Wells'; and through this proximity an intimate acquaintanceship did arise between that worthy gentleman and his wife and Kate's friends. He was very good-natured, pleasant in conversation, courteous, and generous; and Mrs. Wells a most virtuous gentlewoman. Although he (Mr. Swithin) much delighted in hawking, hunting, and other suchlike diversions, yet he so soberly governed his affections therein, as to be content to deprive himself of a good part of those pleasures, and retire to a more profitable employment of training up young gentlemen in virtue and learning; and with such success, that his house has been, as it were, a fruitful seminary to many worthy members of the Catholic Church. Among the young gentlemen who resided with him at that time was Mr. Hubert Rookwood, the youngest of the two sons of Mr. Rookwood, of Euston, whom I had seen at the inn at Bedford, when I was journeying to London. We did speedily enter into a somewhat close acquaintanceship, founded on a similarity of tastes and agreeable interchange of civilities, touching the lending of books and likewise pieces of music, which I did make fair copies of for him, and which we sometimes practised in the evening: for he had a pleasant voice and an aptness to catch the trick of a song, albeit unlearned in the art, wherein he styled me proficient; and I, nothing loth to impart my knowledge, became his instructor, and did teach him both to sing and play the lute. He was not much taller than when I had seen him before; but his figure was changed, and his visage had grown pale, and his hair thick and flowing, especially towards the back of the head, discovering in front a high and thoughtful forehead. There was a great deal of good young company at that time in Mr. Wells' house; for some Catholics tabled there besides those that were his pupils, and others resorted to it by reason of the pleasant entertainment they found in the society of ingenious persons, well qualified, and of their own religion. I had most days opportunities of conversing with Hubert, though we were never alone; and, by reason of the friendship which had existed between his father and mine, I allowed him a kindness I did not commonly afford to others.

Mr. Lacy had had his training in that house, and, albeit his natural parts did not title him to the praise of an eminent scholar, he had thence derived a great esteem for learning, a taste for books, of

the which he did possess a great store (many hundred volumes), and a discreet manner of talking, though something tinctured with affectation, inasmuch as he should seem to be rather enamoured of the words he uttered, than careful of the substance. Hubert was wont to say that his speech was like to the drawing of a leaden sword out of a gilded sheath. He was a very virtuous young man; and his wife had never but one complaint to set forth, which was that his books took up so much of his time, that she was almost as jealous of them as if they had been her rivals. She would have it he did kill himself with study; and, in a particular manner, with the writing of the life of one Thomas à Kempis, which was a work he had had a long time on hand. One day she comes into his library, and salutes him thus, "Mr. Lacy, I would I were a book; and then methinks you would a little more respect me." Polly, who was by, cried out, "Madam, you must then be an almanac, that he might change every year;" whereat she was not a little displeased. And another time, when her husband was sick, she said, if Mr. Lacy died, she would burn Thomas à Kempis for the killing of her husband. I, hearing this, answered that to do so, were a great pity; to whom she replied, "Why who was Thomas à Kempis?" to which I answered, "One of the saintliest men of the age wherein he lived." Wherewith she was so satisfied, that she said, then she would not do it for all the world.

Methinks I read more in that one year than in all the rest of my life besides. Mine aunt was more sick than usual, and Mistress Ward so taken up with the nursing of her, that she did not often leave her room. Polly was married in the winter to Sir Ralph Ingoldby, and went to reside for some months in the country. Muriel prevailed on her father to visit the prisons with her, in Mistress Ward's stead, so that sometimes they were abroad the whole of the day; by reason of which I was oftener in Gray's Inn Lane than at home, sometimes at Kate's house, and sometimes at Mistress Wells' mansion, where I became infected with a zeal for learning, which Hubert's example and conversation did greatly invite me to. He had the most winning tongue, and the aptest spirit in the world to divine the natural inclinations of those he consorted with. The books he advised me to read were mostly such as Mistress Ward, to whom I did faithfully recite their titles, accounted to be not otherwise than good and profitable, having learnt so much from good men she consulted thereon, for she was herself no scholar; but they bred in me a great thirst for knowledge, a craving to converse with those who had more learning than myself, and withal so keen a relish for Hubert's society, that I had no contentment so welcome as to listen to his dis-

course, which was seasoned with a rare kind of eloquence and a discursive fancy, to which also the perfection of his carriage, his pronunciation of speech, and the deportment of his body, lent no mean lustre. Naught arrogant or affected disfigured his conversation, in which did lie so efficacious a power of persuasion, and at times, when the occasion called for it, so great a vehemency of passion, as enforced admiration of his great parts, if not approval of his arguments. I made him at that time judge of the new thoughts which books, like so many keys opening secret chambers in the mind, did unlock in mine; and I mind me how eagerly I looked for his answers—how I hung on his lips when he was speaking, not from any singular affection towards his person, but by reason of the extraordinary fascination of his speech, and the interest of the themes we discoursed upon; one time touching on the histories of great men of past ages, at another on the changes wrought in our own by the new art of printing books, which had produced such great changes in the world, and yet greater to be expected. And as he was well skilled in the Italian as well as the French language, I came by his means to be acquainted with many great writers of those nations. He translated for me sundry passages from the divine play of Signor Dante Alighieri, in which hell and purgatory and heaven are depicted, as it were by an eye-witness, with so much pregnancy of meaning and force of genius, that it should almost appear as if some special revelation had been vouchsafed to the poet beyond his natural thoughts, to disclose to him the secrets of other spheres. He also made me read a portion of that most fine and sweet poem on the delivery of the holy city Jerusalem, composed by Signor Torquato Tasso, a gentleman who resided at that time at the court of the Duke of Ferrara, and which one Mr. Fairfax has since done into English verse. The first four cantos thereof were given to Mr. Wells by a young gentleman who had for a while studied at the University of Padua. This fair poem, and mostly the second book thereof, hath remained imprinted in my memory with a singular fixity, by reason that it proved the occasion of my discerning for the first time a special inclination on Hubert's side towards myself, who thought nothing of love, but was only glad to have acquired a friend endowed with so much wit and superior knowledge, and willing to impart it. This book, I say, did contain a narration which bred in me so great a resentment of the author's merits, and so quick a sympathy with the feigned subjects of his muse, that never before or since methinks has a fiction so moved me as the story of Olindo and Sophronisba.

Methinks this was partly ascribable to a certain likeness between the scenes described by the poet and some which take place

at this time in our country. In the maiden of high and noble thoughts, fair, but heedless of her beauty, who stood in the presence of the Soldan, once a Christian, then a renegade, taking on herself the sole guilt,—O virtuous guilt! O worthy crime!—of which all the Christians were accused, to wit, of rescuing sacred Mary's image from the hands of the infidels who did curse and blaspheme it, and, when all were to die for the act of one unknown, offered herself a ransom for all, and with a shamefaced courage, such as became a maid, and a bold modesty befitting a saint—a bosom moved indeed, but not dismayed, a fair but not pallid cheek—was content to perish for that the rest should live;—in her, I say, I saw a likeness in spirit to those who suffer nowadays for a like faith with hers, not at the hands of infidels, but of such whose parents did for the most part hold that same belief which they do now make out to be treason.

Hubert, observing me to be thus moved, smiled, and asked if, in the like case, I should have willed to die as Sophronisba.

"Yea," I answered, "if God did give me grace;" and then, as I uttered the words, I thought it should not be lawful to tell a lie, not for to save all the lives in the world; which doubt I imparted to him, who laughed and said he was of the poet's mind, who doth exclaim, touching this lie, "O noble deceit! worthier than truth itself!" and that he thought a soul should not suffer long in Purgatory for such a sin. "Maybe not," I answered; "yet, I ween, there should be more faith in a sole commitment to God of the events than in doing the least evil so that good should come of it."

He said, "I marvel, Mistress Constance, what should be your thoughts thereon if the life of a priest was in your hands, and you able to save him by a lie."

"Verily," I answered, "I know not, Master Rookwood; but I have so much trust in Almighty God that He would, in such a case, put words into my mouth which should be true, and yet mislead evil-purposed men, or that He shall keep me from such fearful straits, or forgive me if, in the stress of a great peril, I unwittingly should err."

"And I pray you," Hubert then said, as if not greatly caring to pursue the theme, "what be your thoughts concerning the unhappy youth Olindo, who did so dote on this maiden that, fearful of offending there where above all he desired to please, had, greatly as he loved, little hoped, nothing asked, and not so much as revealed his passion until a common fate bound both to an equal death?"

"I thought not at all on him," I answered; "but only on Sophronisba."

At which he sighed and read further: "That all wept for her

who, albeit doomed to a cruel death, wept not for herself, but in this wise secretly reproved the fond youth's weeping: 'Friend,' quoth she, 'other thoughts, other tears, other sighs, do beseech this hour. Think of thy sins, and God's great recompense for the good. Suffer for His sole sake, and torments shall be sweet. See how fair the heavens do show, the sun how bright, as it were to cheer and lure us onward!'"

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "shame on him who did need to be so exhorted, who should have been the most valiant, being a man!" To the which he quickly replied:

"He willed to die of his own free will rather than to live without her whom he jewelled more than life; but in the matter of grieving love doth make cowards of those who should else have been brave."

"Methinks, rather," I answered, "that in noble hearts love's effects should be noble."

"Bethink you, Mistress Constance," he then asked, "that Sophronisha did act commendably, insomuch that when an unlooked-for deliverance came, she refused not to be united in life to him that had willed to be united to her in death."

"You may think me ungrateful, sir," I answered; "but other merits methinks than fondness for herself should have won so great a heart."

"You be hard to content, Mistress Constance," he answered somewhat resentfully. "To satisfy you, I perceive one should have a hard as well as a great heart."

"Nay," I cried; "I praise not hardness, but love not softness either. You that be so learned, I pray you find the word which doth express what pleaseth me in a man."

"I know not the word," he answered; "I would I knew the substance of your liking, that I might furnish myself with it."

Whereupon our discourse ended that day; but it ministered food to my thoughts, and I fear me also to a vain content that one so gifted with learning and great promise of future greatness should evince something of regard beyond a mutual friendship for one as ignorant and young as I then was.

Some months after Kate's marriage, matters became very troublesome, by reason of the killing of a great store, as was reported, of French Huguenots in Paris on St. Bartholomew's-day, and afterwards in many cities of France, which did consternate the English Catholics for more reasons than one, and awoke so much rage in the breasts of Protestants, that the French ambassador told Lady Tregony, a friend of Mistress Wells, that he did scarce venture to show his face; and none, save only the Queen herself, who is always his very good friend, would speak to him. I was one evening at the

house of Lady Ingoldby, Polly's mother-in-law, some time after this dismal news had been bruited, and the company there assembled did for the most part discourse on these events, not only as deploring what had taken place, and condemning the authors thereof,—which, indeed, was what all good persons must needs have done,—but took occasion thence to use such vile terms and opprobrious language touching Catholic religion, and the cruelty and wickedness of such as did profess it, without so much as a thought of the miseries inflicted on them in England, that—albeit I had been schooled in the hard lesson of silence—so strong a passion overcame me then, that I had well nigh, as the Psalmist saith, spoken with my tongue, yea, young as I was, uttered words rising hot from my heart, in the midst of that adverse company, which I did know them to be, if one had not at that moment lifted up his voice, whose presence I had already noted, though not acquainted with his name; a man of reverent and exceeding benevolent aspect; aged, but with an eye so bright, and silvery hair crowning a noble forehead, that so much excellence and dignity is seldom to be observed in any one as was apparent in this gentleman.

“Good friends,” he said, and at the sound of his voice the speakers hushed their eager discoursing, “God defend I should in any way differ with you touching the massacres in France; for verily it has been a lamentable and horrible thing that so many persons should be killed, and religion to be the pretence for it; but to hear some speak of it, one should think none did suffer in this country for their faith, and bloody laws did not exist, whereby Papists are put to death in a legal cold-blooded fashion, more terrible, if possible, than the sudden bursts of wild passions and civil strife, which revenge for late cruelties committed by the Huguenots, wherein many thousand Catholics had perished, the destruction of churches, havoc of fierce soldiery, and apprehension of the like attempts in Paris, had stirred up to fury; so that when the word went forth to fall on the leaders of the party, the savage work once begun, even as a fire in a city built of wood, raged as a madness for one while, and men in a panic struck at foes, whose gripe they did think to feel about their throats.”

Here the speaker paused an instant. This so bold opening of his speech did seem to take all present by surprise, and almost robbed me of my breath; for it is well known that nowadays a word, yea a piece of a word, or a nod of the head, whereby any suspicion may arise of a favourable disposition towards Catholics, is oftentimes a sufficient cause for a man to be accused and cast into prison; and I waited his next words, (which every one, peradventure from curiosity, did like-

wise seem inclined to hear) with downcast eyes, which dared not to glance at any one's face, and cheeks which burned like hot coals.

"It is well known," quoth he, "that the sufferings which be endured by recusants at this time in our country are such that many should prefer to die at once than to be subjected to so constant a fear and terror as doth beset them. I speak not now of the truth or the falsity of their religion, which, if it be ever so damnable and wicked, is no new invention of their own, but what all Christian people did agree in one hundred years ago; so that the aged do but abide by what they were taught by undoubted authority in their youth, and the young have received from their parents as true. But I do solely aver that Papists are subjected to a thousand vexations, both of bonds, imprisonments, and torments worse than death, yea and oftentimes to death itself; and that so dreadful, that to be slain by the sword, or drowned, yea even burned at the stake, is not so terrible; for they do hang a man and then cut him down yet alive, and butcher him in such ways—plucking out his heart and tearing his limbs asunder—that nothing more horrible can be thought of."

"They be traitors who are so used," cried one gentleman, somewhat recovering from the surprise which these bold words had caused.

"If to be of a different religion from the sovereign of the country be a proof of treason," continued the venerable speaker, "then were the Huguenots, which have perished in France, a whole mass and nest of traitors."

A gentleman seated behind me, who had a trick of sleeping in his chair, woke up and cried out, "Not half a one, sirs; not so much as half a one is allowed," meaning the Mass, which he did suppose to have been spoken of.

"And if so, deserved all to die," continued the speaker.

"Ay, and so they do, sir," quoth the sleeper. "I pray you let them all be hanged." Upon which every one laughed, and the aged gentleman also; and then he said,

"Good my friends, I ween 'tis a rash thing to speak in favour of recusants nowadays, and what few could dare to do but such as cannot be suspected of disloyalty to the Queen and the country, and who, having drunk of the cup of affliction in their youth, even to the dregs, and held life for a long time as a burden which hath need to be borne day by day, until the wished-for hour of release doth come—and the sooner the more welcome—have no enemies to fear, and no object to attain. And if so be that you will bear with me for a few moments, yea, if ye procure me to be hanged to-morrow" (this he said with a pleasant smile; and "Marry, fear not, Mr. Roper," and

"I faith, speak on, sir," was bruited round him by his astonished auditors), "I will recite to you some small part of the miseries which have been endured of late years by such as cannot be charged with the least thought of treason, or so much as the least offence against the laws, except in what touches the secret practice of their religion. Women have, to my certain knowledge, been hung up by the hands in prisons (which do overflow with recusants, so that at this time there remaineth no room for common malefactors), and cruelly scourged, for that they would not confess by which priest they had been reconciled or absolved, or where they had heard Mass. Priests are often tortured to force them to declare what they hear in confession, who harbour priests and Papists, where such and such recusants are to be found, and the like questions; and in so strenuous a manner, that needles have been thrust under their nails, and one man, not long since, died of his racking. O sirs and gentle ladies, I have seen with mine own eyes a youth, the son of one of my friends—young Mark Typper, born of honest and rich parents, skilful in human learning, having left his study for a time, and going home to see his friends—whipped through the streets of London, and burnt in the ear, because, forsooth, a forward judge, to whom he had been accused as a Papist, and finding no proof thereof, condemned him as a vagabond. And what think you, good people, of the death of Sir Robert Tyrwit's son, who was accused for hearing of a Mass at the marriage of his sister, and, albeit at the time of his arrest in a grievous fever, was pulled out of the house and thrust into prison, even as he then was, feeble, faint, and grievously sick? His afflicted parents entreat, make intercession, and use all the means they can to move the justices to have consideration of the sick; not to heap sorrow upon sorrow, nor affliction on the afflicted; not to take away the life of so comely a young gentleman, whom the physicians come and affirm will certainly die if he should be removed. All this is nothing regarded. They lay hold on the sick man, pull him away, shut him up in prison, and within two days next after he dies. They bury him, and make no scruple or regard at all. O sirs, bethink you what these parents do feel when they hear Englishmen speak of the murders of Protestants in France as an unheard-of crime. If, in these days, one in a family of recusants doth covet the inheritance of an elder brother—yea of a father—he hath but to conform to the now-established religion (I leave you to think with how much of piety and conscience), and denounce his parent as a Papist, and straightway he doth procure him to be despoiled, and his lands given up to him. Thus the seeds of strife and bitter enmity have been sown broadcast through the land, the bands

of love in families destroyed, the foundations of honour and beneficence blown up, the veins and sinews of the common society of men cut asunder, and a fiendly force of violence and a deadly poison of suspicion used against such as are accused of no other crime than their religion, which they yet adhere to; albeit their fortunes be ruined by fines, and their lives in constant jeopardy from strenuous laws made yet more urgent by private malice. My friends, I would that not one hair of the head of so much as one Huguenot had been touched in France; that not one Protestant had perished in the flames in the late Queen's reign, or in that of her present Majesty; and also that the persecution now framed in this country against Papists, and so handled as to blind men's eyes and work in them a strange hypocrisy, yea and in some an innocent belief that freedom of men's souls be the offspring of Protestant religion, should pass away from this land. I care not how soon (as mine honoured father-in-law, and in God too, I verily might add, was wont to say),—I care not how soon I be sewn up in a bag and cast into the Thames, if so be I might first see religious differences at an end, and men of one mind touching God's truth."

Here this noble and courageous speaker ceased, and various murmurs rose among the company. One lady remarked to her neighbour: "A marvellous preacher that of seditious doctrines, methinks."

And one gentleman said that if such talk were suffered to pass unpunished in her Majesty's subjects, he should look to see Massing and Popery to rear again their heads in the land.

And many loudly affirmed none could be Papists, or wish them well, and be friends to the Queen's government, and so it did stand to reason that Papists were traitors.

And another said that, for his part, he should desire to see them less mercifully dealt with; and that the great clemency shown to such as did refuse to come to church, by only laying fines on them, and not dealing so roundly as should compel them to obedience, did but maintain them in their obstinacy; and he himself would as lief shoot down a seminary priest as a wolf, or any other evil beast.

I noticed this last speaker to be one of those who had spoken with most abhorrence of the massacres in France.

One lady called out in a loud voice, that Papists, and such as take their part, among which she did lament to see Mr. Roper, should be ashamed so much as to speak of persecution; and began to relate the cruelties practised upon Protestants twenty years back, and the burning at Oxford of those excellent godly men, the Bishops of London and Worcester.

Mr. Roper listened to her with an attentive countenance, and then said :

“ I’ faith, madam, I cannot choose but think Dr. Latimer, if it be he you speak of, did somewhat approve of such a method of dealing with persons obstinate touching religion, when others than himself and those of his own way of thinking were the subjects of it, if we judge by a letter he wrote in 1538 to his singular good friend the Lord Privy Seal Cromwell, at the time he was appointed to preach at the burning at Smithfield of Friar Forest of Greenwich, a learned divine I often did converse with in my young years.”

“ What wrote the good Bishop ?” two or three persons asked ; and the lady who had spoken before said, she should warrant it to be something pious, for a more virtuous Protestant never did live than this holy martyr.

Whereupon Mr. Roper : “ This holy Bishop did open his discourse right merrily, for in a pleasant manner he thus begins his letter : ‘ And, sir, if it be your pleasure, as it is, that I shall play the fool in my customable manner when Forest shall suffer, I would wish that my stage stood near unto Forest ; for I would endeavour myself so to content the people that therewith I might also convert Forest, God so helping.’ And further on he doth greatly lament that the White Friars of Doncaster had access to the prisoner, and through the fault of the sheriff or jailers, or both, he should be allowed to hear Mass and receive the Sacrament, by which he is rather comforted in his way than discouraged. And *such is his foolishness*, this good man doth humbly say, that if Forest would abjure his religion, he should yet (for all his past obstinacy) wish him pardoned. O sirs, think you that when at Oxford this aged man, seventeen years after, did see the flames gather round himself, that he did not call to mind what time he preached, playing the fool, as he saith, before a man in like agonies, and never urged so much as one word against his sentence ?”

“ Marry, if he did not,” said one, whom I take to have been Sir Christopher Wray, who had been a silent listener until then, “ if his conscience pricked him not thereon, it must needs have been by the same rule as the lawyer used to the countryman, who did put to him this question : ‘ Sir, if my cow should stray into your field and feed there one whole day, what should be the law touching compensation therefore ?’ ‘ Marry, friend, assuredly to pay the damage to the full, which thou art bounden at once to do.’ ‘ Ay,’ quoth the countryman ; ‘ but ’tis your cow hath strayed into my field.’ Upon which,

'Go to, go to,' cries the lawyer; 'for I warrant thee that doth altogether alter the law.'"

Some smiled, and others murmured at this story; and meanwhile one of the company, who from his dress I perceived to be a minister, and moreover to hold some dignity in the Protestant Church, rose from his place, and crossing the room, came up to Mr. Roper (for that bold speaker was no other than Sir Thomas More's son-in-law, whose great charity and goodness I had often heard of), and, shaking hands with him, said: "I be of the same mind with you, friend Roper, in every word you have uttered to-night. And I pray to God my soul may be with yours after this life, and our end in heaven, albeit I should not sail there in the same boat with you."

"Good Mr. Dean," quoth Mr. Roper, "I do say amen to your prayer." And then he added somewhat in a low voice, and methinks it was that there is but one ship chartered for safety in such a voyage.

At the which the other shook his head and waved his hand, and then calling to him a youth not more than twelve or thirteen years old, his son, he did present him to Mr. Roper. I had observed this young gentleman to listen, with an eagerness betokening more keenness for information than is usually to be found in youths of his years, to the discourses held that evening. His father told Mr. Roper that this his son's parts and quick apprehension in learning did lead him to hope he should be one day, if it pleased God, an ornament to the Church. Mr. Roper smiled as he saluted the youth, and said a few words to him, which he answered very readily. I never saw again that father or that son. The one was Dr. Mathews, whom the Queen made Bishop of Durham; and the other, Toby Mathews, his son, who was reconciled some years ago, and, as I have heard from some, is now a Jesuit.

The venerable aspect of the good Mr. Roper so engaged my thoughts, that I asked Lady Tregony, by whose side I was sitting, if she was acquainted with him, and if his virtue was as great as his appearance was noble. She smiled, and answered that his appearance, albeit honourable and comely, was not one-half so honourable as his life had been, or so comely as his mind. That he had been the husband of Sir Thomas More's never-to-be-forgotten daughter, Margaret, whose memory he so reverently did cherish, that he had never so much as thought of a second marriage; and of late years, since he had resigned the office of sub-notary in the Queen's Bench to his son, he did give his whole substance and his time to the service of the poor, and especially to prisoners, by reason of which

he was called the staff of the sorrowful, and sure refuge of the afflicted. Now, then, I looked on the face of this good aged man with a deeper reverence than heretofore. Now I longed to be favoured with so much of his notice as one passing word. Now I watched for an opportunity to compass my desire, and I thank God not without effect; for I do count it as a chief blessing to have been honoured, during the remaining years of this virtuous gentleman's life, with so much of his condescending goodness, that if the word friendship may be used in regard to such affectionate feelings as can exist between one verging on four-score years of age and of such exalted merit, and a foolish creature yet in her teens, whom he honoured with his notice, it should be so in this instance; wherein on the one side a singular reverence and humble great affection did arise almost on first acquaintance, and on the other so much benignity and goodness shown in the pains taken to cultivate such good dispositions as had been implanted in this young person's heart by careful parents, and to guard her mind against the evils of the times, that nothing could be greater.

Mr. Roper chancing to come near us, Lady Tregony said somewhat, which caused him to address me in this wise:

"And are there, then, maidens in these days not averse to the sight of gray hairs, and who mislike not to converse with aged men?"

This was said with so kindly a smile that timidity vanished, and confidence took its place.

"O sir," I cried, "when I was not so much as five years old, my good father showed me a picture of Sir Thomas More, and told me he was a man of such angelic wit as England never had the like before, nor is ever like to have again, and of a most famous and holy memory; and methinks, sir, that you, being his son-in-law, who knew his doings and his mind so well, and lived so long in his house, must needs in many things resemble him."

"As to his doings and his mind," Mr. Roper replied, "no man living knoweth them so well, and if my mean wit, memory, and knowledge could serve me now, could declare so much thereof. But touching resemblance, alas! there was but one in all the world that represented the likeness of his virtues and perfections; one whom he loved in a particular manner, and who was worthiest of that love more than any creature God has made."

Here the good man's voice faltered a little, and he made a stop in his discourse; but in a little while said that he had thought it behoved him to set down in writing such matters concerning Sir Thomas's life as he could then call to remembrance, and that he

would lend me the manuscript to read, which I did esteem an exceeding great favour, and one I could not sufficiently thank him for. Then he spoke somewhat of the times, which were waxing every day more troublesome, and told me he often called to mind a conversation he once had with Sir Thomas, walking along the side of the Thames at Chelsea, which he related in these words :

“ ‘Now would to God, my son Roper,’ quoth Sir Thomas, ‘I were put in a sack, and presently cast into the Thames, upon condition that three things were well established throughout Christendom.’ ‘And what mighty things are those, sir?’ I asked. Whereupon he: ‘Wouldst thou know, son Roper, what they be?’ ‘Yea, marry, sir, with a good will, if it please you,’ quoth I. ‘I’ faith, son, they be these,’ he said: ‘The first is that, whereas the most part of Christian princes are at mortal wars, they were all at peace; the second that, whereas the Church of Christ is at present sorely afflicted with so many heresies, it were settled in perfect uniformity of religion; the third that, where the matter of the King’s marriage is now come in question, it were, to the glory of God and quietness of all parties, brought to a good conclusion.’ ‘Ay, sir,’ quoth I, ‘those were indeed three things greatly to be desired; but’—I continued with a certain joy—‘where shall one see a happier state than in this realm, that has so Catholic a prince, that no heretic durst show his face; so virtuous and learned a clergy; so grave and sound a nobility; and so loving obedient subjects, all in one faith agreeing together?’ ‘Truth it is, indeed, son Roper,’ quoth he; and in all degrees and estates of the same went far beyond me in commendation thereof. ‘And yet, son Roper, I pray God,’ said he, ‘that some of us, as high as we seem to sit on the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day that we would gladly be at league and composition with them, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves.’ After I had told him many considerations why he had no cause to say so: ‘Well,’ said he, ‘I pray God, son Roper, some of us will live not to see that day.’ To whom I replied: ‘By my troth, sir, it is very desperately spoken.’ These vile terms, I cry God mercy, did I give him, who, perceiving me to be in a passion, said merrily unto me, ‘It shall not be so; it shall not be so.’ In sixteen years and more, being in the house conversant with him, I could not perceive him to be so much as once out of temper.”

This was the first of many conversations I held, during the years I lived in Holborn, with this worthy gentleman, who was not

more pleased to relate, than I to hear, sundry anecdotes concerning Sir Thomas More, his house, and his family.

Before he left me that day, I did make bold to ask him if he feared not ill consequences from the courageous words he had used in a mixed, yea rather, with few exceptions, wholly adverse, company.

"Not much," he answered. "Mine age; the knowledge that there are those who would not willingly see me roughly handled, and have power to prevent it; and withal no great concern, if it should be so, to have my liberty constrained, yea, my life shortened by a few years, or rather days,—doth move me to a greater freedom of speech than may generally be used, and a notable indifference to the results of such freedom."

Having whispered the like fears I had expressed to him to Lady Tregony, she did assure me his confidence was well based, and that he had connexions which would by no means suffer him to be thrown into prison, which should be the fate of any one else in that room who had spoken but one-half, yea one-tenth part, as boldly as he had ventured on.

CHAPTER XII.

It was some time before I could restore myself to my countenance, after so much moving discourse, so as to join with spirit in the sports and the dancing which did ensue among the young people that evening. But sober thoughts and painful themes after a while gave place to merriment; and the sound of music, gay tattle, and cheerful steps, lured me to such enjoyment as youth is wont to take in these kinds of pastimes. It was too much my wont to pursue with eagerness the present humour, and drink deeply of innocent pleasure wherein no harm should exist if enjoyed with moderation. But like in a horse on whose neck the bridle is cast, what began in a gentle ambling, ends in a wild galloping; so lawful merriment, if unrestrained, often ends in what is unbeseeming, and in some sort blamable. So this time, when dancing tired, a ring was formed for conversation, and the choice of the night's pastime yielded to my discretion; alack, rather to my imprudence and folly, methinks I might style it. I chose that arguments should be held by two persons of the company, turn by turn, and that a judge should be named to allot a reward to the worthiest, and a penance to the worst. This liked them all exceedingly, and by one consent they appointed me to be judge, and to summon such as should dispute. There were there two young gentlemen which haunted our house, and Lady Ingoldby's also. One was Martin Tregony, Lady Tregony's nephew,

an ill-favoured young man, with manners worse than his face, and so apish and foppish in his dress and behaviour, that no young woman could abide him, much less would receive his addresses, or if she did entertain him in conversation, it was to make sport of his so great conceit. He had an ill-natured kind of wit, more sharp than keen, more biting than sarcastic. He studied the art of giving pain, and oftentimes did cause shamefaced merit to blush. The other was Mr. Thomas Sherwood, who, albeit not very near in blood to my father, was, howsoever, of the same family as ourselves. He had been to the English College in Douay, and had brought me tidings a short time back of my father and Edmund Genings' safe arrival thither, and afterwards came often to see us, and much frequented Lady Tregony's house. He had exceeding good parts, but was somewhat diffident and bashful. Martin Tregony was wont to make him a mark, as it were, of his ill-natured wit, and did fancy himself to be greatly his superior in sharpness, partly because Mr. Sherwood's disposition was retiring, and partly that he had too much goodness and sense to bandy words with so ill-mannered a young man. I pray you who read this, could aught be more indiscreet than, in a thoughtless manner, to have summoned these two to dispute? which nevertheless I did, thinking some sport should arise out of it, to see Master Martin foisted in argument by one he despised, and also from his extravagant gestures and affected countenances. So I said:

"Master Tregony, your task shall be to dispute with Master Sherwood; and this the theme of your argument, 'The Art of Tormenting.' He who shall describe the nicest instances of such skill when exercised by a master towards his servant, a parent to his child, a husband to his wife, a wife to her husband, a lover to his mistress, or a friend to his friend, shall be proclaimed victorious; and his adversary submit to such penance as the Court shall inflict."

Master Sherwood shook his head for to decline to enter these lists; but all the young gentlemen and ladies cried, he should not be suffered to show contempt of the Court, and forced him to stand up.

Master Martin was nothing loth, and in his ill-favoured countenance there appeared a made smile, which did indicate an assurance of victory; so he began:

"The more wit a man hath, the better able he shall be at times to torment another; so I do premise, and at the outset of this argument declare, that to blame a man for the exercise of a talent he doth possess is downright impiety, and that to wound another by the pungency of home-thrusts in conversation is as just a liberty in an ingenious man, as the use of his sword in a battle is to a soldier."

Mr. Sherwood upon this replied, that he did allow a public

disputation, appointed by meet judges, to come under the name of a fair battle; but even in a battle (he said) generous combatants aim not so much at wounding their adversaries, as to the disarming of them; and that he who in private conversation doth make a weapon of his tongue is like unto the man who provokes another to a single combat, which for Christians is not lawful, and pierces him easily who has less skill in wielding the sword than himself.

"Marry, sir," quoth Master Martin, "if you do bring piety into your discourse, methinks the rules of just debate be not observed; for it is an unfair thing for to overrule a man with arguments he doth not dare to reply to under pain of spiritual censures."

"I cry you mercy, Master Martin," quoth the other; "you did bring in *impiety*, and so methought piety should not be excluded." At the which we all applauded, and Martin began to perceive his adversary to be less contemptible than he had supposed.

"Now to the point," I cried; "for exordiums be tedious. I pray you, gentlemen, begin, and point out some notable fashion where-with a master might torment his servant."

Upon which quoth Martin: "If a man hath a sick servant, and doth note his fancy to be set on some indulgence not of strict necessity, and should therefore deny it to him, methinks that should be a rare opportunity to exercise his talent."

"Nay," cried Master Sherwood, "a nicer one, and ever at hand afterwards, should be to show kindness once to a dependant when sick, and to use him ten times the worse for it when he is well, upbraiding him for such past favours, as if one should say: 'Alack, be as kind as you will, see what return you do meet with!'"

This last piece of ingenuity was allowed by the Court to surpass the first. "Now," I cried, "what should be the greatest torment a parent could inflict on a child?"

Martin answered: "If it should be fond of public diversion, to confine it in-doors. If retirement suits its temper, to compel it abroad. If it should delight in the theatre, to take it to see a good play, and at the moment when the plot shall wax most moving, to say it must be tired, and procure to send it home. Or, in more weighty matters,—a daughter's marriage, for instance,—to detect if the wench hath set her heart on one lover, and if so, to keep from her the knowledge of this gentleman's addresses; and when she hath accepted another, to let her know the first had sued for her hand, and been dismissed."

Here all the young gentlewomen did exclaim that Master Sherwood could by no means think of a more skilful torment than this should prove. He thought for an instant, and then said:

"It should be a finer and more delicate torment to stir up in a young gentlewoman's mind suspicions of one she loved; and so work on her natural passions of jealousy and pride, that she should herself, in a hasty mood, discard her lover; and ever after, when the act was not recallable, remind her she herself had wrought her own unhappiness, and wounded one she loved."

"Yea, that should be worse than the first torment," all but one young lady cried out; who, for her part, could better endure, she said, to have injured herself, than to be deceived, as in the first case.

"Then do come husbands," quoth Mr. Martin; "and I vow," he cried, "I know not how to credit there be such vile wretches in the world as should wish to torment their wives; but if such there be, methinks the surest method they may practise is, to loving wives to show indifferency; to such as be jealous, secrecy; to such as be pious, profaneness; and the like in all the points whereon their affections are set."

"Alack!" cried Mistress Frances Bellamy, "what a study the man hath made of this fine art! Gentlewomen should needs beware of such a one for a husband. What doth Master Sherwood say?"

Whereupon he: "Methinks the greatest torment a husband might inflict on a worthy wife should be to dishonour her love by his baseness; or if he had injured her, to doubt her proneness to forgive."

"And wives," quoth Mistress Southwell,— "what of their skill therein, gentlemen?"

"It be such," cried Martin, "as should exceed men's ability thereof to speak. The greatest instance of talent of this sort I have witnessed is in a young married lady, whose husband is very willing to stay in his house or go abroad, or reside in town, or at his seat in the country, as should most please her, so she would let him know her wishes. But she is so artful in concealing them, that the poor man can never learn so much as should cause him to guess what they may be; but with a meek voice she doth reply to his asking, 'An it please you, sir, let it be as you choose, for you very well know I never do oppose your will.' Then if he resolve to leave town, she maketh not much ado till they have rode twenty or thirty miles out of London. Then she doth begin to sigh and weep, for that she should be a most ill-used creature, and her heart almost broken for to leave her friends, and be shut up for six months in a swamp, for such she doth term his estate; and if she should not have left London that same day, she should have been at the Lord Mayor's banquet, and seen the French princes, which, above all things, she

had desired. But some husbands be so hard-hearted, if they can hunt and hawk, 'tis little count they make of their wives' pleasures. Then when she hath almost provoked the good man to swear, she hangeth down her head, and saith, 'Content you, sir—content you; 'tis your good fortune to have an obedient wife.' And so mopes all the time of the journey."

Whilst Martin was speaking, I noted a young gentlewoman who did deeply blush whilst he spoke, and tears came into her eyes. I heard afterwards she had been lately married, and that he counterfeited her voice in so precise a manner, so that all such as knew her must needs believe her to be the wife he spoke of; and that there was so much of truth in the picture he had drawn, as to make it seem a likeness, albeit most unjust towards one who, though apt to boast of her obedience, and to utter sundry trifling complaints, was a fond wife and toward lady to her dear husband; and that this malice in Mr. Tregony, over and above his wonted spite, was due to her rejection of his hand some short time before her marriage. Master Sherwood, seeing the ungracious gentleman's ill-nature and the lady's confusion, stood up the more speedily to reply, and so cut him short. "I will relate," he said, "a yet more ingenious practice of tormenting, which should seem the highest proof of skill in a wife, albeit also practised by husbands, only not so aptly, or peradventure so often. And this is when one hath offered to another a notable insult or affront, so to turn the tables, even as a conjuror the cards he doth handle, that straightway the offended party shall seem to be the offender, and be obliged to sue forgiveness for that wherein he himself is hurt. I pray you, gentlemen and ladies, can any thing more ingenious than this practice be thought on?"

All did admit it to be a rare example of ability in tormenting; but some objected it was not solely exercised by wives and husbands, but that friends, lovers, and all sorts of persons might use it. Then one gentleman called for some special instance of the art in lovers. But another said it was a natural instinct, and not an art, in such to torment one another, and likewise their own selves, and proposed the behaviour of friends in that respect as a more new and admirable theme.

"Ah," quoth Master Martin, with an affected wave of his hand, "first show me an instance of a true friendship betwixt ladies, or a sincere affection betwixt gentlemen; and then it will be time for to describe the arts whereby they do plague and torment each other."

Mr. Sherwood answered, "A French gentleman said, a short time since, that it should be a piece of commendable prudence to live with your friend as looking that he should one day be your enemy.

Now we be warranted, by Master Tregony's speech, to conclude his friendships to be enmities in fair disguise; and the practices wherewith friends torment each other no doubt should apply to this case also; and so his exceptions need in no wise alter the theme of our argument. I pray you, sir, begin, and name some notable instance in which, without any apparent breach of friendship, the appearance of which is in both instances supposed, one may best wound his friend, or, as Mr. Tregony hath it, the disguised object of his hatred."

I noticed that Master Martin glanced maliciously at his adversary, and then answered, "The highest exercise of such ability should be, methinks, to get possession of a secret which your friend, *or disguised enemy*, has been at great pains to conceal, and to let him know, by such means as shall hold him in perpetual fear, but never in full assurance of the same, that you have it in your power to accuse him at any time of that which should procure him to be thrown into prison, or maybe hanged on a gibbet."

A paleness spread over Master Sherwood's face, not caused, I ween, by fear so much as by anger at the meanness of one, who, from envy and spite, even in the freedom of social hours, should hint at secrets so weighty as would touch the liberty, yea the life, of one he called his friend; and standing up, he answered, whilst I, now too late discerning mine own folly in the proposing of a dangerous pastime, trembled in every limb.

"I know," quoth he,—“I know a yet more ingenious instance of the skill of a malicious heart. To hang a sword over a friend's head, and cause him to apprehend its fall, must needs be a well-practised device; but if it be done in so skilful a manner that the weapon shall threaten not himself alone, but make him, as it were, the instrument of ruin to others dearer to him than his own life,—if, by the appearance of friendship, the reality of which such a heart knoweth not, he hath been led to such confidence as shall be the means of sorrow to those who have befriended him in another manner than this false friend, this true foe,—the triumph is then complete. Malice and hatred can devise naught beyond it."

Martin's eyes glared so fearfully, and his voice sounded so hoarse, as he hesitated in answering, that, in a sort of desperation, I stood up, and cried, "Long enough have these two gentlemen had the talk to themselves. Verily, methinks there be no conqueror, but a drawn game in this instance."

But a murmur rose among the company that Master Sherwood was victorious, and Master Tregony should do penance.

"What shall it be?" was asked; and all with one voice did

opine Master Sherwood should name it, for he was as much beloved as Master Tregony was disliked. He (Sherwood), albeit somewhat inwardly moved, I ween, had restrained his indignation, and cried out merrily, "Marry, so will I! Look me in the face, Martin, and give me thy hand. This shall be thy penance."

The other did so; but a fiendly look of resentment was in his eyes; and methinks Thomas Sherwood must needs have remembered the grasp of his hand to forgive it, I doubt not, even at the foot of the scaffold.

From that day Martin Tregony conceived an implacable hatred for Master Sherwood, whom he had feigned a great friendship for on his first arrival in London, because he hoped, by his means and influence with his aunt, to procure her to pay his debts. But after he had thrown off the mask, he only waited for an opportunity to denounce him, being privy to his having brought a priest to Lady Tregony's house, who had also said Mass in her chapel. So one day meeting him in the streets, he cried out, "Stop the traitor! stop the traitor!" and so causing him to be apprehended, had him before the next justice of the peace; where, when they were come, he could allege nothing against him, but that he suspected him to be a Papist. Upon which he was examined concerning his religion, and refusing to admit the Queen's churchheadship, he was cast into a dungeon in the Tower. His lodgings were plundered, and 25*l.*, which he had amassed, as I knew, who had assisted him to procure it, for the use of his aged and sick father, who had been lately cast into prison in Lancaster, was carried off with the rest. He was cruelly racked, we heard, for that he would not reveal where he had heard Mass; and kept in a dark filthy hole, where he endured very much from hunger, stench, and cold. No one being allowed to visit him—for the Tower was not like some other prisons where Mistress Ward and others could sometimes penetrate—or afford him any comfort, Mr. Roper had, by means of another prisoner, conveyed to his keeper some money for his use; but the keeper returned it the next day, because the lieutenant of the Tower would not suffer him to have the benefit of it. All he could be prevailed upon to do was to lay out one poor sixpence for a little fresh straw for him to lie on. About six months after, he was brought to trial, and condemned to die, for denying the Queen's supremacy, and was executed at Tyburn, according to sentence, being cut down whilst he was yet alive, dismembered, bowelled, and quartered.

Poor Lady Tregony's heart did almost break at this his end and her kinsman's part in it; and during those six months—for she would not leave London whilst Thomas Sherwood was yet alive—I

did constantly visit her, almost every day, and betwixt us there did exist a sort of fellowship in our sorrow for this worthy young man's sufferings; for that she did reproach herself for lack of prudence in not sufficient distrust of her own nephew, whom now she refused to see, at least, she said, until he had repented of his sin, which he, glorying in, had told her, the only time they had met, he should serve her in the same manner, and if he could ever find out she heard Mass, should get her a lodging in the Tower, and for himself her estate in Norfolk, whither she was then purposing to retire, and did do so after Master Sherwood's execution. For mine own part, as once before my father's apprehended danger had diverted my mind from childish folly, so did the tragical result of an entertainment, wherein I had been carried away by thoughtless mirth, somewhat sicken me of company and sports. I went abroad not much the next year; only was often at Mr. Wells' house, and in Hubert's society, which had become so habitual to me that I was almost persuaded the pleasure I took therein proceeded from a mutual inclination, and I could observe with what jealousy he watched any whom I did seem to speak with or allow of any civility at their hands. Even Master Sherwood he would jalouse, if he found me weeping over his fate; and said he was happier in prison, for whom such tears did flow, than he at liberty, for whom I showed no like regard. "Oh," I would answer, "he is happy because, Master Rookwood, his sufferings are for his God and his conscience' sake, and not such as arise from a poor human love. Envy him his faith, his patience, his hope, which make him cry out, as I know he doth, 'O my Lord Jesu! I am not worthy that I should suffer these things for Thee;' and not the compassionate tears of a paltry wench that in some sort was the means to plunge him in these straits."

In the spring of the year which did follow, I heard from my father, who had been ordained at the English College at Rheims, and was on the watch, he advertised me, for an opportunity to return to England, for to exercise the sacred ministry amongst his poor Catholic brethren. But at which port he should land, or whither direct his steps, if he effected a safe landing, he dared not for to commit to paper. He said Edmund Genings had fallen into a most dangerous consumption, partly by the extraordinary pains he took in his studies, and partly in his spiritual exercises, insomuch that the physicians had almost despaired of his recovery, and that the president had in consequence resolved to send him into England, to try change of air. That he had left Rheims with great regret, and went on his journey as far as Havre de Grace, and, after a fortnight's stay in that place, having prayed to God very heartily for the recovery of

his health, so that he might return, and, without further delay, continue his studies for the priesthood, he felt himself very much better, almost as well as ever he was in his life; upon which he returned to his college, and took up again, with exceeding great fervour, his former manner of life; "and," my father added, "his common expression, as often as talk is ministered of England and martyrdom there, is this: '*Vivamus in spe! Vivamus in spe!*'"

This letter did throw me into an exceeding great apprehension that my father might fall into the hands of the Queen's officers at any time he should land, and the first news I should hear of him to be that he was cast into prison. And as I knew no Catholic priest could dwell in England without he did assume a feigned name, and mostly so one of his station, and at one time well noted as a gentleman and a recusant, I now never heard of any priest arrested in any part of England but I feared it should be him.

Hubert Rookwood was now more than ever at Mr. Lacy's house, and in his library, for they did both affection the same pursuits, albeit with very different abilities; and I was used to transcribe for them divers passages from manuscripts and books, taking greater pleasure, so to spend time, than to embroider in Kate's room, the compass of whose thoughts became each day more narrow, and her manner of talk more tasteless. Hubert seemed not well pleased when I told him my father had been ordained abroad. I gathered this from a troubled look in his eyes, and an increasing paleness, which betokened, to my now observant eyes, emotions which he gave not vent to in words at all, or leastways in any that should express strong resentment. His silence always frightened me more than anger in others. He had acquired a great influence over me, and, albeit I was often ill at ease in his company, I ill-brooked his absence. He was a zealous Catholic, and did adduce arguments and proofs in behalf of his religion with rare ability. Some of his writings which I copied at that time had a cogency and clearness in their reasons and style, which in my poor judgment betokened a singular sharp understanding and ingenuity of learning; but in his conversation, and his writings also, was lacking the fervency of spirit, the warmth of devout aims, the indifferency to worldly regards, which should belong to a truly Christian soul, or else the nobleness and freedom of speech which some do possess from natural temper. But his attainments were far superior to those of the young men I used to see at Mr. Wells's, and such as gave him an extraordinary reputation amongst the persons I was wont to associate with, which contributed not a little to the value I did set on his preference, of which no proofs were wanting, save an open paying of his addresses

to me, which by reason of his young age and mine, and the poorness of his prospects, being but the younger son of a country gentleman, was easy of account. He had a great desire for wealth and for all kind of greatness, and used to speak of learning as a road to it.

In the spring of that year, my Lord Surrey left Cambridge, and came to live at Howard House with his lady. They were then both in their eighteenth years, and a more comely pair could not be seen. The years that had passed since she had left London had greatly matured her beauty. She was taller of stature than the common sort, and very fair and graceful. The Earl was likewise tall, very straight, long-visaged, but of a pleasant and noble countenance. I could not choose but admire her perfect carriage towards her lord, her relatives, and her servants; the good order she established in her house; the care she took of her sister's education, who in two years was to be married to Lord William Howard; and her great charity to the poor, which she then began to visit herself, and to relieve in all sorts of ways, and was wont to say the angels of that old house where God had been served by so many prayers and alms must needs assist her in her care for those in trouble. My lord appeared exceedingly fond of her then. One day when I was visiting her ladyship, he asked me if I had read the life of that sweet holy Queen Elizabeth of Hungary; and as I said I had not met with it, he gifted me with a copy fairly printed and well ornamented, which Mr. Martin had left behind him when he went beyond seas, and said:

"Mistress Sherwood, see if in this book you find not the likeness of a lady which you mislike not any more than I do. Beshrew me, but I fear I may find some day strange guests in mine house if she do copy the pattern herein set down; and so I will e'en send the book out of the house, for my lady is too good for me already, and I be no fitting husband for a saint, which a very little more of virtue should make her."

And so he laughing, and she prettily checking his wanton speech, and such sweet loving looks and playful words passing between them as gladdened my heart to see.

Some time after, I found one day my Lady Surrey looking somewhat grave and thoughtful. She greeted me with an affectionate kiss, and said,

"Ah, sweet Constance, I be glad thou art come; for methinks we shall soon leave London."

"So soon?" I answered.

"Not *too* soon, dear Constance," she said somewhat sadly.

I did look wistfully in her sweet face. Methought there was

trouble in it, and doubt if she should further speak or not; for she rested her head on her hand, and her dark eyes did fix themselves wistfully on mine, as if asking somewhat of me, but what I knew not.

"Constance," she said at last, "I have no mother, no sister of mine own age, no brother, no ghostly father, to speak my mind to. Methinks it should not be wrong to unbosom my cares to thee, who, albeit young, hast a thoughtful spirit, and, as I have often observed, an aptness to give good counsel. And then thou art of that way of thinking wherein I was brought up, and though in outward show we now do differ, I am not greatly changed therein, as thou well knowest."

"Alack!" I cried, "too well I do know it, dear lady; and, albeit my tongue is silent thereon, my heart doth grieve to see you comfortless of that which is the sole source of true comfort."

"Tis not that troubles me," she answered, a little impatiently. "Thou art unreasonable, Constance. My duty to my lord shapes my outward behaviour; but I have weighty cares, nevertheless. Dost thou mind that passage in the late duke our father's letter to his son and me?—that we should live in a lower degree, and out of London and from the court. Methinks a prophetic spirit did move him thus to write. My lord has a great heart and a generous temper, and loves to spend money in all sorts of ways, profitable and unprofitable, as I too well observe since we have been in London. And the Queen sent him a store of messages by my Lord Essex, and others of his friends, that she was surprised not to see him at court; and that it was her highness's pleasure he should wait upon her, and she shall show him so much favour as he deserves, and such-like inducements."

"And hath my lord been to court?" I asked.

"Yea, he hath been," she answered, sighing deeply. "He hath been forced to kiss the hand which signed his father's death-warrant. O Constance, it is this which doth so pain me, that her majesty should think he hath in his heart no resentment of that mishap. She said to my Lady Berkeley some days since, when she sued for some favour at her hands, 'No, no, my Lady Berkeley; you love us not, and never will. You cannot forgive us your brother's death.' Why should her grace think a son hath less resentment of a father's loss than a sister?"

Willing to minister comfort to her touching that on which I did, nevertheless, but too much consent to her thinking, I said, "In my lord's case, he must have needs appeared to dislike the Queen and her government if he stayed away from court, and his duty to his

sovereign compelleth him to render her so much homage as is due to her majesty."

"Yea," cried my lady, "I be of the same mind with thee, that if my lord do live in London he is in a manner forced to swim with the tide, and God only knoweth into what a flood of troubles he may thus be led. But I have prevailed on him to go to Kenninghall, and there to enjoy that retired life his father passionately wished him to be contented with. So I do look, if it please God, to happy days when we leave this great city, where so many and great dangers beset us."

"Have you been to court likewise, dear lady?" I asked; and she answered,

"No; her majesty doth deny me that privilege which the wife of a nobleman should enjoy without so much as the asking for it. My Lord Arundel and my Lord Sussex are mad thereon, and swear 'tis the gipsy's doing, as they do always title Lord Leicester, and a sign of his hatred to my lord. But I be not of their mind; for methinks he doth but aid my lord to win the Queen's favour by the slights which are put on his wife, which, if he doth take patiently, must needs secure for him such favour as my Lord Leicester should wish, if report speak truly, none should enjoy but himself."

"But surely," I cried, "my lord's spirit is too noble to stomach so mean a treatment of his lady?"

A burning blush spread over the countess's face, and she answered,

"O Constance, nobility of soul is shaped into action by divers motives and influences. And, I pray thee, since his father's death and the loss of his first tutor, who hath my lord had to fashion the aims of his eager spirit to a worthy ambition, and teach him virtuous contentment with a meaner rank and lower fortunes than his birth do entitle him to? He chafes to be degraded, and would fain rise to the heights his ancestors occupied; and, alas! the ladder which those who beset him—for that they would climb after him—do ever set before his eyes is the Queen's majesty's favour. 'Tis the breath of their nostrils, the perpetual theme of their discourse. Mine ears sometimes ache with the sound of their oft-repeated words."

Then she broke off her speech for an instant, but soon asked me if to consult fortune-tellers was not a sin.

"Yea," I answered, "the Church doth hold it to be unlawful."

"Ah!" she replied, "I would to God my lord had never resorted to a person of that sort, which hath filled his mind with an apprehension which will work us great evil, if I do mistake not."

"Alas!" I said, "hath my lord been so deluded?"

"Thou hast heard, I ween," my lady continued, "of one Dr. Dee,

whom the Queen doth greatly favour, and often charge him to cast her horoscope. Some time ago my lord was riding with her majesty and the most part of her court near unto this learned gentleman's house at Mortlake, which her highness, taking notice of, she must needs propose to visit him with all her retinue, in order, she said, to examine his library and hold conference with him. But learning that his wife had been buried only four hours, her majesty would not enter, but desired my Lord Leicester to take her down from her horse at the church-wall at Mortlake and to fetch the doctor unto her, who did bring out for her grace's inspection his magic-glass, of which she and all those with her did see some of the properties. Several of the noblemen thereunto present were greatly contented and delighted with this cunning witchery, and did agree to visit again, in a private manner, this learned man, for to have their nativities calculated; and my lord, I grieve to say, went with them. And this cheat or wizard, for methinks one or other of those names must needs belong to him, predicted to my lord that he should be in great danger to be overthrown by a woman. And, I ween, good Constance, there was a craft in this most deep and deceptive; for doth it not tend, whichever way it be understood, to draw and urge onward my lord to a careful seeking to avoid this danger by a diligent serving and waiting on her majesty, if she be the woman like to undo him, or else to move him to the thought that his marriage—as I doubt not many endeavour to insinuate into his mind—should be an obstacle to her favour such as must needs mar his fortunes? Not that my lord hath breathed so much as one such painful word in my hearing, or abated in his kind behaviour; but there are others who be not slow to hint so much to myself; and, I pray you, shall they not then deal with him in the same manner, albeit he is too noble and gentle to let me hear of it? But since that day he is often thoughtful when we are alone, and his mind ever running on means to propitiate her majesty, and doth send her many presents, the value of which should rather mark them as gifts from one royal person to another than from a subject to his prince. O Constance, I would Kenninghall were a thousand miles from London, and a wild sea to run between it and the court, such as could with difficulty be crossed; but 'tis vain wishing; and I thank God my lord should be willing to remove there, and so we shall be in quiet."

"God send it!" I answered; "and that you, my sweet lady, may find there all manner of contentment." Then I asked her ladyship if she had tidings of my Lady l'Estrange.

"Yea," she answered; "excellent good tidings, for that she was

a contented wife to a loving husband. Sir Hammond," she said, "hath a most imperious temper, and, as I hear, doth not brook the least contradiction; so that a woman less mild and affectionate than Milicent should not, I ween, live at peace with him. But her sweet temper doth move her to such strict condescension to his humours that she doth style herself most fortunate in marriage and a singular happy wife. Dost mind Master Chaucer's tale of the patient Grizzel, which Phil read to me some years back, soon after our first marriage, for to give me a lesson on wifely duty, and which I did then write to thee the story of?"

"Yea, well," I cried; "and that I was so angered at her patience, which methought was foolish, yea wicked in its excess, that it did throw me into a passion."

My lady laughed and said, indeed she thought so too; but Milicent, in her behaviour and the style of her letters, did mind her so much of that singular obedient wife, that she did sometimes call her Grizzel to her face. "She is now gone to reside with her husband," she said, "at a seat of his not very far from Lynn. 'Tis a poor and wild district; and the people, I hear, do resort to her in great numbers for assistance in the way of medicine and surgery, and for much help of various sorts. She is greatly contented that her husband doth in nowise impede her in these charitable duties, but rather the contrary. She is a creature of such natural good impulses and compassionate spirit that must needs show kindness to all who do come in her way."

Then my lady questioned me touching Muriel and Mistress Ward, and Kate and Polly, who were now both married; and I told her Kate had a fair son and Polly a little daughter, like to prove as sharp as her mother if her infant vivacity did not belie her. As to Muriel and her guide and friend, I told her ladyship that few were like to have speech with them, save such as were in so destitute a condition that nothing could exceed it. Now that my two elder cousins had left home, mine uncle's house was become a sort of refuge for the poor, and an hospital for distressed Catholics.

"And thou, Constance," my lady said, "dost thou not think on marriage?"

I smiled and answered I did sometimes; but had not yet met with any one altogether conformable to my liking.

"Not Mr. Hubert Rookwood?" she said smiling; "I have been told he haunts Mrs. Lacy's house, and would fain be admitted as Mistress Sherwood's suitor."

"I will not deny," I answered, "but that he doth testify a vast regard for me, or that he is a gentleman of such great parts and ex-

ceedingly winning speech that a gentlewoman should be flattered to be addressed by him; but, dear lady," I continued, opening my heart to her, "albeit I relish greatly his society, mine heart doth not altogether incline to his suit; and Mr. Congleton hath lately warned me to be less free in allowing of his attentions than hath hitherto been my wont; for, he said, his means be so scanty, that it behoveth him not to think of marriage until his fortunes do improve; and that his father would not be competent to make such settlements as should be needful in such a case, or without which he should suffer us to marry. As Hubert had never opened to me himself thereon in so pointed a fashion as to demand an answer from me, I was somewhat surprised at mine uncle's speech; but I found he had often ministered talk of his passion for me—for so he termed it—to Kate and her husband."

"And did it work in thee, sweet one, no regrets," my lady asked, "that the course of this poor gentleman's true love should be marred by his lack of wealth?"

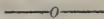
"In truth no, dear lady," I replied; "except that I did notice, with so much of pain as a good heart must needs feel in the sufferings of another, that he was both sad and wroth at the change in my manner. And indeed I had always seen—and methinks this was the reason that my heart inclined not more warmly towards his suit—that his affection was of that sort that doth readily breed anger; and that if he had occasion to misdoubt a return from me of such-like regard as he professed, his looks of love sometimes changed into a scowl, or something nearly resembling one. Yet I had a kindness towards him, yea more than a kindness, an attachment, which methinks should have led me to correspond to his affection so far as to be willing to marry him, if mine uncle had not forbade me to think on it; but since he hath laid his commands upon me on that point, methinks I have experienced a freedom of soul and a greater peace than I had known for some time past."

"'Tis well then as it is," my lady said; and after some further discourse we parted that day.

It had been with me even as I had said to her. My mind had been more at ease since the contending would and would not, the desire to please Hubert and the fear to be false in so doing, had been stayed,—and mostly since he had urged me to entertain him as a friend, albeit defended to receive him as a lover. And that peace lasted until a day—ay, a day which began like other days with no perceptible presentiment of joy or sorrow, the sun shining as brightly, and no more, at its rise than on any other morning in June; and thunder-clouds towards noon overshadowing its glory not more darkly than a storm is wont to do the clear sky it doth invade; nor

yet evening smiling again more brightly and peacefully than is usually seen when Nature's commotion is hushed, and the brilliant orb of day doth sink to rest in a bed of purple glory; and yet that day did herald the greatest joys, presage the greatest anguish, mark the most mighty beginnings of most varied endings that can be thought of in the life of a creature not altogether untried by sorrow, but on the brink of deeper waters than she had yet sounded, on the verge of such passages as to have looked forward to had caused her to tremble with a twofold resentment of hope and of fear, and to look back to doth constrain her to lay down her pen awhile for to crave strength to recount the same.

Hope for the Prisoner.



IN circles where philanthropists congregate or gain a hearing, the question of the comparative merits of the English and Irish convict systems is sure, from time to time, to come under discussion. Many books, and pamphlets innumerable, embody opinions of every shade and of various worth; there is no end of theorising on the subject. Common-sense, however, and the best part of the press are on the side of the principles avowed and the practice carried out in the sister island, and public opinion has very naturally and properly been enlisted on the same side by the clinching argument of success. The English system has been tried on an extensive scale and for a considerable period, yet adult crime has not been lessened, and the number of re-committals reaches an average of ninety per cent; while in Ireland, where another mode of punishment and reformation prevails, crime has sensibly decreased, and re-committals do not exceed ten per cent. Our object is not to enter into the controversy. We have reason to believe that many of our readers have had their attention vividly drawn to the results of the Irish system in certain departments of convict management; that not a few would heartily desire to see some modification of the plan adopted on this side too; and that it has entered into the mind of thoughtful persons to inquire whether in England also there might not, in the case of Catholic female convicts, be something done, while they are still under the grasp of the law, to save them, body and soul, and send them forth, after their sentence of penal servitude shall have expired, changed in heart, with some semblance of a "character," and with a safe career marked out before them. Those whose sympathies are most readily engaged in behalf of the lost sheep—a weakness they need not blush to avow, since it is shared by the angels of heaven—will perhaps read with interest the following sketch of the treatment and discipline found to answer so well in the prisons and refuges of Ireland. We will devote our attention, for special reasons, principally to female convicts, beginning, however, with a few words on general principles.

Our colonies, with the exception of Western Australia, having refused to be any longer burthened with the hordes of convicted felons we had been in the habit of transporting thither out of our own way, it became, as our readers may remember, "necessary to provide for the custody of our convicts at home."

Transportation ceased in 1853. The Irish convicts had been in a far more deplorable condition than the same class in England, and were proportionately in bad odour with the prison authorities to whose care they were confided in a foreign land; and who in their reports to government stated that, in consequence of long imprisonment, low diet and bad training, they were reduced to such a condition as to necessitate their being subjected to a special course of preparatory discipline before they could be allowed to fall into the ordinary routine of prison-life. Moreover, the Irish prisoners, they said, exhibited a per-centage of prison-crime far in excess of their English fellows. A commission was appointed to inquire into the state of the prisons in Ireland. Captain (now Sir) Walter Crofton, one of the commissioners, quoted in his report the opinion expressed by the Select Committee of 1850, to the effect that the majority even of convicted criminals can be reformed; confirming it with strong arguments drawn from his own experience, and suggesting the adoption of a system of prison discipline which would, in his opinion, effect the change which it had become so necessary to effect. Two principles were mainly relied on for this reformatory operation; the one required that each prisoner should be thoroughly "individualised," and not dealt with mechanically or merely as one of a crowd; the other laid it down that reformatory treatment, having been carried on in the prison, the good dispositions of the prisoner should be fully tested in a new mode before his final liberation. Government wisely yielded to Sir W. Crofton's instances; the late Earl of Carlisle, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, entered warmly into the plan; and an Act was passed (17 & 18 Vict. c. 76) for the regulation of the convict system of Ireland, confiding the general direction and intrusting ample powers to the Viceroy. A Board of Directors was forthwith appointed, consisting of Mr. John Lentaigne, Captain Whitty, with Sir W. Crofton as chairman.*

* The Board has, within the last two years, been reconstituted. Sir W. Crofton has been obliged by failing health to retire from the post he filled with so much distinction. Mr. John Lentaigne, to whom the convict system owed more of its success than the public are ever likely to know, and to whom his fellow Catholics are immeasurably indebted, has been called to fill the onerous office of Inspector-General of Prisons. Captain Whitty, we are glad to say, still retains the position for which he has proved himself so thoroughly qualified, and with him is now associated Mr. Patrick Joseph Murray, who is likewise Inspector of Reformatories. The last-named gentleman, long before Government secured his official services, had devoted time, talent, and untiring energy to the promotion of the cause, which indeed owes much of its success and favour with the public to his personal influence and his pen. The reformatory movement in Ireland was, in a great measure,

Thereupon, late in the year 1854, began the vigorous but necessarily gradual development of the principles laid down. The Government prisons were put under new and strict regulations. Juvenile offenders were separated from old criminals; a general rule of school-instruction was enforced; suitable chapel accommodation provided; the prison staff reorganised. The second report of the Directors (for 1855) notes already manifest improvement in many particulars, and announces the establishment of intermediate prisons in the neighbourhood of Dublin and Cork. And so on through every year up to the present, proofs accumulated and testimony poured in on every side of the success of a system which was wise in forethought, admirably suited to the nature of the people with whom it had to deal, and carried out with rare firmness, intelligence, and perseverance. As far as we can do so in a few words, we give an outline of the stages through which the Irish convict passes from his first incarceration to his ultimate release, condensing for a page or so from a valuable little hand-book which lies before us.*

Separate confinement in a cell of Mountjoy Prison is the first stage, which lasts eight or nine months, according to the conduct of the prisoner, and is rendered strictly penal by a very reduced dietary the first half of the period, and by the absence of interesting employment during the first three months. At the end of eight or nine months the convict is moved to another of the penal establishments, to be employed as a tradesman or labourer. The peculiar feature of the second stage is the institution of marks, to govern the classification. There are different classes to be attained in the second stage; and a certain number of marks are required to be obtained by the convict before he can be promoted from one class to another. There are four classes in the second stage, culminating in the A or advanced class. Misconduct causes reduction, suspension, or the loss of marks. When the convict attains the A class, he is employed (although still in the second stage of his detention) on special works, and kept apart from the other convicts. His school instruction and lectures take place in the evening. It will be intelligible that the most successful in combating self, and in climbing the ladder of self-control and industry, will the soonest obtain the required number of marks, and reach the jail to which they lead, viz. the intermediate prisons, which represent the third stage of the convict's progress. In

his special work. To English philanthropists he is best known as Editor of the *Irish Quarterly Review*; a publication in which questions of reformatory and prison discipline were constantly and ably treated.

* *A Brief Description of the Irish Convict System.* By Captain Walter Crofton, C.B. London: Emily Faithfull & Co. 1862.

this stage there are no marks. The result of the self-discipline effected by their attainment is here to be tested, before the liberation of the convict. "Individualisation" is the ruling principle in these establishments. The training and the position of the convict are made as natural as is possible; no more restraint being exercised over him than would be necessary to maintain order in any well-regulated establishment. The officers in charge are few, and unarmed. At Lusk Common, near Dublin, the convicts have been employed in the reclamation of the land during the last eight years; and a visitor would not perceive any difference in the dress and location of the convicts from that of ordinary labourers employed on large works. Here the object is to show to the convict that he is trusted, and that he gets credit for the amendment he has illustrated by his marks, and to prove to the public that on his discharge he may be safely employed. From the intermediate prison the convict is liberated on license; but the conditions on which he holds his ticket of license are very stringent. He must report himself to the constabulary station of his locality on his arrival in the district, and subsequently on the first of each month. He must not change his locality without giving notice to his constabulary station. An infringement of these rules will be sufficient to entail a revocation of his license. Return to a life of crime is thus made difficult to the convict.

Experience has amply justified the wisdom of the directors in adopting and carrying out the system thus imperfectly explained. In the seventh report of the directors we find that up to that time 1462 prisoners had been discharged on license, and that less than 7 per cent of these licenses had been revoked, 30 of them having been revoked for irregularities not criminal. The eighth report states that "*since the establishment of intermediate prisons, upwards of six years since, only ten per cent of all classes of convicts liberated from the Government prisons since that time have returned to them.*"

The routine of prison life and the reformatory discipline applied are, in the case of the female convicts, mainly the same as the male prisoners are subjected to. Certain modifications, rendered necessary by the differences of number, prison accommodation, and facilities for disposing of discharged prisoners, have been introduced; leaving, however, the great principles of "individualisation," successive stages, marks, badges, and careful preparation for a new and good start in life on the restoration of liberty, to work with unimpeded, if not still greater force. The directors of convict prisons found the proportion of female criminals very large; a circumstance to be traced, in their opinion, to the deplorable want of industrial employment in

the country; which view we find corroborated by the statistics of crime in 1858, which show that the offences for which women were convicted were, in two cases out of every three, simple larceny, without violence; and further confirmed by the fact that the majority are not fallen women. Sore distress drove them to the commission of offences against property; they did not, as is generally the case in other countries, prefer what we understand by the wages of sin. Among the prisoners, nevertheless, are to be found a considerable number of habitual criminals, and some bad workhouse cases. Thirty years appears to be the average age of the women undergoing sentence of penal servitude, one-third of the entire number being from twenty to twenty-five years of age. Younger women appear to be harder to manage than those more advanced in years. Probably the wildness and inexperience of youthful offenders make them less amenable to the strangeness of strict discipline; while the class known as habitual criminals afford very often, as we have heard, examples of what are called "good prisoners." Generally speaking, we may infer that these women are characterised by the impulsiveness, instability, and weakness of ill-disciplined natures, and form a type of humanity as difficult to be formed to steady good purpose, as those in whom proclivity to vice is more decided. Add to this that it is far more easy to convince a man that he may, after falling into crime, by amendment and exertion, regain his position, and make his way in the world, than to persuade a woman who has undergone conviction in a public court, that there may yet be hope for her, and that steady application, submission to rule, and thorough amendment will ensure her a good chance in a new and better way. Reformation, as a rule, is more successful in the case of men than of women.

Having made these observations with regard to the material to be dealt with, we will now sketch the course of punishment and reformation pursued in the female prison. This will be best done in the words of Captain Crofton, when examined before the Parliamentary Committee of 1863. "The female convicts are first of all sent to Mountjoy Prison, in Dublin, the only female prison that we have. All classes of convicts are there kept four months in strict separation; that is what is called the probationary stage. They are moved into the third class, upon the same principle as the men, for two months. If a woman conducts herself well in the third class, she is moved into the second, and retained there for six months; if she obtains the necessary number of marks, she is removed into the first; and in the same way afterwards to the advanced class. A woman, when she is in the third class, is kept in her cell the same as if in probation, merely receiving 1*d.* a week gratuity. When she comes into the

second class, she has her cell-door open for one-half of the day; when she gets into the first class, those sleeping separately work in association in a room; when in the advanced class, they are put together in a room, and kept by themselves in another part of the building, and employed on special works, such as in the laundry and works about the prison. There is another class, a class for the refuge; it is called the refuge class, and those in that class are kept by themselves, so that each class is subdivided, and located as far as possible by themselves." The essential difference, therefore, is that the women are not transferred to any other establishment while undergoing strictly reformatory action; the different stages are accomplished in the subdivisions of the same building. Neither does the article of diet vary as in the men's prison, according to classification in different stages; there being no work of excessive labour imposed on the women. Strict separation is not enforced for so long a period on female convicts; the term in their case does not exceed four months; but in the second and third class they do not associate in work as the men do.

Few travellers from any land whose thoughts have ever been directed to the consideration of questions of punishment and reformation, fail to visit the Mountjoy Female Convict Prison, when they find themselves within a journey of a day or so from Dublin. Such a visit is sure to make a profound impression. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the efficiency and evident moral and intellectual superiority of the superintendence. There are no male wardens nearer than the outer gate of the enclosure; a large staff of matrons and teachers, under the control of the superintendent, Mrs. Lidwell, keep order within the building, and carry out in every detail the spirit and system of the originators. It is apparent at a glance that Mrs. Lidwell is the controlling genius of the place, and possesses all the influence which superior endowments of mind and intellect, considerable cultivation, a kind heart, and the manners and bearing of a lady, enable the possessor to exercise for good over a household or an institution. Many times we have admired the order and propriety which prevail in this prison-house, and have thought that no description can give a fair idea of the working of the system, at least till one has seen the third and second-class women in their cells, the advanced class in a certain sense at large in the laundry, kitchen, and other departments of the establishment, and the women in numerous bands associated together in the school and in the work-room. Probably the visitor's conclusions will combine an earnest wish that the managers of other public institutions which have poverty and not crime to deal with, will before long learn to act on

the same enlightened principles of government and discipline; and a heartfelt gratification at finding a great undertaking thus in the course of happy accomplishment. School instruction has always been found to have a beneficial effect on the women; and when we see among the groups of livelier subjects hard stolid faces, and not unfrequently gray heads, the inference is inevitable, that if these poor creatures cannot be expected to make great advance even in the rudiments of learning, they at least acquire habits of order and attention, have their time well employed, and their minds taken off from unprofitable reverie and dangerous retrospection. The system of marks and badges tells well on the women. If a prisoner lose a mark, she will show the liveliest anxiety in inquiring the cause and consequence of the default. Once come to the advanced class, the women receive no more marks for good conduct, a badge worked in distinct characters on the sleeve notes at once their exact progress and position. They are proud of the figures and letters which denote their proficiency.

Religious instruction, constant and complete, is afforded the prisoners at every stage. A Protestant and a Presbyterian chaplain are appointed to minister to such of their flock as may unhappily be found in detention within the walls, each having a separate chapel; while the Catholics, numbering over 400 generally, have for their special use a large chapel suitably fitted up, and are looked after by two zealous priests. Mass is celebrated twice on every Sunday and holiday, and instruction given in each Mass. On days of special devotion, and on every Wednesday and Friday, the Holy Sacrifice is likewise offered up. Three times a week the prisoners are assembled for catechetical instruction. Confessions are heard on all Fridays and Saturdays; and the sick in hospital, and the refractory prisoners confined in the penal cells, receive all the spiritual help which their exceptional condition may require. Add to this the frequent visits of the Protestant ladies to their co-religionists, and of the Sisters of Mercy to their fellow Catholics. The prisoners are assembled, according to arrangement, from the different classes, and instructed by these pious ladies in a room set apart for the purpose; the condition being that the prison-officers shall not be present during these interviews.* Obviously, religion being thus brought to bear upon these

* Referring to the admission of lady visitors to prisons, M. Van der Brugghen says: "L'exemple de la prison de Mountjoy est là pour prouver que cet arrangement peut se faire sans difficulté. J'insiste beaucoup sur ce point, car s'il est bien certain que ce ne sont que les principes chrétiens qui puissent former la base de toute réforme morale sérieuse dans les prisons, il ne faut pas oublier que c'est de leur mise en œuvre par l'amour et le dévouement,

unfortunate, and perhaps hitherto grossly ignorant, creatures, the amendment of a vast number is thereby achieved. Government and the Protestant members of the board of directors understood the nature of the people who came under their jurisdiction; recognised the means through which they could be really reformed; and without suffering their true insight to be warped by sectarian prejudices, or distorted by any insane desire to proselytise, wisely allowed full play to the influences of religion on the hitherto unenlightened or obdurate heart.

Having said thus much in explanation of the general routine of Irish convict-prison life, we come now to the subject of the refuges, or the intermediate state through which women who have given proof of solid amendment while subject to the strict rule of the convict-dépôt pass, under altered and favourable circumstances, before dropping once more into the general life of the community. Very early in the history we are relating, the directors became aware that peculiar and serious difficulties opposed this drafting of convicted women into the midst of a population of average virtue, indisposed to absorb them. M. de Holtzendorff, in his work on the Irish convict system, very truly remarks, that the obstacles to be overcome with regard to females is greater than with regard to males, because the sphere of action for female employment is much more limited, the wages considerably less, and the temptations to an immoral course of life much more powerful; while, again, the aversion of the public to give employment to discharged female convicts is twice as strong as with regard to men, because, in the great majority of cases, female criminals will be regarded as women of abandoned character, and also because female servants come in closer connection with the domestic concerns and every-day life of the family.* In the second report of the Directors of Convict-Prisons, the question of these difficulties is minutely entered into, and the means of lessening or overcoming them fully discussed. Transportation was no longer available as a safety-valve, and in Ireland there was not the resource which Patronage Societies in some countries, and Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies in England, afford in procuring friends and employment for women who have undergone the sentence of the law. Moreover, as the Directors truly observe, "in the treatment of criminals, when the

qui savent trouver le chemin du cœur, que ces principes tirent toute leur force."—*Etudes sur le Système Pénitentiaire Irlandais*. Par M. Van der Brugghen, Ancien Ministre de la Justice des Pays Bas. p. 140. Berlin, 1855.

* See the English translation of this interesting work, pp. 158-60. W. B. Kelly, Dublin, 1860.

primary object of punishment is accomplished, and reformation is presumed to be effected, the means are still required of testing that reformation, and of affording the former delinquents the necessary opportunity of showing their fitness to be restored to society." The means most likely to effect this appeared to be the drafting of the women of the advanced class into refuges, under the care of benevolent societies or individuals; and in pursuance of this conviction the directors proposed to the Irish Government that "convicts whose conduct has been exemplary should be drafted into existing private institutions willing to receive them, where the disposition of each inmate would be studied, and from which the certificate of character founded on that study, together with recommendations, would then be considered sufficiently satisfactory to obtain her employment; the prisoners, in all such institutions, should be under the general supervision and inspection of the Convict Directors. . . . In order to carry out this plan, a certain number of exemplary convicts should be selected from the government prisons, at periods varying according to circumstances, previous to the time when in the usual course they would become eligible for discharge, and be sent to such private establishments, and not released therefrom under, at least, three months; and not then unless immediate and proper employment should offer; excepting, however, cases where prisoners become regularly entitled to their discharge, from having completed their sentence; and special cases to be determined upon by the Directors, and sanctioned by the executive. Should, however, a prisoner misconduct herself, she would be liable to re-committal to the convict-dépôt to undergo her original sentence."

The carrying-out of this plan, it is evident, would confer on well-disposed women a benefit not unlike that which the Intermediate Prisons secure to male convicts. So important did this supplementary stage appear to Captain Crofton, that he gave it as his opinion, when examined before the Parliamentary Committee of 1863, that without the refuges the system, as far as the women are concerned, would fall completely to the ground. Fortunately the directors, in their wise and noble efforts for the reformation of the poor sinners committed to their care, were not left without the sympathy and help of other good Christians out of the immediate circle of prison interests. In the following year (third report) the directors state that, after considerable delay and difficulty, owing to the already over-crowded state of the charitable institutions of the country, they found themselves kindly seconded in their views by the lady patronesses of the Protestant Refuges on Harcourt Road, Dublin, and Black-Rock Road, Cork; and by the Sisters of the

Refuge of Mercy, Golden Bridge, into whose truly charitable asylums no less than 52 women had been drafted during the year. Nay more; 30 of these had been already absorbed into the community; some engaged as servants in respectable families; some reconciled to their friends (if respectable) through the exertions of the lady managers. In no case had there been any complaint made of the conduct of the women so placed. The residence of each was known to the managers, and a constant communication kept up between them and the managers of the refuges. The trial, so far, was successful; though a long list of former convictions stood against some for whom a fair prospect was thus opened; and the directors had reason to look forward with hope to the realisation of their fondest expectations with regard to the complete reformation and subsequent disposal of a very large number of female convicts.

Perhaps no greater proof could be given of the singular adaptability of the Order of Mercy, as the institute is carried out in Ireland, to the wants and condition of the age, than the instance we have just cited. The Superioress for the time being, when the proposal was made to her to receive women—almost, we believe, on a few days' notice—from the Convict Prison, entered into the views of the directors with a promptness and courage we may well wonder at, considering the newness of the scheme, the unpromising nature of the subjects committed to her care, and the serious risk incurred. Regarding pecuniary questions, no special anxiety need have arisen. Government insured payment of 7*s.* a-week for each woman, 2*s.* of which were to be put by to form a fund for her use on release: her work was certain to produce some profit. There seemed a likelihood, however, that additions should be made to the old establishment, or that new structures should be raised. In the internal arrangement of the establishment, planned for quite other uses, and in the perfectly open and unprotected situation of the house and grounds, the great risk and inconvenience would seem to lie. Golden Bridge (as the Refuge is familiarly called) had much more the look of a quiet farm than the aspect of a convent or institution. A small iron gate led into a lawn of no great extent, on which sheep and cattle were grazing when we first visited the place, and through which some few of the women were passing and repassing, in pursuance of their various employments. We doubt if a regular boundary-wall existed; if so, the barrier between the Refuge and the outer world was by no means obtrusive. Situated a short distance outside the city boundaries, Golden Bridge, though standing in the midst of fields, cannot boast much of country retirement. Kilmainham village and jail are not far off: a considerable and by no means prosperous

population are located in the immediate neighbourhood; and right opposite the convent-gate is a large military barrack. There was little of the demureness of a conventual building about the house itself, which more than any thing else resembled a gentleman's residence of no pretension. The dormitory of the women, the laundry, and work-room, were temporary arrangements of lofts and sheds. Altogether there was an open-air free look about the place which could not but have, we thought, a favourable effect on the women lately removed from the shadow of the prison-walls. Indeed this view was confirmed at a later period by the remark of the four justices who not long ago visited the Golden-Bridge and Heytesbury-Street Refuges. The commissioners observed that the fact of the women transferred to the latter establishment being found on removal more difficult to manage than those sent to the former was attributable to the simple fact that Heytesbury-Street Refuge is situated within the enclosure of an old prison, whereas Golden Bridge stands in the midst of a cheerful landscape.

Let us now note, at the risk of some slight repetition, how it is the women get from Mountjoy to Golden Bridge, and in what proportion to length of sentence their prison time, in virtue of good conduct, is shortened. A woman sentenced to any period of penal servitude, before the 25th of last July, when the Penal-Servitude Act of last session received the royal assent, would be in Mountjoy Prison for four months in probation, two months in the third class, six months in the second class, and twelve months in the first class. Having completed her time in the first class, she would then be in the A, or advanced class; her time called A1, A2, A3, and so on, the figures showing the number of months she has been in the class: no prisoner can get to a Refuge except through the A class. This will explain the table on p. 44.

We understand that the Penal-Servitude Act of last session will make little, if any, change in the mode of getting to the refuge. The managers are free to reject such cases as they may deem unsuitable for admission. The Lady Superior of Golden Bridge, Mrs. Kirwan—we use her name without hesitation, for it is nearly as well known to all who have studied the practical working of the Irish convict system as that of Sir Walter Crofton, or the late Lord Carlisle—received but a limited number in the first instance, and up to 1861 took none but strong healthy women for whom work could be found on the premises. There was no room to classify, or employ any others. Finding, however, that this had a bad effect on the women in the prison, Mrs. Kirwan resolved to give up a very good reformatory school which, at the request of Sir Walter Crofton,

she had established for girls supposed to be of a class who would not be taken by others. Room would thus be made for the reception of a larger number from Mountjoy; greater attention could be given to them; and the establishment would be rid of a class not really suited to an institution such as that of Golden Bridge. Four out of every five of these girls were fitter for a Magdalen Asylum or a convict-prison; and the strict discipline necessary for the good government of these youthful offenders interfered with the thorough keeping in hand of the older women. "How," said Mrs. Kirwan to a friend, "can I punish these girls, when I tell the women that punishment is of no use unless the belief in its justice is in one's own heart? If I punished these, the women will think there would be injustice done them; and so on." To the reformatory under the care of the Sisters of St. Louis at Monaghan, therefore, and to that of High Park, the establishment of the Order of Our Lady of Refuge, the juveniles were sent; and Mrs. Kirwan was enabled to take from the prison a considerable number of women not strictly able-bodied or calculated for rough farm or laundry work, but quite capable of undertaking remunerative employment such a needlework, household service, and of getting through the recognised amount of industrial work in one shape or another. Women having illegitimate children, and these being with them in prison, were not at first taken into the refuge. This is no longer the case; women and children are now eligible to the refuge, and the privilege is found to operate as

Notice showing the class or number of marks which it will be necessary for female prisoners convicted under the Penal-Servitude Act, 20 & 21 Vic., cap. 3 (June 1857), to obtain before becoming eligible for license, reckoning from the date of conviction.

Class and number of marks to be gained for admission to the refuges for different sentences.	Sentences.	Shortest periods of imprisonment.		Earliest periods from termination of sentence at which eligible for license to be passed either in whole or part at the refuges.
	Years.	Years.	Months.	Years. Months.
Class 2 A, or 2 months in A Class	3	2	2	0 10
" 10 A " 10 "	4	2	10	1 2
" 18 A " 18 "	5	3	6	1 6
" 21 A " 21 "	6	3	9	2 3
" 24 A " 24 "	7	4	0	3 0
" 32 A " 32 "	8	4	8	3 4
" 48 A " 48 "	10	6	0	4 0
" 63 A " 63 "	12	7	3	4 9
" 72 A " 72 "	15	8	0	7 0

a great incentive to good conduct on the part of the women while in prison. The exception is in the case of male children; these are not taken into the refuge, but are placed in the workhouse till the final liberation of the mother. Children under two years of age, we should inform our readers, are taken into the prison when the mother has been sentenced to penal servitude. Many children are born within the precincts of the jail. At the present time, to the 514 female convicts in Mountjoy, there are 37 children, more than half of whom have been born in the jail. The infant school at Mountjoy, with its special teacher and monitress, is one of the sights of the place. Children over two years of age are, when the mother is convicted, sent to the workhouse of the Union to which she belongs. When her sentence has expired, if her conduct has been good in the prison, instances are known of the guardians giving a suit of clothes to a boy and paying his fare to Dublin, so that mother and child may emigrate, or go elsewhere together.

Thus set free of the prison-gates, the women discharged on ticket of license find themselves transferred from the jailer's rule to a discipline far gentler, yet in the main as strict. When come to the refuge, they are told by the directors they are not to expect to find wardens and matrons continually going after them. They must look to themselves henceforth; if well-conducted, docile, and industrious, they will get a new start in life under favourable auspices; if guilty of any misconduct while in the refuge, they shall be sent back on the instant to the prison, there to complete the full measure of their original sentence. Instead of a numerous staff of matrons and teachers, there are none now to command or direct but the Rev. Mother, and the few Sisters of the Community. Respect is naturally inspired by the state and station of their pious guardians; affection is easily won where Christian charity and devotion are so manifest; "Mother Magdalen" can find a way to the poor sinner's heart which the most experienced matron might seek in vain. The golden links of religious sympathy draw sinner to saint in a manner which no mere intellectual or even moral agency could hope to effect; and these influences are brought to bear upon the released convict just at the moment when they can most subtilly and most powerfully effect practical results. Moreover, the fact of their superiors not being paid to mind them, greatly enhances their power to govern them. Mrs. Kirwan, passing by one day, observed a woman idling over a nightcap which she had been desired to make, and said to her, "Why don't you do your work?" Prisoner sullenly replied, "I won't." Whereupon Rev. Mother said, "Oh, indeed, now you will; and when I am coming back, you will have your work done as far as

you can." Returning later, Mrs. Kirwan remarked that she was steadily completing her task. "Are you doing your work?" she asked. The woman answered, "I am, ma'am." "Why, then, did you give such an answer this morning?" "Sure, ma'am, I was vexed; but when you said I'd have it done, I thought it wasn't much matter to you whether I did it or not, *except to please you.*"

In the fifth annual report of the directors (for 1858) we find that since the institution of these refuges, 208 women were transferred to Golden Bridge. The return is as follows: 129 have left, and 79 remain in the Refuge. The 129 discharged were thus disposed of: emigrated, 40; sent to situations in this country, 27; returned to their husbands and families, 20; returned to parents and friends, 24 (6 of these are likely to relapse); 5 to Magdalen Asylum; married, 3; sent back to prison, 9; escaped, 1: total, 129. Referring to this return, and to the no less gratifying one furnished by the zealous managers of the much smaller Protestant refuges, the Directors observe that the results far exceeded what they ever anticipated. "By means of" individualisation "a large number of women, far advanced in criminal courses, have been thus returned to the community to lead honest and industrious lives; when at liberty a protecting hand has still been with them, the weak have been supported, the over-confident cautioned. Any praise we could bestow on the ladies who are accomplishing this great work would, in comparison to their labour and self-denying devotion, be indeed but feeble. It is, however, a work in which a nation may well glory. Undeterred by rough and repulsive manners, the stamp of wicked courses strongly marked in the countenance of the many, these hourly labours are carried on—these struggles with ill-regulated and abandoned minds—each evil propensity combated again and again, until replaced by other and purer desires, ultimately to restore to the many that self-respect, without which the future career of a woman must, indeed, be a hopeless one."

Advantages of no ordinary kind enabled the Sisters of Mercy to carry out their noble object in the minutest details. Throughout the country they were able to obtain information of the friends and relatives of the women by means of the different houses of the Order, and to exercise in the same way a supervision over them when finally released; while in the case of emigrants much of the usual difficulties and risks were removed by the facility of sending them out to the care of the Sisterhoods established in other lands. As might be expected, the establishment of refuges was found to have produced a manifest improvement in the prisons. The chaplain remarks that it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the re-

fuge, the hope of admission into which works so effectually on the prisoners; they are nervously afraid lest by some trivial fault they might be debarred from its benefits. And so, year after year, we trace through the reports the same expressions of happy success, the same wonderful statistics. In the last report, which is now before us, we find complimentary reference to the valuable benefit which the prisoners derive from the frequent visits of the Protestant and Catholic ladies; and the fact is also simply stated that "the numbers transferred to Golden-Bridge and Heytesbury-Street Refuges have been larger than in the previous year."

Through the great kindness of the Directors we are enabled to lay before our readers the following interesting and hitherto unpublished return:

Numbers sent to Refuges in each of the following years.

		Catholic.		Protestant.		Total.
1856.	...	43	...	8	...	51
1857.	...	41	...	5	...	46
1858.	...	104	...	9	...	113
1859.	...	81	...	14	...	95
1860.	...	62	...	11	...	73
1861.	...	55	...	8	...	63
1862.	...	45	...	4	...	49
1863.	...	54	...	9	...	63
		485		68		553

Of the above there were re-convicted on discharge:

		Catholic.		Protestant.		Total.
1856.	...	0	...	0	...	0
1857.	...	0	...	0	...	0
1858.	...	0	...	1	...	1
1859.	...	5	...	0	...	5
1860.	...	8	...	2	...	10
1861.	...	13	...	2	...	15
1862.	...	12	...	0	...	12
1863.	...	14	...	0	...	14
		52		5		57

Very imperfect as the foregoing sketch undoubtedly is, earnest minds whose consideration has been directed to the unhappy condition of Catholic women in English prisons may nevertheless find a stimulus in the simple narrative, and encouragement to labour perseveringly to obtain the necessary sanction from Government, and to establish some second Golden Bridge for the perilous transit from the prison-fortress to the wild liberty of the great world. Systems and plans, no matter how well devised, will not in such a case as this accomplish every thing. As the "individualisation" of the prisoners is one of the great principles relied on for their amelioration, so we may safely say that, in the individual character and capacity of those

under whose control they are placed, lies the real secret of success. The Irish convict system has been not only wisely devised, but carried out with a singular amount of energy, self-devotion, and enthusiasm. Lord Carlisle, the representative of government, was a staunch supporter of the reformatory movement; the Directors were clear-headed, large-hearted men, ready to enter into every particular case as if it were the all-important one. So rarely-gifted a woman as the Lady Superior of Golden Bridge is not often found even in communities of well-born, educated women, who devote themselves to the service of God in the poor, the suffering, and the erring. Into the subordinates the spirit which actuated the chiefs has been largely infused. A distinguished foreigner, M. de Holtzendorff, was singularly struck by the intelligence of the aim and motives of the system manifested by the *employés*, and the lively interest with which they devoted themselves to the accomplishment of their different duties, affording, he said, a remarkable contrast to the rigidity and dulness of such subalterns in his own country.

To those who now dream of accomplishing in England something like what has been effected in the sister isle, we say: The way has been prepared, a great example set. Earnest effort and determined will can accomplish great things. *Vouloir et savoir, c'est pouvoir.*

Volunteers of 1802 in Action.

TALMEDGE, who is in the same department as myself at the Board of Trade, was a volunteer during the whole of the stirring times at the close of the last and beginning of the present century. Talmedge is too old to volunteer now, and not that only, but too fat and puffy. There is probably a great deal, therefore, of the old story of the "Fox and the Grapes" in the disparagement he likes to indulge in of us riflemen of the nineteenth century. Watkins, and Middlehurst, and I, and the rest of our fellows of the Civil-Service Rifles, have had to stand no end of ridicule and chaffing from Talmedge. Time seems to have no effect in blunting the edge of *his* sarcasm. We have lived down the gibes of the street-boys; it is years now since the impudent query, "Who shot the dog?" has greeted me as I walked to drill: but Talmedge is inexorably and unchangeably bitter. His bachelor establishment is conducted on principles of profuse hospitality, and his Madeira first-rate, or his freedom of language would be more than mortal rifleman could endure. Volunteering is usually Talmedge's topic over the second bottle; and who could be angry with so good-hearted a fellow, however much he glorifies the volunteers of the past, at the expense of those of the present?

"There's a want of heart in it, sirs—a want of reality—that's what I say," he remarked a few evenings ago to a little party of us assembled at his snug crib at Hendon; "you'll never make me believe different. What Middlehurst says is quite right. The thing's very well—very well indeed,—and I daresay has had its effect in favour of peace. But only think of you fellows by the side of us men of 1802! Everybody turned out then; and everybody that turned out meant fighting,—there was no mistake about it! It was not a question *then* of braid and buttons and tailoring; nor yet of drill as a change from rowing and cricket. No; what we meant, every man, was determined resistance to invasion, which, mind you, we were just as confident of in our own minds as that the sun will rise to-morrow. There lay the flotilla of gun-boats and transports collected over there at Brest to carry 'the mounseers,' as we called 'em; and here were we, ready—ay, positively anxious—for 'em to come. This is the sort of popular literature we had to excite us," he

added, as he reached from a shelf of his bookcase a folio volume containing a collection of the broad-sheets of the day. "This is a regular orthodox document, as you'll see, for it's 'Printed at the sign of the Bible, Crown, and Constitution, 32 Cornhill.' Let me read you one stanza of its poetry as a specimen:

'They've formed a plan—that's if they can—
To chain us two and two, sirs;
And Gallia's cock from Cherbourg's rock
Keep's crying 'Doodle-doo,' sirs.
But Johnny Bull will have a pull,
And put them in a flurry,
With dauntless heart he'll play his part,
And well their hides he'll curry.'

This you'll say is sufficiently exciting; but listen to the prose: 'Fellow-citizens, Bonaparte threatens to invade us! He promises to enrich his soldiers with our property. To excite his hell-hounds to execute his vengeance, he has *sworn* to permit every thing! Shall we merit by our cowardice the title of Sordid Shopkeepers, Cowardly Scum, and Dastardly Wretches, which in every proclamation he gives us? No, we will loudly give him the lie, &c.' I have a whole volume here of that sort of thing, which issued from licensed and unlicensed presses in shoals. Did we believe them? Yes, sirs, every line of them, as devoutly as our Catechism! And such was their effect that the king was empowered to call for a levy *en masse* of every man from seventeen to forty-five; but the enrolment of volunteers went on so rapidly that it became unnecessary. Present company is of course excepted,—but I believe if there was real danger of an invasion *now*, your fellows would fall out of the ranks as rapidly as we fell in!"

Madeira notwithstanding, we resented this assertion as a libel upon our comrades and ourselves, and retorted that even the boldness of Talmadge's comrades might have proved to diminish in proportion as "the mounseers" came nearer. Talmadge would not hear of this.

"Sirs, when 'the Army of England,' ostensibly collected by Bonaparte to invade these shores, was despatched elsewhere, we were disappointed—seriously disappointed. Why, at some of our sham fights—where we didn't do as you do, call ourselves the 'attacking' and 'defensive' force, but individualised it, as I may say, into 'English' and 'French,'—our feelings ran so strongly that accidents were frequent from the men's impetuosity. My corps was the Hackney; and I remember one day we and the Newingtons represented the French at a field-day at Wood Green, and the Isling-

tons represented the English. The affair nearly ended in a fight without any sham about it. One fellow in ours, named Kennedy, was severely wounded by a bayonet in the thigh, in a charge of the Islingtons, who came down upon us as if we were genuine mounseers, and many of us were slightly wounded with bayonets and cartridges. If the recal had not sounded, it would have been anything but a joke."

"Then your corps can claim having been in action," I remarked.

"Precisely," replied Talmedge; "and, by the by, it went into action on another occasion with rather an ignoble result."

"What! something ignoble connected with the volunteers of 1802? Come, we must hear that; you must fight your battles o'er again. Silence, gentlemen, for the veteran Talmedge!"

"Well, I'll tell you," said our friend. "It happened in this way. One day—this was in the year 1803—our captain, Jarvis, received by post a threatening letter, that if he did not deposit a certain sum of money, by an hour named, in a water-spout near the old Ivy House at Hoxton, he would suffer in a way which was only obscurely hinted at. The captain read this letter to some of us the same afternoon, as we were at target-practice at the tile-kilns at Clapton; and one of our corporals, known as Beau Alec, threw out the suggestion that we should march in a body against the threatener, and effect his capture. In default of any other enemy and of any other adventure more exciting, the corps tumbled to the suggestion; and about dusk the gallant Hackneys paraded for active duty, and marched to the spot where we were to cover ourselves with glory. Except the Ivy House and a little carpenter's shed near, it was all open fields, from the wall of the Haberdashers' Almshouses, in the shadow of which we disposed ourselves in ambush. Jarvis deposited a bag of coppers in the spout indicated, and the carpenter was pressed into the service as a picket, with a pistol, which he was to fire on the appearance of the enemy, as a signal. Our orders were to leave our ambush at the signal, form in a circle round the spot, and capture the enemy's whole force, or perish in the attempt! It proved a dreary watch of several hours. Midnight struck, sirs, and no enemy came. One, two o'clock. Our military ardour diminished sensibly; and we were discussing the propriety of a retreat, when lo! the signal was given. Sirs, we rushed to action, valiant as lions; we extended our circle round the spot, then gradually closed upon the foe. The foe, as we got near him, seemed to be clutching the spout with great eagerness, and talking incoherently. It might be a consciousness of defeat, or it might be liquor; and it

proved the last. Sirs, the picket had mistaken his man, and called out a full company of British volunteers to capture a drunken cobbler reeling home across the fields! A discussion took place about going; but it was decided to wait one hour more, and we returned to ambush; where we had not been long when a second man was seen by the carpenter cautiously approaching the spout. Our picket this time determined to make sure of his man. He watched him go to the place and seize the booty; then he pulled the trigger. But, sir, the Fates decreed we should be foiled. The pistol would not go off, and valuable time, though but moments, was lost before he shouted. Sirs, the strategy of the Hackney Volunteers was faultless, but it was unsuccessful! 'Tis not in mortals to command success,' you know. We formed our cordon, but unfortunately the enemy proved to be *outside*, just discernible in the darkness, in full retreat towards Islington! Captain Jarvis harangued us on the importance of the exploit we had *meant* to achieve, and we marched ingloriously to bed!"

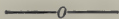
"Bravo, Jarvis! he deserves to be as famous as his naval namesake! And this was the only opportunity the corps had of distinguishing itself?"

"The only opportunity; for though, in 1806, we did permanent duty for a week, bivouacking in Hackney Churchyard, neither natural nor supernatural enemy called us to warlike deeds. In 1810 we were also called out, and under arms from three in the afternoon till two next morning, on the occasion of Sir Francis Burdett being taken to the Tower; but the populace disappointed the expectations entertained in high quarters, and we were dismissed. Soon afterwards we were disbanded."

R. J. D.

Francis Suarez.

BY HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, D.D.



PART I.

FRANCIS SUAREZ was born at Granada on the 5th of January 1548. His family was noble, and the branch of it to which he belonged had migrated from Toledo to Granada, after the conquest of the latter city by Ferdinand and Isabella, to take possession of some property bestowed by the king on his grandfather as a reward for his services both before and during the war against the Moors. Gaspar Suarez, the son to whom this Granada property fell, married a lady of the house of Vasquez of Uriel. It appears that the names of both families were common and widely spread. The children of this marriage were four sons and four daughters. Three of the daughters consecrated themselves to God in a convent in their native city; the second son Francis, and the youngest Gaspar, entered the Society of Jesus. The third son died young; the eldest succeeded his father, and married honourably. The last of the sisters also married, and became celebrated for her almost cloistral perfection in practices of piety and charity. It is recorded of her that for thirty years she was in the habit of visiting daily the poor villagers of a hamlet that lay under the shadow of the castle in which she lived, laden with food, clothes, and medicine to relieve their necessities. Good and pious as were all the members of this family, it is probable that Spain had hundreds of noble families at that time of which the same account might be given.

We know but little of the youth of our future theologian. He was studious, innocent, pious, fond of prayer in a remarkable degree, and with a taste for amusements of that kind which we often meet with in the lives of saintly persons, and not quite obsolete in good Catholic families at the present day—such as playing at preaching, adorning altars, and the like. He was marked out for the clerical vocation, tonsured at the age of ten, and, as the fashion was in those days, put into nominal possession of two family chaplaincies. The only anecdote we find about him relates to the shock that he received when a young companion of his own, falling out in the street with a chance passer-by, drew out his dagger in a passion, and stabbed the other to the heart. The history of Suarez really begins at the University of Salamanca. That great seat of learning was

then in its most flourishing condition, and took the lead for the time among the Universities of Europe. When the two brothers, John and Francis Suarez, joined it—the latter was then about fourteen—it had but recently lost from among its professors the great theologians, Francis de Victoria, Dominic Soto, and Melchior Carus. Many whose names afterwards became distinguished, especially in the Society of Jesus, were either studying or teaching there about that time; Toletus, afterwards cardinal, was among the latter; he had been promoted to a chair of philosophy at the age of twenty-three, and after lecturing with great success for three years, had left the university to enter the noviceship of the Society. Another distinguished man, whose writings still retain their place with us as among the best of their kind,—John Maldonatus—was a pupil of Toletus, and followed his example, though not at once, in giving himself to the religious life. For a time he occupied the chair of philosophy which Toletus had left vacant, but he was soon promoted to that of theology; he left it, however, in 1562, about the time that Suarez came to Salamanca as a student, to follow Toletus to the noviciate. Francis Ribera also, one of the confessors of St. Teresa, and a celebrated author on the minor prophets and other parts of Holy Scripture, belongs to this generation of students at Salamanca; as well as Alphonsus Rodriguez and Gregory of Valentia, the latter of whom entered the religious state shortly after Suarez himself.

It was, in fact, the spring-tide or early summer of the Society of Jesus, and men of the highest mental and moral attainments were pressing into it on all sides, but particularly in Spain, which was, as it were, its native soil, which gave to it its founder, its most illustrious saints, its three first generals, and a very large proportion of its most celebrated names. They were days also of great mental activity; the real reform of the Church, on the principles of the Council of Trent, was being pressed on; the enthusiasm of saintliness was in the air of the country which had recently given birth to a whole family of saints, of whom St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Teresa, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, St. John of the Cross, St. Louis Bertrand and St. John of God, were but the most renowned members. A time of faith, and hope, and courage, when great resolutions were made without cowardice, and executed with fidelity and generosity. High vocations were caught up and acted on; and striking conversions, either from sin to a life of virtue, or from an ordinary Christian life to a path of perfection, were no rare fruits of a single meditation or a powerful sermon. Francis Suarez had always led an innocent life, and was predisposed to piety and

mortification; but his father had sent him to Salamanca without much notion of the high strain of teaching that would make captive of him there. The teacher who was the instrument of giving to the Society of Jesus so great an ornament, and to the Church so famous a doctor, was himself a plain and rather severe man, who had great influence over the young men of the university. John Ramirez had been one of a band of devoted priests whom the celebrated John of Avila, "the Apostle of Andalusia," had collected and formed. A few years before this time, when the Society of Jesus had been introduced into Spain, this great man had hailed its advent with enthusiasm, as supplying the Church with a body of labourers such as he had long been desiring in vain to see enlisted in her service. He was himself too far advanced in age to enter the new order, but he sent to it many of his own disciples, and always supported it to the utmost of his power. Ramirez was one of the recruits thus gained. He was already famous as a preacher; and when he reappeared in the pulpit after his noviceship, his zeal and his success seemed to have been redoubled. We are told of him that he converted by a single sermon twenty-two women of evil life. He had been preaching with great success at Saragosa, when he was sent, rather against his own inclination and judgment, to occupy the pulpit in the church of the Society at Salamanca. He was a plain-spoken, simple, earnest preacher, one of those who suit popular audiences, without any great polish or refinement. He was afraid of the fastidious tastes of the academic critics of Salamanca. He might seem to them either commonplace or too free.

It is not difficult to picture the man to ourselves, from the fact that it was thought that his boldness and severity in attacking the excesses of female dress went far enough to delay or prevent his 'profession' in the Society. He was equally uncompromising in his vehement denunciation of other faults, especially sins of the tongue; at the same time he was devoted to the instruction of children in the rudiments of Christian doctrine, and was the first of his day to introduce the practice of catechising them shortly and familiarly. This plain and thorough-going preacher soon gained an extraordinary influence over his new audience at Salamanca. Manners became so much improved that street-rows were at an end; the professors sometimes suspended their lectures at the times of his sermons, and crowded round his pulpit along with their scholars. A single course of sermons during Lent produced an effect that must have been felt widely through the country, and which seems to us almost incredible. No less than five hundred of the students applied for admission into various religious orders. The Society of Jesus

had fifty of these applicants at its doors: among them the future 'doctor eximius,' Francis Suarez.

In those days, however, it was not easy to enter the Society. Religious superiors could well afford to be fastidious when they had so large a body of young men to choose from; and indeed at all times such fastidiousness is their truest wisdom. "We don't want 'good little souls,'" cried St. Teresa, when some one, for whom nothing more could be said than what is contained in that very ordinary commendation, was presented to her as a candidate for Mount Carmel. Her words might sometimes be remembered with advantage by those who would crowd convents and monasteries with unexceptionable specimens of amiable mediocrity. It was on this ground chiefly that Francis Suarez was refused admission into religion. The good fathers to whom was confided the care of examining his vocation admired his angelic innocence, and praised the goodness of his intentions, but they unanimously concluded that he was not fit for the Society. His constitution was not strong; but the real ground of his rejection was that his intellectual capacity was below the required standard. He was "a good little soul," and had better go elsewhere; all the more, because his noble birth might naturally raise expectations that he would be employed in some of the more prominent posts, and would consequently make it more remarkable and more galling to himself if, on account of his dulness, he were always kept in the background.

Happily, Suarez may have been dull at that age, but at least he was resolute. The rector at Salamanca had refused him, but there was a higher authority—the Provincial of Castile. To him Suarez betook himself. He was at Valladolid, and received the applicant very kindly; but he referred the question of his admission to his own "consultors." These fathers examined Suarez, and came to the same conclusion with their brethren at Salamanca. He might do well enough elsewhere, but he had neither strength nor capacity for the particular work of the Society. The Provincial had seen a good deal of the youth during the days of his stay at Valladolid, but it does not appear that he had discovered more in him than the others. Nevertheless, he felt a strong internal impulse to yield to the application. He was quite free to do so; and accordingly, turning to the consultors, he told them that the youth whom they did not think worthy of admission would one day prove a great honour to the order, and even an ornament to the Church. Suarez was sent back to Salamanca with a letter directing the rector to admit him into the Society. This letter was of course obeyed; but Francis was not sent to the noviceship before he had signed an agreement

in writing, in which he declared his willingness to serve, if so required, in one or other of the inferior grades in the Society, and freely abandon all claim to be applied to the higher studies. This document was long preserved in the college at Salamanca. One more battle remained for the fervent postulant to win. We do not hear, as is so often the case, that his family made any serious objection to his entrance into religion; but he had an intimate friend at Salamanca, to whom he communicated his intention, expecting to receive from him encouragement and congratulation. This person, however, plied him so vigorously with entreaties and representations against the step that he was going to take, that Suarez used afterwards to speak of this opposition as the greatest danger that he had incurred with regard to his vocation. He persevered, however, and entered the novitiate at Medina del Campo in the month of June 1564.

We shall not attempt to follow him into the "saint-infected air" of the novitiate. We may vaguely imagine what must have been his fervour and happiness, partly from what we already know of his piety, zeal, and humility; partly from the fact that his religious life, the foundations of which were then laid, was a continual practice of the most perfect virtue. In truth, if he had not been so renowned afterwards as a theologian, his name might still have been handed down to us as that of a religious of remarkable sanctity even in those days, when saintly souls were plentiful. We know, too, that he had one of the best of novice-masters in the celebrated Alphonsus Rodriguez, whose writings on asceticism form to our day the great text-book and standard work on such subjects.

We may even know pretty much what Rodriguez taught him; for the *Exercises of Christian Perfection* are but the exhortations that he gave to his novices put into a different shape. However, this happy time did not last long. It is usual for the novices to interrupt all intellectual studies and other occupations for the full term of two years, at the end of which they pronounce their first vows. Suarez made great and rapid progress in virtue—his humility, mortification, and recollection were the admiration of all. But there still hung over him the grave question of his intellectual capacity for the work of the Society; and his superiors thought it right that this should be settled before the time of his noviceship expired. After a single year, therefore, at Medina del Campo, he was sent back to Salamanca to begin some studies in philosophy. A new course of logic was just beginning. It was probably no fault of his professor that he did not succeed well, for the rest of his companions found no difficulty. But Suarez seemed doomed to justify to the full the

anticipations of those who had pronounced him to be wanting in mental power. He was quick, and even clever, in other things, but his studies he could make nothing of. No one could blame him for want of industry and application; yet when he came to dispute in the class, or to repeat what he had been taught, he failed entirely. His dulness became a proverb, as had been the case before him with Albert the Great and Thomas of Aquinum. One of his companions was appointed to help him by going over the lectures with him in private, after they had both listened to the professor. It was an ungrateful and wearisome task. At last the courage of Francis failed, and he went to the rector of the college to beg to be allowed to give up study altogether, as he was so unfit for it: he was perfectly content to be employed all his life in humbler occupations.

Once more the future theologian was saved by the happy inspiration of his superior. The rector, Fr. Martin Gutierrez, was eminent, even when so many deserved eminence, for his virtue, his learning, and the success that attended his preaching, and his other labours for the good of souls. He was destined for martyrdom at the hands of the Huguenots, who captured and put him to death a few years later than this, as he was journeying towards Rome through France. When Suarez presented himself with the humble prayer that we have just mentioned, Fr. Gutierrez would not grant it. He encouraged him to persevere, and to redouble his prayers for aid to the Father of Lights. Francis obeyed; and, as he had from his earliest years had a most tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, he implored also her special intercession in his trouble. Suddenly a change came over him; his mind seemed to open to a new sense, and when he went again to the schools he found himself able to penetrate and grasp the doctrines of the professor with the utmost ease and quickness. His fellow-student came to help him, as he was wont, expecting the same unthankful task that he had so often performed before; but he suddenly found the matter of the lecture set before him in the most lucid manner, and difficulties and objections suggested which he was not himself capable either of seeing or of at once answering. In short, Suarez became all at once the leader and the oracle among the students. It certainly cannot surprise us if he always attributed the change that came over him to a preternatural gift bestowed in answer to his prayers. His case only adds another to a long list of instances in which powers of the highest kind, which were to be exercised during a long life for the service of the Church, have been bestowed or evoked in such a manner as to show, beyond the possibility of mistake, that they do not belong to the person enriched with them. All intellectual gifts are, indeed, but loans; and

they are abused indeed if they are not used for the service of the Giver; but they bring with them, as their shadow, the temptation to pride and self-complacency, and the greatest blessing that can be attached to them is the circumstance or condition that acts as a safeguard to the humility without which they so often prove the occasion of the greatest ruin. The Catholic Church, in the century in which we live, has seen more than one conspicuous instance of the ruin of which we speak. In the case of Suarez, his whole life bears witness that he never forgot the lesson that had been taught him at the outset of his career as a student. That the change that came over him was a sudden one is proved by the fact that, when a youth of singular promise, afterwards known as the celebrated Gregory of Valentia, came to the college at Salamanca for his studies in the same year in which Suarez had returned from Medina del Campo, the latter was already sufficiently distinguished among his companions to be selected as the instructor of the new comer in philosophy. In fact he at once took the position of a student whose future career was marked out for him in the schools of theology. His early piety, and the conviction that he owed the illumination of his mind to the intercession of our Blessed Lady, gave a turn and colour to some of his earliest efforts, which were not abandoned as he grew older and more famous.

We have traced thus at length the history of the outset of the career of Suarez, because they are necessary to enable us to form a right estimate of the theologian as well as of the man. When we come to speak of his way of life at the time that he was most of all given to intellectual speculation and literary composition, we shall see how large a share of his time was given to exercises of piety and mental prayer. He it is who has left behind him that wonderful saying, that rather than give up an hour of prayer, he would willingly renounce, not only the knowledge that he himself had received from God, but all the knowledge possessed by all the world put together, if it could belong to himself alone. Although it was not his custom to insert prayers and aspirations into his theological writings, such as are found in the work of his pupil Lessius *De Divinis Perfectionibus*, there is still a calm fragrance of devotion about his pages which seems to reveal that they reflect the thoughts of a mind accustomed to speculate only under the softening influence of prayer. Most of the anecdotes—and they are not many—that are preserved to us concerning him are such as show his humility,—a virtue that could not have been preserved in its perfection in so eminent a teacher and writer without a great deal of prayer. He is on a journey to Rome, and comes to a college of his order on the way. The Superior re-

ceives him with great attention and charity, and hurries off to the kitchen to order a meal for his guest. There he finds a novice making but poor way with a task set him by the cook of cleaning some dishes. He complains that he wants help, and the Superior bids him press into the service the first person he meets in the corridors. When the dinner is ready, the Superior goes to look for Father Suarez, but he can find him nowhere. At last he is discovered in the kitchen, having been the first person with whom the good brother who wanted help for the dishes fell in. Or again, he goes by invitation to a public dispute in theology, held in a monastery of religious. Being asked to object, he does so, and in a few syllogisms reduces the unfortunate defender to his last gasp; whereupon the professor, unable to bear the disgrace of his pupil, takes up the argument; not, however, with any new train of reasoning, but with a violent tirade against Suarez and his order. Every one is disgusted except Suarez himself, who listens with great attention and serenity, and at the end takes leave of the professor in the kindest and most cordial manner.

Another time he had been challenged to a public dispute by a theologian who had aimed at the chair in which Suarez had been placed in the University of Coimbra. Suarez was ordered to accept the dispute. After some time he so completely entangled his adversary, that nothing remained to be done but to draw an obvious conclusion, in order to put him in flagrant self-contradiction. Instead of this, he deliberately gave him an opportunity to escape, although he could hardly do so without making an apparent failure himself. The general reader will perhaps scarcely appreciate the self-command shown in these instances so easily as those who have witnessed the ardour with which theological disputations are sometimes conducted, and the violence with which human nature sometimes betrays itself, as the cold glittering meshes of an inevitable *reductio ad absurdum* close around some floundering debater. In the case just mentioned, Suarez' reputation was, to a certain extent, at stake, as it was his first public exhibition at Coimbra. Another anecdote, of an occasion when he thought that he had forgot himself, is equally characteristic. A disputant had misquoted a passage of St. Augustine. Suarez denied that St. Augustine said what was alleged. The other persisted with warmth, upon which Suarez quietly said that he had read through and remembered perfectly all the works of St. Augustine, and was certain that the sentence quoted did not occur in them. On his return home his conscience smote him for having said publicly what was perfectly true, but what seemed to him to savour of arrogance, and it was some time before he recovered his

usual cheerfulness. But we must return to a short narrative of his career as a professor.

This career began almost immediately after the conclusion of his studies. The ordinary course would have been for him to pass from them to the occupation of teaching some of the lower classes in the colleges of the Society; but, on account of the high reputation that he had already acquired, he was at once placed in the chair of philosophy at Segovia. This was in 1572, when he was twenty-four years of age; he was ordained priest when twenty-five, and at once placed in the confidential post of "Spiritual Father" in the College. The two years that he spent at Segovia seem to have been almost the only time in his life when he was allowed to give himself to the ordinary occupations of the priesthood,—preaching to the people, hearing confessions, and the like. There were some outlying villages in the neighbourhood of Segovia whose inhabitants had but few opportunities of approaching the Sacraments, and receiving instruction in Christian doctrine. Suarez devoted his spare time on Sundays and other festivals to expeditions among these hamlets, where he said Mass, preached, and administered the Sacraments; but his delicate health and frail constitution were so much injured by his exertions, that his Superiors thought it best to withdraw him altogether from such employments; and till he gave up teaching, after forty years of the professorate, he was entirely confined to his books and his class.

This is almost equivalent to saying that his life was monotonous, uneventful, and uninteresting to the general reader. Certainly, the life of a professor of theology may appear at first sight to unite the monotony of the recluse with the drudgery of the schoolmaster; but it has its high reward, not only in the fruit that it may produce in others, but in the tranquillity of its ordinary atmosphere, the opportunity that it affords for the exercise and development of the highest mental gifts, and the ennobling and sublime subjects on which its contemplations are fixed. In times of theological controversy it has to step forth from its cell; and every century of the history of the Church has its own questions, truths of its own to unfold or defend, its own heresies or intellectual wanderings that require rebuke, warning, and refutation from the ever-living doctorate. Many of the greatest acts of the Church depend upon this; the definitions of Councils, the decrees of Roman congregations, the decisions of the Holy See, are practically grounded upon the patient industry of those silent workers, whose importance has never been questioned or assailed, save by the enemies of Christian truth, or by ignorant sciolists within the pale of the Church, who would fain set themselves up as

the critics, or even the reformers of her traditions and her method. Besides the great occasions and ever-recurring emergencies when its work is almost indispensable, the doctorate has its ordinary and unintermitting function, as to which we may almost use the homely and time-honoured image of Menenius Agrippa concerning the different members of the human body. The whole active work of the Christian ministry, on which the life of the Church depends, grows feeble or efficient in proportion to the decay or the vigorous cultivation of sound theology; and those whose uninteresting monotonous lives are passed in furnishing this vital necessary to the successive generations of students who succeed one another on the benches of the class-room, have in reality a personal and important share in all the work of various kinds that is afterwards performed by their pupils. Suarez gave up his missions to the poor villagers near Segovia, only to preach to the ignorant, convert the heathen, dispute with heretics, reclaim sinners, and guide souls to perfection in the persons of thousands of students to whom, in the course of a long forty years, he imparted the priceless light of sound Catholic theology.

His life, however, is not quite devoid of vicissitude and variety. We meet, early in his career, with a circumstance that may at first sight seem surprising, and that repeats itself a few years later on. He had hardly begun to teach philosophy at Segovia, before he was accused of novelty in doctrine; and when, after some time, he was professor of theology at Valladolid, we find the accusation repeated. The first time it was set at rest by the Provincial, who, notwithstanding the adverse opinions of certain fathers commissioned to examine the accused doctrine, was so won by the humility and modesty of its author, that he bade him go on, and himself quieted the fears of the alarmists. The second time the papers were sent to Rome, where they fell into the hands of Claudius Aquaviva, who at once conceived the highest admiration for Suarez, and prevailed on the general to summon him to Rome, and make him professor there. Even a superficial acquaintance with the writings of Suarez will convince any one capable of forming a judgment that his mind was uncommonly well balanced, and that he never forgot the sobriety and modesty that become a Christian doctor. He is remarkably free from eccentricities and singularities; not at all of the same stamp as the celebrated Hardouin, who declared that he did not get up at four every morning only for the purpose of saying what other people had said before him. Suarez is fertile in invention and subtle in argument; but the quality which, perhaps more than any other, distinguishes him among the writers of his class, is the soundness and

clearness of his judgment. A few among the great galaxy of theological authors of his time may here and there rival or surpass him in brilliancy or ingenuity; but he has, perhaps, no peer in sagacity, freedom from exaggeration, and a certain delicacy and faithfulness of instinct which belongs to the consummate theologian. It is worthy of note, therefore, that, first as a teacher of philosophy, and afterwards as a teacher of theology, he was assailed on the score of novelty. The fact is, that he was too thoughtful and too industrious to hand on and repeat by rote just what he had read or been taught. He did not belong to the school of epitomisers, the set of men who compile theological *cursus* or *compendia*, who have done so much to destroy deep and accurate learning. Where there is a truly theological mind, there will always be profound and therefore independent thought; and where there is independent thought, there will also be, to some extent, originality of expression or of method,—obsolete opinions and invalid arguments will be discarded, and unchangeable truths set forth in a new light. The theology of the Church is a living stream: it has not flowed on for a given number of centuries to be dammed up at a certain point of its course, then to exchange its sparkling freshness for the torpid slumbers of a pool. There are, indeed, always a certain number of ardent and undisciplined minds, too ready to sacrifice what is old—too critical of antiquity—too impatient of the control by which its forms, and methods, and conclusions cramp their own venturesomeness, too often allied with real ignorance and self-conceit. These men have probably no very firm grasp of the substance of the truth itself, which they profess to be desirous of separating from the ancient formularies in which it is encased. At all events, they exaggerate the importance of their own discoveries, or of the new lights of the day, with which they wish to harmonise traditional truth; and they are carried farther than they think by the vanity and self-assertion of modern sciolism. But theirs is not the only mistake that can be made on the subject. The truly learned scribe, we are told, “brings out of his treasure new things and old.” If those of whom we have been speaking are too careless of the old, there are others who are equally unreasonable in rejecting the new as such: good, narrow-minded, timid, and above all, indolent men, who hate progress for its own sake, and resent the novelty which imposes on them the obligation of thinking, as if it involved danger to the truth itself, of which it may be but the improved expression, disclosing more fully than before its beauties and its relationship to other truths. Every department of thought and action, every polity and institution and society, has on the one hand its alarmists and obstructives and ultra-conservatives, and

on the other its radical revolutionists. The sphere of theology is not free from the common lot, and its wisest and soundest minds have in consequence to bear to be called, by each of the extreme parties, by the name of the other. Happily, the central authority in the Catholic Church is guided by infallible wisdom, and has always known well how to encourage and welcome sound contributions to theology, as well as how to brand with its disapproval dangerous speculation. Were its history fairly judged, even by those who do not acknowledge its divine commission, it would be owned that it has not done more to check reckless innovation than to stifle the querulous outcries of the partisans of stagnation.

We have already said that the attacks made on the teaching of Suarez did not in either instance succeed: in the second, indeed, they were incidentally the cause of his removal to the most distinguished chair of theology that could have been opened to him—that of the Roman College. There is, moreover, a great deal of excuse to be made for the complainants. The Society of Jesus was at that time young, and its early success and rapid progress, especially in Spain, naturally exposed it to a great deal of watchful criticism, and made it hazardous for any of its professors to depart in a marked manner from the ordinary opinions of the most approved commentators on St. Thomas. Suarez was but thirty-two years of age when he was called to Rome. After teaching for two years at Segovia, he had been sent for a short time to a new university at Avila, the city of St. Teresa, whom he may very well have been acquainted with during his short stay, especially as he was a great friend of her former confessor, Fr. Balthasar Alvarez. He began his career as teacher of theology there; but he was soon recalled to Segovia, and then again removed to the more important college at Valladolid. His reputation was growing rapidly, and he was not allowed to remain in obscurity. It was at Valladolid that he was accused, for the second time, of novelty in doctrine; and from that place he was summoned by his general, Everard Mercurian, to the Roman College. It was there also that he came across, and won to religious life, by his saintly example rather than by his teaching, another, who was to be a famous writer, in a different line from that of dogmatic theology,—Luis de la Puente, whose meditations have been translated into every European language. He was a secular student under Suarez, soon became his intimate friend, and, after a short time, his brother in religion.

Suarez was received at Rome, not as a teacher who was suspected of novelties, but as a theologian of the highest character and fairest promise. The Pope himself, Gregory XIII., who had enriched,

endowed, and re-built the great Roman College,—which maintains to the present day the reputation which a number of most eminent professors in every branch of theology won for it within a few years of its foundation,—did him the unusual honour of being present at his opening lecture. The general, Everard Mercurian, had died before Suarez reached Rome. Early in the following spring, Claudius Aquaviva, who had learnt his worth in the manner before mentioned, became the successor of Mercurian. He was but a few years older than Suarez, and began to bear the burden of the government of the order at the early age of thirty-seven. When he was presented to Gregory XIII. for his approval, the Pontiff remarked with wonder upon his youth; but it soon became clear that no better choice could possibly have been made. In fact, it was a time when a great many very important works were being carried on by men comparatively young; and the Society of Jesus, in particular, had need of a vigorous and enterprising ruler. The life of Aquaviva would be well worth writing, though, as the greater part of his career was devoted to the internal government of a religious order, it might not have so great an interest for the general reader. He was the youngest son of a very noble Neapolitan family, and when he entered religion, at the age of twenty-four, he was one of the private chamberlains of St. Pius V., who regarded him with special affection and confidence. He had had the happiness to be the fellow-novice of St. Stanislaus Kostka. Though formed, apparently, to shine in almost any of the various paths of usefulness opened to him by his religious profession, he was soon set apart more particularly for the line of *government*; a career which, to a certain extent, withdrew him from that active work in public which might have made him more widely famous. Suarez might expect every kind of support and favour from a general who had so quickly discerned his great merit. Rome was at that time full of activity and religious enterprise, under the vigorous and beneficent rule of Gregory XIII. The galaxy of Saints that had made the time of the Council of Trent so illustrious had not passed away altogether. St. Ignatius was gone, and St. Francis Xavier, and St. Francis Borgia; but St. Philip was still at the Chiesa Nuova, and St. Camillus of Lellis was but beginning his congregation. St. Charles was one of the Cardinals, but living at Milan. He died in 1584, before the Pope. St. Aloysius Gonzaga was one of the pupils of Suarez in the school of theology. Other celebrated men either came to Rome for a time, or were residing there permanently. Toletus, not yet Cardinal, had preceded Suarez as professor at the Roman College. He had just returned from Louvain, where he had been sent by the Pope on a special mission to receive the retracta-

tion of Michael Baius. Another famous theologian, the great Lessius, whom Baius had once tried to make his disciple, and whom he afterwards attacked with acrimony, was just then sent to Rome to study, and learnt theology from Suarez for two years. Suarez set him free from a scruple which cramped his genius and tormented his mind. He thought that he was bound never to depart from the beaten track of certain received commentators, while on the other hand his reason told him that they were wrong. Suarez taught him that there was no harm in dissenting from the opinions even of great authorities in certain questions which do not concern either faith or morals. When we consider the value of the works of Lessius, especially on the subject of Predestination, and the great results that followed from his going back to more ancient opinions instead of keeping to those that were in fashion in the generation that preceded his own, we cannot but feel exceedingly grateful for the advice that he received from Suarez. Bellarmine, another of the great writers and controversialists of the day, was at this time one of the professors of the Roman College. Maldonatus was present at the congregation that elected Aquaviva to the generalship, a few months after the arrival of Suarez.

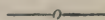
Suarez was not able to live permanently at Rome. He taught there for eight years, and if he had remained, it is hardly possible that he should not have exercised a very great influence on the theological discussions which arose there a few years later. As it was, he seems, at a later time, not to have escaped the Cardinalate without some difficulty. But the climate of Rome did not suit his delicate constitution, and in 1588 Aquaviva felt reluctantly obliged to send him back to Spain. His Roman sojourn and practice of teaching probably gave the finishing touches to his perfection as a theologian. Not very many great theologians, in modern times at least, have ever spent all their lives away from Rome. Such men have need, so to speak, by the side of all other advantages, of the theological atmosphere of the Holy City. The perpetual contact which its students and teachers enjoy with the great doctors there to be found, and with the ever-living action of the Church at its central seat of government,—the great religious incidents that can happen in no other place, the pontifical ceremonies, the canonizations, the jubilees, the conclaves,—as well as the memories and blessings which haunt the shrines of the Apostles and Martyrs of early days, and blend so harmoniously with the spirit that breathes from the relics of later Saints of every successive century,—all these, and a hundred other kindred influences, insensibly balance and adjust the mind, and give to all its utterances that perfectly Catholic and Roman tone which distin-

guishes the writings of such theologians as Suarez. The effect is very easily discernible in the contrast which their works present to those of others who have not had the same advantages. Many such writers have contributed very largely to the theological treasures of the Church: but others, with the noblest intentions and the most patient industry, have often failed lamentably on account of the want of this indescribable gift of which we are speaking. They have been exaggerated or incomplete; extravagant or narrow; hard, gaunt, and clumsy; frightened at shadows, or unable to see things in their proper relations, like children whose eyes have not learnt the secrets of distance and perspective. This may be set down to many causes: it may be the effect of personal character, an exclusively intellectual method of study, continual contact with heretics, want of traditional learning, self-education, or other similar causes, but it can hardly be better described in a single word than by the epithet un-Roman. The perfect theologian not only takes the right side of the questions that arise before him, and divines instinctively the true doctrine on some point, perhaps, which has not yet been ruled by authority; he will have the gift also to discern what is to be pressed, what not. He will know the great wisdom of silence and of patience, of leaving questions undisturbed, for which the time has not yet come. His arguments will be as judiciously selected as his conclusions are sound, and he will be in no danger of riding his theories to death, or of urging his authorities beyond their proper meaning. Among the thousand influences, natural and supernatural, which must combine to produce a consummate and faultless theologian, that of which we are now speaking is certainly not the last. Suarez might have been very great without it, as others have been: with it, he became the "Doctor Eximius;" a theologian surpassed by no one since the days of St. Thomas Aquinas.

H. J. C.

(To be continued.)

Saints of the Desert.



No. IV.

1. Abbot Antony said: Without temptation there is no entrance possible into the kingdom. Take away temptations, and no one is in the saving way.

2. Some one asked blessed Arsenius, "How it is that we, with all our education and accomplishments, are so empty, and these Egyptian peasants are so full?"

He made answer: We have the world's outward training, from which nothing is learned; but theirs is a personal travail, and virtue is its fruit.

3. It was heard by some that Abbot Agatho possessed the gift of discrimination. Therefore, to make trial of his temper, they said to him, "We are told that you are sensual and haughty." He answered: That is just it.

They said again, "Are you not that Agatho who has such a foul tongue?" He answered: I am he.

Then they said, "Are you not Agatho the heretic?" He made answer: No.

They then asked him, why he had been patient of so much, yet would not put up with this last. He answered: By those I was but casting on me evil; but by this I should be severing me from God.

4. Holy Epiphanius was asked why the commandments are ten, and the beatitudes nine. He answered: The commandments are as many as the plagues of Egypt; but the beatitudes are a triple image of the Holy Trinity.

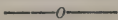
5. It was told to Abbot Theodore, that a certain brother had returned to the world. He answered: Marvel not at this, but marvel rather that any one comes out of it.

6. The Abbot Sisoï said: Seek God, and not His dwelling-place.

7. It is told of a certain senior, that he wished to have a cucumber. When he had got it, he hung it up in his sight, and would not touch it, lest appetite should have the mastery of him. Thus he did penance for his wish.

J. H. N.

The Abbey Farm.



CHAPTER I.

THE eastern district of Sussex is a fair land of corn-fields and hop-gardens. The hills, rising to the height of four and six hundred feet, are partly clothed with wood, and the more open copses are rich with the undergrowth of shrubs and flowers. From the open summits a keen eye may discover the blue line of sea, and where the cliffs of Winchelsea jut out into the plain whence the waves have retreated; or the angle formed by Beachy Head, in whose shelter the Roman Anderida and the medieval Pevensey are blended in common ruin. Between the hills lie level valleys, so perfectly flat and richly green, that they instantly suggest the memory of the waters which must once have filled their bottoms; and in one of the flattest, greenest, and most peacefully secluded of these valleys is situated the Abbey Farm. Fine old farm-houses, remains of manorial splendour, are not uncommon in Sussex; their massive chimneys and mullioned windows sometimes marked with the cipher of a noble race; but the Abbey Farm, as its name implies, had a peculiar character of its own. In the old times the place belonged to Monks of St. Bernard; it was founded in the eleventh century, and though a foundation of some importance, its architecture retained the simple and massive character of the early Norman age. The arched window of the refectory is enclosed in the gable end of the farm-dwelling; the dairy and cellar are contained in a crypt whose roof is still supported by massive groined pillars; and in the rear of the house is an oblong ruin, three crumbling windows of which can still be traced, of which the hinder part is converted into a barn. The neighbouring field is uneven with the trace of foundations, now covered with a mantle of thick soft turf. In quaint contrast to the strong stone walls which still remain is the body of the farm-house, built of wood, up which luxuriant creepers climb and hide the junction of the two materials. The roof is of red tiles, stained brown and yellow by the action of the weather; altogether the building is one of singular and touching beauty, dear to the artist and to the antiquary alike. Less than half a mile across the level valley rises the parish-church of Silverhurst, given to the Abbey exactly five hundred years ago. It stands on a knoll at the foot of the steep hill of that name, its little hamlet gathered to its

knee and half hidden in embowering trees. The birds flying in and out of the tower of Silverhurst Church call softly to those which dwell under the eaves of the Abbey Farm; it is their mission to keep up a ceaseless sound of praise in each otherwise silent sanctuary. Yet if tradition be true, this task does not belong to the birds alone. A story is current about the Abbey Farm which indeed has a questionable sound in this material age; put it down to old wives' gossip if you will, and let it while away an idle yet a thoughtful hour—such an hour as the narrator spent sitting on the fallen trunk of a tree, gazing on Silverhurst-Church tower, in the lane leading to the farm. It was told by an old woman from the neighbouring village, who did not half understand the significance of what she was saying to my ears; and I was afterwards at much pains to fill up her outline by inquiries in the neighbourhood concerning the persons of her tale.

Rather more than fifty years ago, at the epoch of the Peninsular War, the Abbey Farm was held by an old man of the name of Willis. He was not a native of this district, having emigrated, so to speak, from the midland counties, where his family, though quite of the middle class, and never showing any ambition to rise above it, were possessed of immense wealth, proverbially said to have been created partly in the nail-trade, partly by wholesale culture of cabbages. In those parts large sums of money are frequently made by a lucky stroke of trade; and when extreme frugality combines with average business talents to increase the bulk of such a nucleus of wealth, it may swell up to an enormous sum within the space of a couple of generations. So it was with the Willises: the grandfather James, a Methodist of the early days of Methodism, had by prudence saved upon a Worcestershire farm a sum which started his son Ebenezer in life very comfortably indeed. Ebenezer, growing up when the iron trade was rapidly attaining a great extent and activity in the vicinity, combined the business of a master-nailer with his agricultural pursuits. The cabbages and the nails rolled round and round together at compound interest; and by the time his two boys, grown to man's estate, had laid him in his grave, the property was supposed by his neighbours to be of fabulous value. The brothers James and Paul fell in love with the same girl, a noted beauty, daughter to a tradesman in Worcester. Paul was the accepted suitor, and James, in disgust, left his native county and settled in the very south of England. He soon married a homely young woman whose father was in the fishing-line at Rye; she died when her only child, Martha, was ten years old; and henceforth James and Martha Willis were joint authorities at the Abbey Farm.

"Old Willis," as he began to be called long before his age would have entitled him to so venerable an appellation, brought up Martha as a simple farmer's-daughter, without any of the refinements of education. The little girl was taught to read, write, and cipher. The organist of Silverhurst gave her a modicum of instruction on the harpsichord, and she could play "Life let us cherish," and a few of the tunes out of the *Beggar's Opera*; for her father, as a young man, had been a rustic proficient on the violin. But this was the extent of Martha's accomplishments. Her practical capacities were, however, much greater, and comprised baking, milking, churning, brewing, and all the multifarious duties of a farm-house. She had never left Sussex in her life, and possessed no ideas, no culture, no interests beyond those of the Abbey Farm and the little Methodist chapel in the neighbouring town, or rather village,—for the place was very small and quiet. Her father, himself scarcely to be called an educated man, had said farewell to social ambition when his brother Paul led his love to the altar. His marriage had been below his own station, and vastly below the possibilities which his wealth would have afforded him. He was kind, but never communicative with his daughter; and she grew up stiff, shy, reserved,—all the more so that Nature had gifted her with but little personal beauty. Still in early youth something of freshness and simplicity gave a rustic charm to Martha Willis, which caused sundry young suitors to pay a sort of divided homage to herself and her money-bags, but of which, after all, the money-bags obtained the prominent share. Martha would none of them; only when she was about thirty, it was currently reported that she was engaged to marry one Mr. Cartright, head steward to the Leigh estates in the neighbourhood.

Cartright was a middle-aged man, fair and plausible, and it was considered a tolerable marriage even for the heiress; but the engagement "went off." Nobody exactly knew why. Some people said Martha had discovered something very discreditable in her lover's life; but then people will talk in country neighbourhoods. Anyhow the marriage never took place; Cartright's gig with the white horse was no longer seen to stand by the gate of the Abbey Farm; and Martha Willis, growing into middle life, became more dry and reserved than ever.

Yet she was a religious and a kind-hearted woman too in her way. Religious according to the plan of salvation held forth in the little Wesleyan chapel of the village, upright, consistent, sincere; but withal narrow. And kind-hearted too, giving money freely by pounds to help the fisher families in Rye, when the husbands were drowned in some pitiless gale; and even subscribing by tens and

twenties when the neighbouring clergy made appeals for their schools and their charities. But of the immense power which her wealth conferred upon her when her father sunk into old age and left the practical control in her hands, Martha appeared to have no idea. It was imagined by the neighbouring gentry that she had never realised in her imagination a larger income than 500*l.* a year. There are savage, or we will suppose uncultivated, tribes in Africa, who cannot be got to count farther than ten. Martha Willis could not apparently count the value or the use of money beyond the sum which was indeed a handsome fortune in the valley of the Abbey Farm. Up to that limit she was kind and liberal; but she never seemed aware that her father's fortune, originally nearly a hundred thousand pounds, had rolled round during long years of quietude until she was one of the few rich heiresses of England. In her dress and personal habits she remained completely the farmer's daughter. When she travelled to Rye to see her mother's relations, she went on the outside of the coach, and took her belongings in a plain deal box. When she gave a tea-party, she trotted in and out of the room incessantly to see that the tea-cakes were properly prepared, and the whipped creams for supper duly sweetened. Good Martha Willis! The thought of her money never disturbed her, which is more than can be said for some of us.

Such was the woman who stood one July evening at the door of the Abbey Farm, just at the hour when the sun was getting a mellow gold, and the shadows of the poplars lay longer upon the grass. Dressed in a gown of old-fashioned *mousseline-de-laine*, and a cap with numerous little white bows covering her brown curls just faintly streaked with gray, Martha Willis stood shading her eyes with one hard serviceable hand, while she looked up the white road which made a steep ascent from the left side of the valley. The little figure for which she was watching came lightly down; a little figure dressed in a short scanty white dress, with a blue sash round its waist, and a blue ribbon round its neck, though that was half hidden by the black silk spencer. A curious scallopy hat, with huge bows of blue ribbon, set on one side, completed the costume, which would now be considered the height of *bizarrierie*, but was then considered the height of fashion. But youth and beauty and breeding look well in any costume (even in hoop-skirts and yachting-jackets with gilt buttons); and pretty Mary Leigh was admired by many people beside Aunt Mary Martha, as she called the farmer's daughter, whose especial darling she was. Ever since she could toddle, Mary Leigh had come down to the Abbey Farm for syllabubs and kisses; and here she was now come, aged nineteen, to tell a piece of family news in which she knew Aunt Mary Martha would take the keenest interest.

As she came along the lane and neared the garden-gate any one looking over Martha Willis's shoulder might have noted that her young visitor had a slender figure, graceful, but slightly suggestive of ill-health; abundance of dark hair, curling low upon the shoulders; large dark eyes, with a certain dreamy expression; features cut with delicate acuteness. The smile of greeting with which she approached was clear and affectionate; but if a face can look *too* earnest, considering its youth and beauty, Mary Leigh's face perhaps deserved the censure. There was a slight line across the pretty brows—the look of one who sees visions and dreams dreams; a something which her father and the good Spanish priest, who had conducted her education, strove to counteract by every means in their power,—for three fair children had been laid low by brain-fever in their infancy, and Mary had been consequently suffered to grow like “the lilies of the field.” The Leighs of High Court were a very old Catholic family, who had kept the faith through all times of persecution and trouble. Edward Leigh had been educated in Spain; his dead wife was a Spanish lady; and Father John, as the neighbourhood called him, an accomplished ecclesiastic, who spoke English perfectly, had been for many years as resident chaplain at High Court, and ministered to the few Catholics of Winchelsea, Rye, and the surrounding marshes.

“Aunt Mary,” said Mary Leigh, as she opened the white gate, “I have a great piece of news for you to-day; guess!”

Aunt Mary waggled the innumerable little white bows in her cap, and suggested that perhaps George Curling had come to terms after all about the Hay-Hill farm. But Mary shook her head, and said it was greater news than any news about any farm. Bernard was actually coming home.

“Bless the dear boy!” said Aunt Mary; “he’ll be grown too wise to speak to *me*.”

“And if he is, I shall be too wise to speak to *him*,” replied Mary, laughing. For Bernard was her mother's nephew, educated up to the age of fifteen at High Court, but then sent (six years previously) to a university in his native Spain. And so then these two tender women, the old spinster and the young maiden, held a long talk about this dear Bernard; and Martha recalled the day when he had scrambled up to the top of the ruin behind the farm, and sat astride of the broken point at the top till the very turkeys below in the farm-yard had screamed for fear. As the pair talked thus, they were pacing up and down the long walk by the garden-wall, which wall projected from the gable-end of the old house, and was in itself very ancient; part, indeed, of the monks' garden-wall of the olden time.

The rich pointed window, which I have described as incorporated in the gable, overlooked this lovely garden, full of midsummer roses and carnations. As Mary Leigh stooped to pick a rose, the sun trembled on the dark line of the distant hill, while the moon's silver horn deepened in brightness; a little fragment of the glorious orb was hidden as Mary stooped to pick the flower, and suddenly its soft colour seemed transfused through her usually pale face, as she exclaimed, "The music! the music!"

"Nonsense, child, it's the Hay-Farm cows," said Aunt Martha, rather sharply, and yet at the same time nervously; for "the music" was an old story between these two friends, and Mary's excessive delicacy of organisation made the shrewd sensible woman always afraid of any thing that looked like excitement. She never told Mr. Leigh of Mary's constantly recurring fancy that she heard music at the Abbey Farm. Sometimes the little child, "*vouée au blanc*," who came down with her nurse to be petted and spoiled by the old man and his daughter, had stood on the grass-plat like a little white butterfly, neglecting her games while she turned her small face upwards, imagining that she heard the angels up in the clouds. And the nurse, a good stout Sussex body, occasionally gave little Miss Mary a gentle shake, as if to shake the notion out of her; and Aunt Martha made sudden diversions by proposing a visit to the four baby puppies; or by telling the little girl she might go and turn the big churn in the dairy all by herself. Then Mary would soon forget the music; would trot off to the puppies and play with their great soft ears and laugh at their imbecile way of tumbling over one another; and her delicate face would lose its somewhat strained listening look, and resume the unthinking mirth of childhood. Or she would work away at the big churn, standing on tip-toe in her exertions, till the old farmer, afraid she would hurt herself, would catch her up like a kitten, set her on his knee, and begin to tell her a certain childish story about a "bagman" who was a great hero to many in these days, because he had ridden from Rye to Dover in some incredibly short space of time, pursued by the King's men. When any allusion was made to Mary's music before old Willis, he laid one broad finger sagaciously on his broad forehead and nodded, as much as to say that it was surely a bee which the little maid heard humming in her bonnet. But all precautions and preventives to the contrary notwithstanding, rarely a month passed in which the farmer's household were not reminded of the subject by seeing the sudden look of attention on Mary's face; though the sensitive child had learnt that a word always led to something very like an implied rebuke of a gentle kind.

When Mary was twelve years old, she was sent to a convent-school at some distance, where she remained for several years. During her holiday-visits to the farm she seemed to have forgotten the mystical sounds which had haunted her infant ear. But now, to Aunty Martha's dismay, here was her pet, a fair pretty maiden grown to woman's estate, standing in the old attitude of attention, with large eager eyes looking over the low stone wall of the garden across the meadows to Silverhurst Church, whose old gray tower, glorying in the last rays of the sinking sun, was relieved against the dark woods of Silverhurst hill. A bright idea struck Aunty Martha; the organist must be practising in the church. But Mary shook her head silently; what she heard was the music of many blended voices; not the full breath of organ-pipes; and they came gradually nearer and nearer across the meadows till they seemed to be passing away at the back of the old house, with a muffled sound as if hidden in the ancient arches of the ruin. If Aunty Martha had heard this music, she would not have recognised it; but Mary knew it quite well; it was a very old setting of a very old hymn; one which Father John had shown her in his collection of Spanish music, and which Mary had tried to play on her harpsichord for him. But the manuscript copying of the music was so antique, so queer and crabbed, and the solemn chords had so little attraction for the young maid accustomed to modern strains of church-melody, that it was given up between them. Now, however, the hymn, upborne as if by sonorous male voices, with perfect correctness and precision, seemed very different in its effect. It sounded to Mary the very spirit of the ruin, exhaling in music to heaven. All this while Aunty Martha, armed with a spud, was grubbing vigorously at some weeds which had crept in among her handsome rows of vegetables. The moon gradually rose higher in the violet sky; mists began slowly to curl over the flat meadows. Mary added rose to rose and carnation to carnation; there were plenty of flowers at High Leigh, but she thought those of the Abbey Farm were sweeter; and when the nosegay was finished out came old Willis, who said it was time for Mary to leave the valley because of the evening damps, and he would walk up with her to High Leigh, as he wanted a chat with the squire. So the dissimilar pair started, and Aunty Martha went on grubbing up her weeds by the fading light, and said to herself, "There, now! to think of that child never getting cured of that fancy all these years; and she nearly a grown woman too!"

Bernard Leigh came to High Leigh and received the welcome due to young heirs in general, and affectionately accorded to Bernard in particular. Part of the estate was entailed, and the squire natu-

rally planned a marriage between the cousins, and regarded the youth with eyes of favour. With Bernard came a comrade from Spain, who also found welcome at High Leigh, one Paul Cootes, a tall dark young man with a face handsome, but far from pleasing to a student of faces.

Cootes was a sea-captain, said Bernard, whose ship had been stationed for some months near the University town in Spain. Paul had picked Bernard up out of the sea, on occasion of a dangerous overturn of a boat in which several students were pleasuring; three of them had been drowned, and Bernard, whose gentle pious nature was sensitively alive to his escape, clung to his rescuer afterwards. Why his rescuer clung to *him*, or why he had darted upon this particular youth and picked him up as easily as a piece of floating seaweed, was not so easy to solve. There seemed little affinity between their natures or their career; and the share of High Leigh which inevitably fell to Bernard was not large enough to make him especially coveted as a bosom friend from interested motives. But certain it was that when some months later Bernard's vacation and Paul Cootes' leave of absence fell at a like time, the two young men journeyed to Sussex together and found warm welcome at High Leigh.

But Mary, fond as she was of Bernard, could not bring herself to like Paul.

"What is the reason of this prejudice, Mary?" said old Father John one evening, when they stood together on the fine short turf of the field which fell gradually away from the terrace at High Leigh; the field where, in spring, such an army of daffodils nodded their yellow blossoms to the breeze. It was the beginning of August now, and from where they stood they could see the valley of the Abbey Farm, rich with golden grain.

"I dreamt—" began Mary in a hesitating voice.

"Nonsense, Mary; indeed, it is worse than nonsense; it is positively wrong to allow yourself to be swayed by such fancies."

"Well, father, I daresay I dreamt, *because* I had been thinking about Mr. Cootes—"

"Well, Mary, and what had you been thinking? I had rather hear about your thoughts than your dreams."

"I don't like his eyes," said Mary hastily; half vexed at seeming to give no better reason.

Father John laughed, and told her it was a girl's reason, and added a few words of caution upon want of charity. Indeed, there was nothing remarkable about Paul Cootes' eyes except that they were rather small and near together.

The next day the young people went down to have tea with Aunt Martha. Mr. Cootes went with them, that he might see the picturesque ruins and restorations of the Abbey Farm; and Father John went also, because he had some business with old Willis about a family of Irish labourers who worked on the latter's land. As they went over the fields, the talk fell upon old Willis's great wealth, and its probable destination. Bernard said of course it would all go to Aunt Martha, and *she* didn't half understand what money meant. He wished he could coax her to build a beautiful set of almshouses for Mary at High Leigh.

Mary laughed, and said Miss Willis would be sure to come and live in one if she did; for she cared for very little beyond her tea, her cat, her one silk gown, and her garden.

"Famous!" said Bernard; "Aunt Martha shall come and live at High Leigh in her own almshouse, and the money, as she certainly won't let us have it, must go to—"

"The Worcestershire cousins," said Mary lightly.

"Hush, children!" said Father John; "the money belongs to old Willis; and may it please God to spare him for many more years!"

The priest knew what the two young people hardly did know—what cruel heartburnings, what fearful crimes, may sometimes spring from 100,000*l.*; and the conversation jarred upon his ear.

Mr. Cootes listened attentively, and asked a few questions of Father John about old Willis, and how it came to pass that one who lived in such a comparatively humble way should be reputed so very rich.

Father John told him the story generally known in the neighbourhood,—of old Willis's early disappointment in love, his retreat to a Sussex farm, and marriage to a Sussex woman.

And so they reached the Abbey Farm, and Mr. Paul Cootes was introduced to Aunt Martha as the young sea-captain from Spain, who had saved Bernard's life; and she made him kindly welcome, and gave him to partake of her best tea-cakes; and said to old Willis that really he was a personable young man, and had a look of her great grandfather Cobb about him; at which old Willis snorted with laughter, and said, "Why, Mr. Cootes, my old grandfather hadn't a hair on his head when Martha saw him, and he was that fat—"

Mr. Willis failed to say how fat Mr. Cobb had been in his old age. But Martha said it was something in the eyes, she was sure; they were set near together; and any body might see it by looking at the old oil-painting in her father's bedroom, done by a local artist in Worcester some sixty years back.

"Anyhow," said old Willis, "my grandfather Cobb was no credit to the family; and the less said about him the better."

"Where is Mary?" said Bernard anxiously.

They found that Mary was in the meadow at the back of the farm, caressing the old white horse upon which Farmer Willis went to market. She was standing in the shadow of the ruin, her pretty figure relieved against the thick ivy which clustered about the decaying stones. Bernard ran round the corner to fetch her, and she came away with him. But she did not tell him that, while she had been stroking the friendly beast, she had heard a solemn intoning, as of the Latin Paternoster, and a sound as of many voices uttering the deep response, "*Secl libera nos a malo.*"

CHAPTER II.

A BRILLIANT darkness fell upon the field in front of High Leigh. Moon there was none; but innumerable stars sparkled in the far vault of heaven, and the gray gulfs of the valley were relieved here and there by lights in the scattered homesteads. In the immediate foreground, the tall firs showed in clumps of intense blackness, and through their stems twinkled, at some considerable distance, the flame of a bright fire; it was a heap of weed and brushwood burning at the Abbey Farm. On the grassy platform at the top of the field, where the daffodils nod so gloriously in spring, Paul Cootes walked backwards and forwards, wrapped in deep thought. To say that he looked stern and forbidding, would perhaps be a blunder; for in the night-time the expression of his face could not have been discerned, had any one been there to see. A dark figure, darker than the surrounding air, with a pallid spot representing the face, was all that sight could have perceived. But we, who are describing him, may, by the laws of romance, be well aware that those deepset eyes were drawn together even yet more closely than usual; that the high narrow brow was unpleasantly knitted, and that his slender hands were thrust into his coat-pockets with an air of deep determination. Paul Cootes was not a coarse-looking man; there was a something refined and intellectual in the cast both of features and of figure; it was the moral expression that was so very unpleasant—that is just the word to use. People did not say that he looked ugly, or vicious, or even cruel; they constantly summed up their vague impressions of his person by remarking, "Yes, he's an intelligent fellow, but somehow very unpleasant."

The little clock attached to the tiny church of High Leigh struck nine, and Mr. Cootes turned towards the garden-gate, for it was the

hour of the family supper. The gate lay considerably to one side; the garden was divided from the field by a deep ha-ha, and entrance could only be obtained through the door in the old brick wall skirting the garden to the west. The trees within the boundary far overtopped it, and their heavy branches leant out into the field, while a group of firs shot up from the grass, and almost touched the crown of the pear-tree. Even in the daytime, the gate or door, as it really was, was a sheltered place; and by night the darkness was impenetrable. Therefore, when Paul Cootes silently approached, his thoughts absent and absorbed—he was a man who never sang or whistled unawares—he was neither seen nor heard by two people, who stood within the shadow of the boughs; nor was he cognisant of their neighbourhood until an angry voice, raised a little above its late cautious whisper, said, “You foolish girl, what harm can it do to lend me that key just for one night?”

A woman’s voice answered, with a low sob, “I dustn’t, Gilbert; indeed I dustn’t; it always hangs on a nail close to Miss Mary’s bookcase, and she’ll miss it; and besides—”

She was interrupted by an ugly oath, and in another moment Paul Cootes approached the door. His slow footsteps were unheard upon the grass; but when he laid his hand upon the old-fashioned latch, it made a very audible click; the unseen man made a rush away through the darkness; the woman gave a little scream, and a blind start, which brought her so close to Paul Cootes, that he seized her by the arm, and said sarcastically, “Well now, Josephine, does Father John know you meet Warner outside the garden-gate?”

Josephine shook and sobbed with fright, and would have gone into hysterics, had she not known that the kitchen was not far off.

“What did he want?” pursued Paul, still holding her arm as in a vice.

“Want!” ejaculated Josephine, with a desperate effort at innocent forgetfulness.

“Yes, girl,” said Paul impatiently; “what did I hear Warner saying about a key?”

“It was the key,—of—the—Abbey,” sobbed Josephine, uncertain whether to keep counsel or to try and propitiate the dreaded Paul.

“And what does he want the key of the Abbey for?” asked Paul sharply.

“It’s the *Mary Jane*,” gasped Josephine.

Paul shook her angrily. “What on earth do you mean, woman?”

“Don’t hold my arm so tight, Mr. Paul, and I’ll tell you; indeed I will.”

He relaxed his grasp, still taking care that she did not escape

him, and then found out, by skilful questioning of the reluctant auditor, that a vessel called the *Mary Jane* had lately put into the port of Rye with a cargo of Dutch cheeses; that Warner had managed to secrete in the vessel certain goods smuggled from the French coast; but that, being already more than suspected by the coastguard, he durst not attempt to hide them in the town of Rye. Beyond the point of this information, Paul had great difficulty in forcing Josephine. It was only by threatening to go to tell Mr. Leigh how he had found her gossiping with a man of notorious character close to his garden-gate, that the subject of the key was cleared up.

It appeared that the massive old roofless ruin behind the Abbey Farm, once probably the refectory, was nearly perfect in its enclosure. The ancient doorway still remained, and there was one great breach in the north wall. Mary Leigh, in her childhood, had a great fancy for making a little garden in the interior; and such plants as could accommodate themselves to the shade of the great walls had been planted there. To prevent the cattle straying in and trampling his pet's garden, farmer Willis had put up some strong palisades across the breach, and had fitted a wooden door, with a rough lock, into the doorway, and the key was given to little Mary, who had an intense romantic pleasure in her domain. Of late years, her absence at school and her domestic occupations when she returned as the young mistress of High Court, had made her quite neglect her old garden; but the key still hung in her bedroom.

It was during one autumn before Mary's return from the convent, that Warner, at his wits' end where to conceal some smuggled goods, bethought himself of the ruin, and of a sort of cellar, to which access was gained by a flight of broken steps down from one corner. Warner had been employed on the Abbey Farm at the very time when Willis put up the palisades, and he remembered the discussion as to whether the flight of steps should not be railed off also, so as to prevent the little dainty feet from straying down them. But it was thought sufficient to exact a promise from the conscientious child that she would never try to go down into the damp old cellar; and in the course of half-a-dozen years a young ash-tree and a great blackberry-bush had grown so luxuriantly in that particular corner of the ruin, that lace and muslin would have found it impossible to descend without woful damage. Then it was that Warner wheedled the key from Josephine; and entering on dark nights, when old Willis and his daughter Martha were sound asleep in the neighbouring farm-house, had deposited successive store of smuggled goods, which were removed with the same stealthy care when his mercantile accomplices came down from London. For the last two years, how-

ever, it so happened that the cellar had not been in request, the truth being that Warner had been committed to prison for a drunken fight in which serious injury had happened to one of the combatants. But he was now out of durance vile, and anxious to pursue his old profitable career of defrauding the king's revenue. Thus, quite reckless of Mary's presence at home, and the increased risk of detection, he persecuted Josephine to get him the key. Be it said, by the way, that the foolish girl had been half-engaged to marry Warner at the time when he got into the above-mentioned scrape. That is to say, that Mr. Leigh and Father John, who were aware of his coming about the house, had both implored and urged her to consider his bad character, his evil career; and Mr. Leigh, when the trial placed it beyond a shadow of doubt, had forbidden Josephine ever to admit him to the kitchen, telling her plainly that if she became Warner's wife he would not permit her to associate with the other female servants in his household, and that she must say good-bye to High Court once and for all. Josephine, a pretty, affectionate, but weak-principled girl, swayed to and fro between her love for her master and Mary, and her attraction to Warner, and made the very dangerous compromise we have seen. Warner, who had a sort of affection for her, and was moreover unwilling to lose his hold over a member of that well-respected household at High Court, made her miserable by hanging about the grounds at night, to Josephine's incessant terror lest Mr. Leigh, who was fond of moonlight walks, should discover him; and lately, worse than all, the vagabond had fixed his desires on the key,—the key which hung on a nail between Mary's bed and her little bookcase; the key which, it was true, she never now used, but which she might chance to miss any morning or evening, for it was large, and of a curious old shape. Mary had found it in an ironmonger's shop at Rye, one day when old Willis had driven her and nurse Rodney to buy some articles for nursery use. The child had seized on the strange fantastic implement; Willis laughed at her, and told her it would not lock out the cows. But he was wrong. The craftsman who had wrought it two centuries back knew his craft better than that. So the ironmonger hunted up the lock, and Mary had her way, as she generally had with Willis, who nailed the whole cumbrous machine to his door and its post, and the key was proved to turn triumphantly. Cows and ponies came and rubbed their noses against the casing in vain; the violets blossomed in peace; and Mary's key, which was nearly as big as the child's tiny hand and arm, was promoted to a post of honour in her own room.

This is a long digression upon the short and broken statement which Paul Cootes forced out of Josephine; but his rapid intellect

soon seized the whole clue. If his face could again have been read through the darkness of the night, it would have been seen to wear the expression of satisfaction which denotes that some external discovery or suggestion has met and cleared up an internal thought. Where a franker person would have exclaimed "Oh!" his more subtle mind quietly ejaculated "Ah!" And the result will appear in the succeeding pages.

The next day Paul Cootes, on a plea of business with a sea-captain arrived from the Mediterranean, borrowed a horse from Mr. Leigh, and rode over to Rye. A month had elapsed: the rich corn-fields of that beautiful country were all cut; the blackberries were ripe upon the brambles; and even a faint tinge of crimson and yellow began to tint the woods. It was a warm afternoon in the last week of September, and the brilliant flowers of the season burned and glowed in the trim garden-beds at the Abbey Farm, where Aunt Martha, with Mary and Bernard on either side, stood looking up at the great pear-tree which was trained up one side of the house. Bernard was vainly trying to bring one of the largest fruits down by a stone; the stone rebounded and frightened Martha Willis, who bade him fetch the ladder from the back-yard of the farm. Bernard went off, and assisted by an old labourer, brought in the long slender machine, and was soon running up it with the agility of a cat. With the restless activity of twenty years, he then said he should like to look down into the old ruin; he had not seen it this half-dozen years; and thereupon he and William moved the ladder through the rustic gate into the adjoining field, and lifted it against the massive gray wall. He was soon sitting astride on the top, shouting to Aunt Martha, all whose white bows trembled with fright.

"My dear boy," she cried out, "one of those great stones fell in the thaw last February."

"Oh," said Bernard mischievously, "I'll try if I can't get down inside."

Aunt Martha screamed, for the inner wall was quite smooth, and had even some remains of stucco or plaster upon its surface. While Bernard, half in mischief, was pretending to look for a footing, he suddenly called to those below, "Why, there's a man's silk-handkerchief lying under the brambles in the corner!"

"Nonsense," said Martha sharply; "what man, especially a man with a silk-handkerchief, would trouble his head to break his neck climbing into that ruin. Besides, he couldn't possibly get in. Father set the stakes narrow because of the hens; and then" (with a woman's rapid change of argument) "how do you know it is silk?"

"By the pattern," shouted Bernard; "it is not a cotton pattern,

Aunt Martha." And he again showed symptoms of an intention to climb or drop into the enclosure.

"Oh, Bernard, Bernard, wait till to-morrow, and let me get the key." This time it was Mary's musical voice that urged; and Bernard reluctantly gave in, asking dubiously, "Where *is* the key?"

"In my room at home, dear," said his cousin with full assurance.

"All jolly," said Bernard, beginning to descend the ladder; "we'll have the key to-morrow; and then, Aunt Martha, you'll see if it isn't silk."

"Very well," said Aunt Martha, willing to say her head was made of cream-cheese, if it would satisfy Bernard; "and, my dear," said she to Mary, "it's our harvest-home supper to-morrow night, and all our men will be here with their wives and children; if your papa will let you come down with Josephine, I can put you both to sleep in the double-bedded room with the oriel window, for I daresay the dancing will be kept up late." To this Mary agreed; and Bernard asked if she couldn't accommodate him in the enormous chimney which shot up from the centre of the farm-house, and which he always declared wasted a good-sized room in each story. But Aunt Martha said his young legs would carry him up the hill at midnight, and she saw no good in young men being *nesh*; 'nesh' (meaning tender and delicate) being a word Farmer Willis had brought from his Worcestershire home. Then by the light of the setting sun the two young people went home to High Court; Bernard gathering the long trails of the white bird-weed to wreath Mary's hat.

When she got back to her room, her first thought was naturally for the old key, neglected for so many years; but it was not there. Mary rubbed her pretty blue eyes and tried to recollect when she had last seen it. She had a firm belief she had noticed it in an unconscious sort of way the last week, when there had been a question of hanging a picture near the bookcase; but the more she tried to remember, the less she seemed able to attain to any distinct recollection. Most people, particularly those of a somewhat dreamy and studious turn, like Mary Leigh, may go on from year to year living familiarly with certain articles of furniture, pictures, or knickknacks, and really never noticing them unless by their abstraction from the accustomed place. At last she supposed the key must have been mislaid when her room was re-papered two years previously, and she told Bernard he must send for a locksmith before he could get his silk pocket-handkerchief; and Bernard opined that no locksmiths of the nineteenth century would be able to pick and open that rusty machine on the wooden door; and many said the locksmiths in the

sixteenth century were men of real genius, quite different from the mere mechanics of the present day; and then she reminded him of the locks in the Hôtel de Cluny; and after that they broke into a mild quarrel about modern science and medieval art, in which, of course, the boy espoused the former cause; and then Father John came into the room, and said he should go down with them to the harvest-home on the morrow, as there were a whole company of assistant-reapers from the Sister Isle in the country now, who might be kept straight with the English labourers during the evening's festivity, if he were present. And so the key and the pocket-handkerchief were remembered no more.

The mirth of the harvest-home waxed fast and furious. Even grave Mr. Leigh had attended in the early part of the evening, and had now left, escorting his neighbour and tenant, Lady Wilder, back to her *cottage ornée* about a mile from High Court; but the grand company having departed, the labourers were fairly having it out. Bernard and Mary were there, it is true, but they were familiar with all their good neighbours from childhood. Father John sat in the parlour, talking politics with the rector of the parish; and the people danced on the smooth threshing-floor of the great barn. Bernard danced with the prettiest girl of all the country round, Nancy Woods, daughter to one of the head men on the farm. Farmer Willis danced with Mary, rather to Aunt Martha's scandal. Her Methodist prejudices just carried her to the very inconsistent point of thinking that a "Church member" should refrain from such worldly amusement. As to people outside that line, I believe she had a curious way of thinking it did not matter what they did, so that it was within the bounds of order and morality. Thus she hired the fiddler, and supplied the good brown ale; but nothing would have tempted her to try a jig, even if she had known how. Farmer Willis, however, had no such scruples; he had danced in his youth, and though usually far from a lively man, he came out to-night, and danced with pretty little Mary, hands across and down the middle, right gallantly. What with the great supper, and the toasts drunk in strong ale, and the little speech made by the rector, and Father John administering a condign scolding in the corner to Barney Finn, who had very nearly come to blows with bullying Dick Sykes from Rysted Green, the harvest-home went off merrily, and in a sufficiently orderly manner. The two clergymen saw that the members of their respective flocks withdrew sober, in spite of Farmer Willis's imprudent proposal to broach another barrel of ale. The wives carried off the married men, each pair to their neat white cottage on the well-managed estate; the bachelors tucked their sisters under their arms, and sallied out

into the moonlight. The rector crossed the meadows to Silverhurst, where his old housekeeper sat up for him, her candle shining out like a faint far beacon across the silver mist; and Father John and Bernard ascended the hilly lane, and reached High Court before midnight. The lights were put out, the embers of the great kitchen-fire raked together and covered with ashes by careful Martha. Farmer Willis, exalted to unusual spirits, told Mary he hoped he should have just such another dance at her wedding. Mary, gay and fancy free, advised him to take dancing-lessons in preparation; and herself danced upstairs to the oriel room, followed by her maid Josephine, who looked very uneasy and nervous. Ere half an hour had elapsed, the simple household of the Abbey Farm was fast asleep.

Some three hours had elapsed; the moon was sinking, and the bright silvery beams poured in a level flood through the old oriel window, marking the rich tracery upon the floor of the room, and lighting up the little bed where Mary Leigh lay wrapped in innocent slumber. That occupied by Josephine was in shadow at the farther end of the room. Suddenly the fair face with tranquil eyelids contracted, as with an uneasy dream, the slender figure moved uneasily, the lips parted, and Mary Leigh awoke with a start, and sat upright with an expression of terrified amazement. The room, naturally so peaceful in the dead of the night, where no sound but the chirrup of the frogs in the neighbouring pond, or the rustle of the leaves of the great walnut-tree, could ordinarily be heard, was filled with awful sound—with music, which, though subdued in tone, seemed to possess the very walls, and throb and tremble through the floor. Pathetic wailing mingled with the deep notes of denunciation, and these died away into a continuous murmur, like that of the Æolian harp in the wind,—a murmur which crept through the flesh of the awakened sleeper, and conveyed some unspoken warning to her sensitive imagination. “Josephine!” she cried hastily, “do you hear? do you hear?” Yes; Josephine heard, and was cowering and shivering under her coverlid. Mary sprang out of her bed, and threw on a thick dressing-gown of Aunt Mary’s, and thrust her little feet into slippers. She had fancied a rustling on the garden beds, heard as the music sank faintly down to its lowest tone. She crept close to the window, but could see nothing; nothing but the moonlight, lying peacefully on the late roses and bright china-asters. Again came the notes of lofty anger, and in the succeeding interval Mary thought she heard the grating of a lifted bar. The oriel room opened on to a long corridor, lighted by a window at the rear of the house. The massive casement of this window was not shuttered,

being at a considerable height from the ground; but a transverse bar was nightly fastened across the window, secured to the mullions within. Although the rear of the Abbey Farm was wrapped in deepest shadow, the moonlight on the trees and meadows made so light a background, that Mary could distinctly see the outline of an arm, of which the hand was thrust through a broken pane, and was striving to lift the bar upon the inside. But the bar stood firm, and the arm disappeared. Mary rushed swiftly, but softly, to the window, and peered through the lozenge-shaped panes. There was no ladder, and no trace of any human being; but the strong branches of the pear-tree would have sufficed to a climber. Again she thought she heard a sound to the right, at a point where a projection occurred. The apartment within was used for a back-kitchen; it was one of the old parts of the building. Mary could not see the window of this room, which was on the ground-floor, and covered by a strong iron grating, or at least by a grating always supposed to be strong, but on which age had left, as it proved, a too certain mark; but she knew that Farmer Willis always slept in a room out of the front-kitchen, with strong shutters to each of the two windows, and, quick as lightning, she ran down the wide old-fashioned stairs. She was a moment too late. She saw two dark figures softly open the old man's door; she heard a sudden scuffle, and a piteous cry of "Paul, Paul—my brother Paul!" and a pistol-shot, followed by hideous imprecations. It was Warner who lay bleeding on the floor; while Paul Cootes stood over the old man with an uplifted knife. Mary came behind him, and seized the uplifted arm. He turned savagely round; but the crime of murder was spared his guilty soul; for the moment's delay brought Martha Willis and the old labourer who slept in the house to the rescue, and Cootes was suddenly overpowered.

The pistol-shot likewise brought out the cottagers from three small cottages within a stone's-throw of the Abbey Farm; and they surrounded the house, clamouring for admission. As Martha Willis undid the house-door, a loud explosion was heard, shaking the farm to its foundation, and fragments of stone and burning wood fell in showers upon the garden-beds. A scene of confusion ensued, which defies description. The loud report was heard for miles round; and the master of High Court, roused from sleep, looked out over the valley, and, fancying he saw fire in the direction of the Abbey Farm, hastened down the hill with all the men of his household, dragging with them an engine kept at High Leigh. But they were too late; long before they could reach the farm the thatch on the outbuildings was in a vivid blaze, and, in spite of every effort to extinguish it by the water from the pond, passed in buckets, the old house itself caught

fire. Meanwhile Warner, severely wounded by the shot fired by old Willis, had been carried out into the field by the labourer James Woods; and Paul Cootes was—where? In the fright and hurry of the moment,—the men trying to extinguish the flames, the women carrying out their valuables into the garden,—Paul Cootes had made his escape. It was old Willis who had last seen him, standing with his arms folded against the black yew-tree, the flames illuminating his dark face; “and I could have sworn it was my brother Paul,” said old Willis, with an expression of helpless misery painful to behold on that broad face. It was Father John who roused him from his distraught reverie by reminding him with a smile (Father John thought the fright had shaken the old man’s mind) that his brother Paul would by this time be at least seventy-five years old, and could not be suspected of such a piece of wickedness.

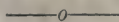
By morning the beautiful and venerable Abbey Farm was a complete ruin; only the great gable, with its traceried window, and some of the outer walls, remaining to show the substantial architecture which had out-lived four centuries. But life had been mercifully spared. Thanks to Mary’s awakening in the dead of that eventful night, the gray hairs of Farmer Willis were unharmed; upon the momentary delay caused by her sudden grasp of the intending murderer’s arm, the rescue had depended. That murder was originally intended, we may charitably doubt. Willis kept old-fashioned silver plate in his strong-box, and more money than he ought to have trusted in his own care. The banker at Rye had many times reproached him when he brought in large sums to deposit, telling him the Abbey Farm was no safe place for accumulating his payments. Theft, and not murder, was probably in contemplation; and a due quantity of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar under the ruin, and a slow match applied; the robbers calculating that the noise and confusion of the explosion would cover their retreat. And its main object had been effected. Warner, it is true, was once more lodged in jail, and was eventually transported; but Paul Cootes, who had plotted the whole, made his escape under cover of the fire. Farmer Willis never got over the impression that he had seen his brother Paul on that eventful night, and, after the first, he was observed to shrink from the subject. Father John wrote privately to Worcester, and learnt that Mr. Paul Willis had died two years previously a childless old man, sorely disappointed in his family life. His son and daughter had preceded him to the grave; and his only grandson he had disinherited for some ill-conduct, the secret of which he buried in his own gloomy breast. Young Lieutenant Willis was well remembered in Worcester; the ladies

had regarded him with favour at the county balls, as a handsome lad of one-and-twenty some years previously; only it was sometimes said, "Perhaps, after all, his grandfather had his own reasons for cutting him off with a shilling; he was a good-looking fellow, but something unpleasant about the eyes." Anyhow, Mr. Willis's money went to found a hospital, and Worcester knew the young man no more.

The Abbey Farm was never rebuilt. A rich lady, recently converted to the Catholic faith, bought part of the estate from Mr. Leigh, and it is said that a convent is about to be erected on it for Ursulines, who will establish a boarding-school there. Meanwhile the ruins have been carefully tended. Aunty Martha's flower-beds still lie at their foot, and Mary sees that they are kept neat and brilliant. Ivy has been planted close to the thick walls spared by the fire. The glass in the oriel window was shattered to atoms by the explosion; but the stone tracery stood firm, and the gable is a beautiful object. Farmer Willis and Aunty Martha moved into a substantial brick edifice on another part of the High-Court estate; they have a great walled kitchen-garden full of old-fashioned flowers, and several beehives "like marygolds all in a row." The farmer is never observed to walk in the direction of his old home—he seems to prefer any other stroll; but Aunty Martha often goes down with Mary to mind the flowers. And Mary, though she never tells any body but Father John, cannot get over the fancy that ever and anon she hears old-fashioned church-music floating about the ruin, as though it were a wreathing mist. But the strains are soft and gentle, breathing only peace and benediction; and mingle with the scent of the sweet-brier and the light of the golden sunset in the garden that encircles the ruins of the ABBEY FARM.

M. W.

A Christmas Dream in a Chimney-Corner.



CHAPTER I.

It happened a long, long time ago; but I sincerely hope I shall never forget a certain Christmas-eve, or all the mystery with which it was surrounded.

When I look back into the past, I am more than ever convinced that my boyish days were the happiest I ever knew; and talking of boyish days and happiness brings before my mind old faces and old scenes, which can never be obliterated from my memory.

My parents I never knew, for they both died long before my earliest recollections commence. I should have been left alone, a tiny little bark, tossing helplessly on the unkind waves of the world, had it not been for a dear old uncle of mine, who rescued me just as the storm was commencing, and conveyed me safely to the welcome harbour of Stoneleigh Hall.

It was a grand old house was Stoneleigh Hall, full of charming romance, and just the sort of place for such a sensitive child as I was. I must have been what is called an old-fashioned boy. I had never been brought up with children of my own age, so that may account, in some way, for that quaintness of manner about which every one used to pretend to be surprised. Always passionately fond of reading, and of hearing the thrilling adventures and legends which my uncle was in the habit of telling me, as I sat by his side through the long winter-evenings, I used to picture to myself the wildest stories and most dreary legends, and fit them into the echoing corridors and now quite deserted chambers with which Stoneleigh Hall was plentifully supplied.

An old chimney-corner, in the vast stone hall, cosily sheltered from the draughts which rushed in under the oaken doors by warm red curtains, was my paradise. Here I used to look forward to the pleasant evening time, when my uncle would take his seat in the huge chair, comfortably placed near the roaring fire, and join me, who had been anxiously expecting him for a good half-hour, wearing my eyes out with reading by the light of the crackling flames. And here we used to sit for three or four hours; and I must own that I was heartily sorry when the big clock in the hall struck out nine o'clock, when it was my uncle's custom to take up his stick and candle, and make his way up the echoing staircase to his room. After this I was allowed an extra half-hour, during which time I lived in dreamland. My eyes, wandering into the heart of the deep red caves of the wood

fire, never failed to trace out beautiful castles, which I peopled now with peerless princesses and stern fathers, now with ogres and giants. And then all at once the fire-caves would fall in, and all was dust and decay. Still I looked on; and happily perhaps a bright blue flame would burst forth, which my fancy would turn into a lovely fairy, crowned with glittering diamonds, and holding an emerald wand; and then more flames would blaze out, and make the gray stone walls golden with light, out of which streamed myriads of angels, lily-crowned, and clad in long robes of transparent whiteness.

But I must hurry on to the Christmas-eve of which I was speaking. It was bitterly cold, and the ground was covered with snow quite a foot deep. The cruel wind came bellowing down the huge chimney, and intruded itself at every imaginable crack and corner. My uncle, who had received an unmistakable warning of a sharp attack of rheumatism, had retired for the night, and I was left alone. My usual half-hour was to be considerably extended that evening; for it had been a long-standing promise, that on this particular year I was, for the first time, to be present at the midnight Mass at our little church, which stood out sharp and clear in the distance, if you strained your eyes over the snow-covered ground from the topmost windows of the hall.

The old clock in the hall struck out ten o'clock. I made the sign of the Cross, and whispered a prayer for my dear old friend who had just left me, and reflected that even my young life was slipping fast away. The bright firelight fell upon something brilliant which was in my hand. I held three bright shillings, and looked at them long and anxiously. It was a Christmas-box from my uncle. He gave me the money just before kissing me for the night.

"Here's your Christmas-box, Charley boy," he had said. "Last year, you know, I gave you some playthings; but you are getting a man now, so I prefer to let you choose something for yourself. The day after to-morrow we will go together, please God, into the town, and meanwhile I advise you to make up your mind what you would like." I found it very hard indeed to make up my mind; there were so many things I wanted. While I thus reflected, and dreamed and doubted, my eyes still firmly fixed on the blazing wood-fire, and my three bright shillings tightly clasped in my hand, all at once one of my favourite blue flames burst out from the fire, and it seemed to get larger and larger, till the whole hall appeared to be glittering with light. I shut my eyes, for the brilliancy was dazzling. After that I think I must have slept. Gradually the flame disappeared, but before me stood the loveliest being I had ever seen. Her hair floated behind her in long golden

tresses; she had large blue eyes of inexpressible sweetness, and her complexion was as transparent as the purest glass. She was clothed in a long white robe, edged with light blue and silver; and round her brow was a crown of white lilies, which filled the air with the most delicious perfume. With a smile of ineffable sweetness she approached me, and touched my shoulder with her tiny hand. "I am the Angel of Christmas," she whispered to me; "and I have the power to bring to the children intrusted to my care more beautiful playthings than they can possibly buy."

Speechless I looked at her.

"Since I am an angel," she continued, "I know every thing. I saw you were in doubt, and I am come to advise you. Will you take a journey with me?"

"Any where, any where!" I answered eagerly.

"When midnight strikes, you shall go to Mass. Come with me."

I took up my coat and hat, which were lying in the corner of the hall ready for me, and followed.

Noiselessly we tripped along the corridors, and noiselessly the door of the hall was opened at our approach. The great black dog Neptune, who guarded the house, never lifted his big nose from the paw on which it was peaceably resting; and so we passed out into the bright night.

Although the ground was covered with snow, I did not feel in the least cold. I seemed to be warmed with the bright halo which played round the beautiful angel, and rendered snow and piercing winds alike harmless. Our footsteps did not leave any impression as we glided along under the light of the brilliant moon.

"The bell for Mass has not begun to ring yet," said my companion, holding me tenderly by the hand; "let us go for a minute into this cottage. See, the lights are shining under the door."

I knew the cottage well. It belonged to an old labourer now quite past work and very infirm. He was entirely supported by the industry of his only daughter.

I knocked at the door of the cottage, and was admitted. In an instant I was alone. But the angel was near me, for I was conscious of the warmth I have before described, and could hear the same sweet whispering continually in my ear.

The old labourer was tossing restlessly on his bed, and moaning with pain. Winter was a cruel time for him, suffering as he did from acute rheumatism in every joint.

"Pity him, and reflect," whispered the angel.

I did pity him indeed, for I saw that there was only a miserable glass of cold water by his bedside; that the fire refused to burn,

since the fagots were wet and rotten; and peeping into the cupboard I perceived only a very small piece of dry coarse bread. It was Christmas time. My three bright shillings tingled in my hand. I looked at them and reflected. In another moment my mind was made up.

Cautiously approaching the old man's bedside, I slipped into his hand one of my bright shillings, and then hurried out of the cottage. I felt the sweet breath of my companion on my cheek as she kissed me and whispered,

"We have yet time. The bell is not ringing, and I see a light in another cottage-window. Knock, and go in."

I knew this cottage too. A poor widow lived here, whose husband, a gamekeeper, had been lately killed in a poaching affray. She had five children to support, and she had to work hard indeed to do it. The widow was crouching over a sorry fire, surrounded by her little ones all dressed and ready to accompany their mother to pay the earliest homage at the cradle of their Infant Saviour. Directly I entered the cottage, all the little ones clustered round me. They knew me well, and had often journeyed up to the hall; and returned loaded with my old playthings.

"It is Christmas time, and they have no toys," whispered the angel.

Again I felt a strange tingling in the palm of my hand, and again I reflected. The smallest child of all was putting up her rosy mouth for a farewell kiss. I opened her tiny hand, and clasped it again upon my other shillings.

And then the merry Christmas bells rang out from the village spire.

"Come to the church," whispered the angel; "come, my child; God will bless you."

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS after Christmas came and went, and I had no more visions of the beautiful angel. My dear old uncle had passed away, and lay buried under a yew-tree in the little village churchyard. His property passed into other hands, and the doors of Stoneleigh Hall were closed against me for ever. I was a man now, struggling with an unkind world in mighty London. Life did not turn out to be quite so rose-coloured as at one time I imagined it would. Fortune did not behave kindly to me; and there I was at the age of five-and-twenty, hardly knowing where or when I should earn my next shilling. Fool that I was to forget God, and wail at my miserable life! I had taken the first downward step, and felt myself getting lower

and lower every day. No friends to advise me, no sweet thoughts to comfort me; hopeless misery and blank despair!

Once more it was Christmas-eve. A wretched fire burned feebly in the grate. A stray flame every now and then shone upon the white walls of my scantily-furnished room, and played tauntingly round the picture which weeks ago I had flattered myself would be a success, but which only that morning had been refused by the third person to whom I had offered it for sale.

My loneliness and miserable thoughts were driving me mad. I could endure them no longer; so, seizing up my shabby hat and threadbare coat, I hurried out into the snowy streets. I dived my hands deep into my pockets; but no golden sovereigns clinked now between my frozen fingers. I had a few shillings left, and I was aching with the cold. I passed down a narrow street, and heard shouts of laughter and sounds of revelry proceeding from the first-floor of a house brilliantly lighted with gas, whose splendour and warmth seemed to mock at my misery on this bitter Christmas-eve. I knew the house well. The first-floor was the club-room of a society of artists down on their luck, as I was, and a home for needy literary men. I stood before the house, and gazed up at the brilliantly-lighted room. Again shouts of laughter fell upon my ears. I knew I should get a welcome there, and I was starving with hunger and cold. I was too sick at heart to eat. I must drink.

Upon the threshold of the door shivered a beggar-woman with hardly a rag to her back, holding in her arms a tiny infant, whose face, purple with cold, looked piteously up into its mother's eyes. The baby wailed mournfully; the mother prayed for money.

"For God's sake, have pity on me!" murmured the woman in my ears. "May God bless you! Kind sir, I am starving with hunger, and my little one is almost frozen to death."

I hesitated for an instant. My first impulse was to give the poor creature one of my few remaining shillings. But then I thought of the cruel world and of my own miserable life. My heart was frozen and dead. One by one the shillings slipped from my fingers back into my own pocket.

The woman's hand was on my arm. Her eyes were wet with tears. "Kind, kind sir," she murmured, "think of the cruel night!"

I shook her rudely off, and—God have mercy on me!—I cursed her for a whining wretch. I shall never forget that one last look of despair as she recoiled from the shock, and I rushed past the woman into a "fool's paradise."

Ah, it was warm here. The room was full, and they welcomed

me with a drunken cheer. I took my place, and drank during the long hours of the weary night. Early morning, struggling through the wintry clouds, stole into the room where we were sitting, and cast a dismal haze round the candles now burnt low in their sockets, making our ghastly faces look more pale and haggard than ever.

One by one we slunk out into the frosty morning air. As I passed the threshold, I fancied I heard the beggar-woman's plaintive cry, and I turned round to thrust her off again. But she was not there. Alone I shuffled through the deserted streets, leaving my footprints on the freshly fallen snow. My head was in a whirl, and I uncovered it in order that the chilly air might play about my throbbing temples.

There was a crowd assembled round my door-step. Many houseless ones and many early-risers were already a-foot; but horror was depicted on every countenance turned towards *something* on the ground. In an instant my lost senses rushed back to me, and I elbowed my way through the crowd.

From my own threshold was borne away a dead woman and her dead child!

"Wild bells" were ringing out to "the wild sky," as I threw myself helplessly into the chair by the side of my miserable fire, into which I gazed. The weary hours sped on, and at last I slept. Again I dreamed. The last spark was just departing from the dying coals, and I fancied I saw the hazy form of something flitting before my eyes. Slowly the white form took shape, and once more I beheld the Angel of Christmas.

But it was not the same bright angel that had appeared to me in days gone by. Such a sad face, such melting eyes, and an expression so sorrowful, that I could no longer bear to gaze upon it. I covered my face with my hands and wept.

"Weep on, weep on," was whispered in my ears. "Weep tears of sorrow that spring from the heart."

"Is there still hope?" I sobbed.

"Remember the days that are passed. While there is mercy there is always hope."

"Think of *my* sorrow too, and pity *me*. Touch me once more as in the olden time, and lead me where you will."

"Will you follow me?"

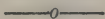
"For ever."

The fire died suddenly out, and I awoke. I was no longer sitting in my chair by the fire, but kneeling by the side of my bed. For hours I knelt and prayed.

C. S.

New-Year's Eve and New-Year's Day.

BY BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.



GOOD-BY, Old Year!
 And with thee take
 Thanks for the gifts to every land
 Thou broughtest in thy bounteous hand,
 And all that thou hast taught to hearts thy lingering steps forsake.

Good-by, Old Year!
 The Past awaiteth thee,
 Who ruleth in her power alone
 The kingdom of Oblivion.
 Silent she sits in ebon chair;
 Falling mists of dusky hair
 Veil her dark eyes' glorious shine,
 Full of wise help and truth divine.
 Silent, unless a fitful sound,
 As from some cavern underground,
 Steal from her lips; the company
 Of ancient Years that round her be,
 Then chanting, one by one, give tongue
 To old experience in their song.

Good-by, Old Year!
 Thou goest forth alone,
 As we shall do: thy pages gay,
 Seasons and months who round thee play,
 Attend thee to earth's farthest verge, then back! to greet thy son.

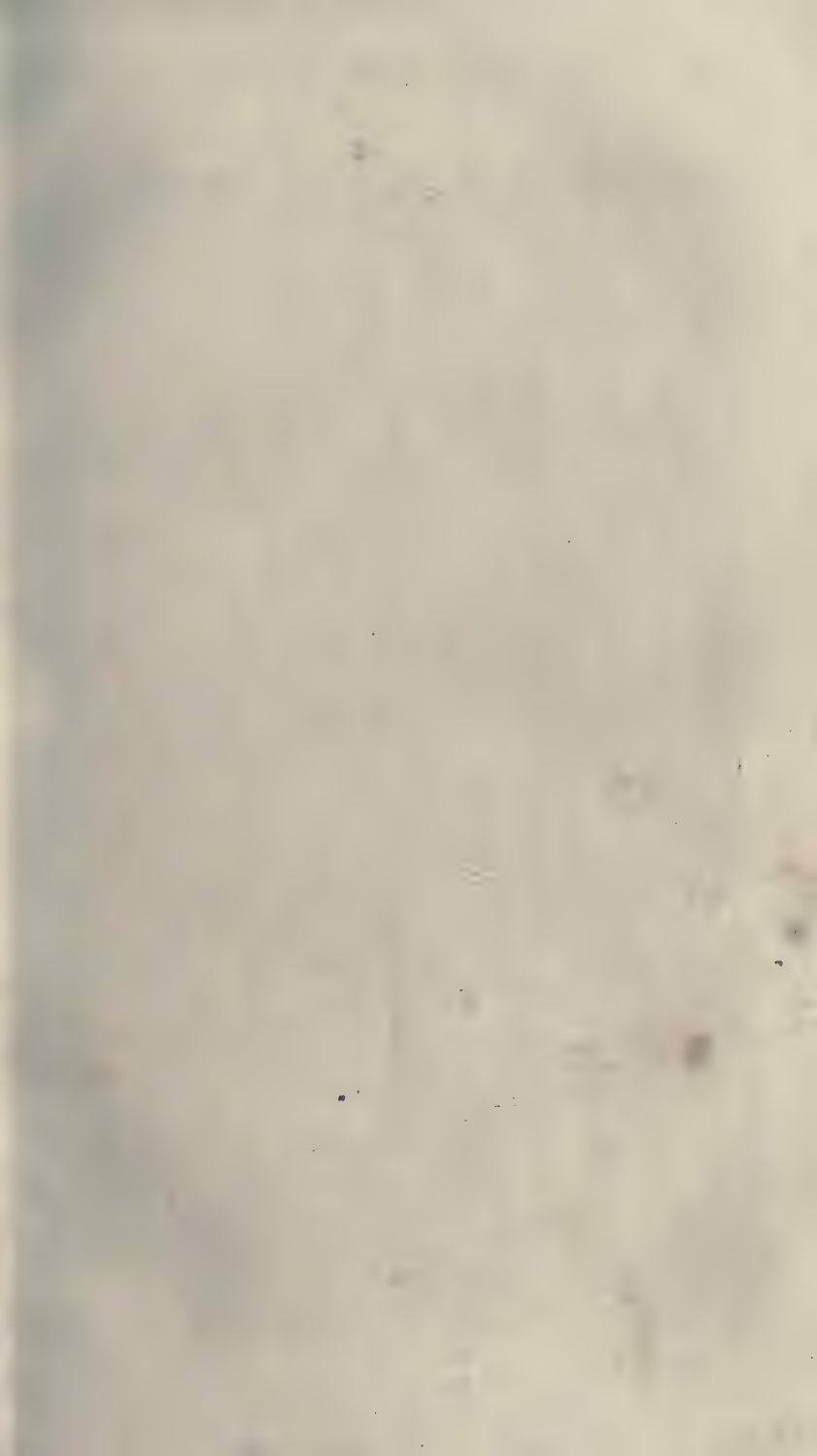
Hail, New-born Year!
 Cradled in morning clouds
 Golden and white. I cannot see
 Thy face—'tis wrapp'd in mystery;

But Spring for thee is painting flowers,
And Summer decks her woven bowers;
Rich Autumn's sheaves will soon be reap'd,
With store of fruits in sunbeams steep'd,
And one by one with gentle hand folds back thy sunlit shrouds.

Hail, New-born Year!
Shining and beautiful,
Thou wilt step forth in plenitude
Of youth and its rejoicing mood.
Thou bringest hope, and labour bless'd
In visions of successful rest;
Bringest great thoughts, and actions wrought
In fire upon that forge of thought,
And with the soul of earnestness I think thy youths are full.

Hail, New-born Year!
My utterance is too weak
To tell of all I think thou bringest,
To echo back the song thou singest;
But the very winds of Heaven, for those who listen to them, speak.







Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE day there was a great deal of company at Mistress Wells's house, which was the only one I then haunted, being, as afore said, somewhat sickened of society and diversions. The conversation which was mostly ministered amongst such as visited there related to public affairs and foreign countries, and not so much as in some other houses to private scandals and the tattle of the town. The uncertainty I was in concerning my father's present abode and his known intent soon to cross over the sea from France worked in me a constant craving for news from abroad, and also an apprehensive curiosity touching reports of the landing of Seminary priests at any of the English ports. Some would often tarry at Mr. Wells's house for a night, who had lately come from Rheims or Paris, and even Rome, or leastways received letters from such as resided in those distant parts. And others I met there were persons who had friends at court; and they often related anecdotes of the Queen and the ministers, and the lords and ladies of her household, which it also greatly concerned me to hear of, by reason of my dearest friend having embarked her whole freight of happiness in a frail vessel launched on that stormy sea of the court, so full of shoals and quicksands, whereby many a fair ship was daily chanced to be therein wrecked.

Nothing notable of this kind had been mentioned on the day I speak of, which, howsoever, proved a very notable one to me. For after I had been in the house a short time there came there one not known, and yet it should seem not wholly unknown to me; for that I did discover in his shape and countenance something not unfamiliar, albeit I could not call to mind that I had ever seen this gentleman before. I asked his name of a young lady who sat near to me, and she said she thought he should be the elder brother of Mr. Hubert Rookwood, who was lodging in the house, and that she heard he tabled there also since he had come to town, and that he was a very commendable person, above the common sort, albeit not one of such great parts as his brother. Then I did instantly take note of the likeness between the brothers which had made the elder's face not strange to me, as also perhaps that one sight of him I had at Bedford some years before. Their visages were very like; but their figures and mostly their countenances different. I cannot say

wherein that great differency did lie; but methinks every one must have seen, or rather felt it. Basil was the tallest and the handsomest of the twain. I will not be so great a prodigal of time as to bestow it on commendations of his outward appearance whose inward excellencies were his chiefest merit. Howsoever I be minded to set down in this place somewhat touching his appearance; as it may so happen that some who read this history, and who have known and loved Basil in his old years, should take as much pleasure in reading as I do in writing the description of his person, and limning as it were the resemblance of him at a period in this history wherein the hitherto separate currents of his life and mine do meet, like a noble river and a poor stream, for to flow onward in the same channel.

Basil Rookwood was of a tall stature, and well-proportioned shape in all parts. His hair of light brown, very thickly set, and of a sunny hue, curled with a graceful wave. His head had many becoming motions. His mouth was well-made, and his lips ruddy. His forehead not very high, in which was a notable dissemblance from his brother. His nose raised, and somewhat sharply cut. His complexion clear and rosy; his smile so full of cheer and kindness that it infected others with mirthfulness. He was very nimble and active in all his movements, and well-skilled in riding, fencing, and dancing. I pray you who have known him in his late years, can you in aught, save in a never-altered sweetness mixing with the dignity of age, trace in this picture a likeness to Basil, your Basil and mine?

I care not, in writing this plain showing of mine own life, to use such disguises as are observed in love-stories, whereby the reader is kept ignorant of that which is to follow until in due time the course of the tale doth unfold it. No, I may not write Basil's name as that of a stranger. Not for the space of one page; nay, not with so much as one stroke of my pen can I dissemble the love which had its dawn on the day I have noted. It was sudden in its beginnings, yet steady in its progress. It deepened and widened with the course of years, even as a rivulet doth start with a lively force from its source, and gathering strength as it flows, grows into a broad and noble river. It was ardent, but not idolatrous; sudden, as I have said, in its rise, but not unconsidered. It was founded on high esteem on the one side, on the other on inexpressible tenderness and kindness. Religion, honour, and duty were the cements of this love. No blind dotage; but a deathless bond of true sympathy, making that equal which in itself was unequal; for, if a vain world should have deemed that on the one side there did appear some greater brilliancy of parts than showed in the other, all who could judge of true merit and sound wisdom must needs have allowed that in true merit

Basil was as greatly her superior whom he honoured with his love, as is a pure diamond to the showy setting which encases it.

Hubert presented to me his brother, who, when he heard my name mentioned, would not be contented till he had got speech of me; and straightway, after the first civilities had passed between us, began to relate to me that he had been staying for a few days before coming to town at Mr. Roper's house at Richmond, where I had often visited in the summer. It so befel, that I had left in the chamber where I slept some of my books, on the margins of which were written such notes as I was wont to make whilst reading, for so Hubert had advised me, and his counsel in this I found very profitable; for this method teaches one to reflect on what he reads, and to hold converse as it were with authors whose friendship and company he thus enjoys, which is a source of contentment more sufficient and lasting than most other pleasures in this world.

Basil chanced to inhabit this room, and discovered on an odd by-shelf these volumes so disfigured, or, as he said, so adorned; and took such delight in the reading of them, but mostly in the poor reflections an unknown pen had affixed to these pages, that he rested not until he had learnt from Mr. Roper the name of the writer. When he found she was the young girl he had once seen at Bedford, he marvelled at the strong impulse he had towards her, and pressed the venerable gentleman with so many questions relating to her, that he feared he should have wearied him; but his inquiries met with such gracious answers, that he perceived Mr. Roper to be as well pleased with the theme of his discourse as himself, and as glad to set forth her excellencies (I be ashamed to write the words which should indeed imply the speaker to have been in his dotage, but for the excuse of a too great kindness to an unworthy creature), as he had to listen to them. And here I must needs interrupt my narrative to admire that one who was no scholar, yea, no great reader at any time, albeit endowed with excellent good sense and needful information, should by means of books have been drawn to the first thoughts of her who was to enjoy his love which never was given to any other creature but herself. But I pray you doth it not happen most often, though it is scarce to be credited, that dissemblance in certain matters doth attract in the way of love more than resemblance? That short men do choose tall wives; lovers of music women who have no ear to discern one tune from another; scholars witless housewives; retired men ambitious helpmates; and gay ladies grave husbands? This should seem to be the rule, otherways the exception; and a notable instance of the same I find in the first motions which did incline Basil to a good opinion of my poor self.

But to return. "Mistress Sherwood," quoth Basil, "Mr. Roper did not wholly praise you; he recited your faults as well as your virtues."

I answered, it did very much content me he should have done so, for that then more credit should be given to his words in that wherein he did commend me, since he was so true a friend as to note my defects.

"But what," quoth he, archly smiling, "if the faults he named are such as pleased me as well as virtues?"

"Then," I replied, "methinks, sir, the fault should be rather in you than in her who doth commit them, for she may be ignorant, or else subject to some infirmity of temper; but to commend faults should be a very dangerous error."

"But will you hear," quoth he, "your faults as Mr. Roper recited them?"

"Yea, willingly," I answered; "and mend them also if I can."

"Oh, I pray you mend them not," he cried.

At which I laughed, and said he should be ashamed to give such wanton advice. And then he:

"Mr. Roper declares you have so much inability to conceal your thoughts, that albeit your lips should be forcibly closed, your eyes would speak them so clearly, that any one who listed should read them."

"Methinks," I said, willing to excuse myself like the lawyer in the Gospel, "that should not be my fault, who made not mine own eyes."

"Then he also says, that you have so sharp an apprehension of wrongs done to others, that if you hear of an injustice committed, or some cruel treatment of any one, you are so moved and troubled, that he has known you on such occasions to shed tears, which do not flow with a like ease for your own griefs. Do you cry mercy to this accusation, Mistress Sherwood?"

"Indeed," I answered, "God knoweth I do, and my ghostly Father also. For the strong passions of resentment touching the evil usage our Catholics do meet with, work in me so mightfully, that I often am in doubt if I have sinned therein. And concerning mine own griefs, they have been but few as yet, so that 'tis little praise I deserve for not overmuch resentment in instances wherein if others are afflicted, I have much ado to restrain wrath."

"Ah," he said, "methinks if you answer in so true and grave a manner my rude catechising, Mistress Sherwood, I be not bold enough to continue the inventory of your faults."

"I pray you do," I answered; for I felt in my soul an unusual liking for his conversation, and the more so when, leaving off jesting,

he said, "The last fault Mr. Roper did charge you with was lack of prudence in matters wherein prudence is most needed in these days."

"Alas!" I exclaimed; "for that also do I cry mercy; but indeed, Master Rookwood, there is in these days so much cowardice and time-serving which doth style itself prudence, that methinks it might sometimes happen that a right boldness should be called rashness."

Raising my eyes to his, I thought I saw them clouded by a misty dew; and he replied, "Yea, Mistress Constance, and if it is so, I had sooner that myself and such as I have a friendship for should have to cry mercy on their death-beds for too much rashness in stemming the tide, than for too much ease in yielding to it. And now," he added, "shall I repeat what Mr. Roper related of your virtues?"

"No," I answered, smiling. "For if the faults he doth charge me with be so much smaller than the reality, what hope have I that he should speak the truth in regard to my poor merits?"

Then some persons moving nearer to where we were sitting, some general conversation ensued, in which several took part; and none so much to my liking as Basil, albeit others might possess more ready tongues and a more sparkling wit. In all the years since I had left my home, I had not found so much contentment in any one's society. His mind and mine were like two instruments with various chords, but one key-note, which maintained them in admirable harmony. The measure of our agreement stood rather in the drift of our desires and the scope of our approval, than in any parity of tastes or resemblance of disposition. Acquaintanceship soon gave way to intimacy, which bred a mutual friendship that in its turn was not slow to change into a warmer feeling. We met very often. It seemed so natural to him to affection me, and to me to reciprocate his affection, that if our love began not, which methinks it did, on that first day of meeting, I know not when it had birth. But if it be difficult precisely to note the earliest buddings of the sweet flower love, it was easy to discern the moment when the bitter root of jealousy sprang up in Hubert's heart. He who had been suspicious of every person whose civilities I allowed of, did not for some time appear to dislike the intimacy which had arisen betwixt his brother and me. I ween from what he once said, when on a later occasion anger loosened his tongue, that he held him in some sort of contempt, even as a fox would despise a nobler animal than himself. His subtle wit disdained his plainness of speech. His confiding temper he derided; and he had methinks no apprehension that a she-wit, as he was wont to call me, should prove herself so witless as to

prefer to one of his brilliant parts a man notable for his indifferency to book learning, and to his smooth tongue and fine genius the honest words and unvarnished merits of his brother.

Howsoever, one day he either did himself notice some sort of particular kindness to exist between us, or he was advertised thereof by some of the company we frequented, and I saw him fix his eyes on us with so arrested a persistency, and his frame waxed so rigid, that methought Lot's wife must have so gazed when she turned towards the doomed city. I was more frightened at the dull lack of expression in his face than at a thousand frowns or even scowls. His eyes were reft of their wonted fire; the colour had flown from his lips; his always pale cheek was of a ghastly whiteness; and his hand, which was thrust in his bosom, and his feet, which seemed rooted to the ground, were as motionless as those of a statue. A shudder ran through me as he stood in this guise, neither moving nor speaking, at a small distance from me. I rose and went away, for his looks freezed me. But the next time I met him this strangeness of behaviour had vanished, and I almost misdoubted the truth of what I had seen. He was a daily witness, for several succeeding weeks, of what neither Basil nor I cared much to conceal—the mutual confidence and increasing tenderness of affection, which was visible in all our words and actions at that time, which was one of greater contentment than can be expressed. That summer was a rare one for fineness of the weather and its great store of sunshiny days. We had often pleasant divertissements in the neighbourhood of London, than which no city is more famous for the beauty of its near scenery. One while we ascended the noble river Thames as far as Richmond, England's Arcadia, whose smooth waters, smiling meads, and hills clad in richest verdure, do equal whatsoever poets have ever sung or painters pictured. Another time we disported ourselves in the gardens of Hampton, where, in the season of roses, the insects weary their wings over the flower-beds—the thrifty bees with the weight of gathered honey, and the gay butterflies, idlers as ourselves, with perfume and pleasure. Or we went to Greenwich Park, and underneath the spreading trees, with England's pride of shipping in sight, and barges passing to and fro on the broad stream as on a watery highway, we whiled away the time in many joyous pastimes.

On an occasion of this sort it happened that both brothers went with us, and we forecasted to spend the day at a house in the village of Paddington, about two miles from London, where Mr. Congleton's sister, a lady of fortune, resided. It stood in a very fair garden, the gate of which opened on the high road; and after dinner we sat with some other company which had been invited to meet us under the

large cedar-trees which lined a broad gravel-walk leading from the house to the gate. The day was very hot, but now a cooling air had risen, and the young people there assembled played at pastimes, in which I was somewhat loth to join; for jesting disputations and framing of questions and answers, an amusement then greatly in fashion, minded one of that fatal encounter betwixt Martin Tregony and Thomas Sherwood, the end of which had been the death of the one and a fatal injury to the soul of the other. Hubert was urgent with me to join in the arguments proposed; but I refused, partly for the aforesaid reason, and methinks, also, because I doubted that Basil should acquit himself so admirably as his brother in these exercises of wit, wherein the latter did indeed excel, and I cared not to shine in a sport wherein he took no part. So I set myself to listen to the disputants, albeit with an absent mind; for I had grown to be somewhat thoughtful of late, and to forecast the future with such an admixture of hope and fear touching the issue of those passages of love I was engaged in, that the trifles which entertained a disengaged mind lacked ability to divert me. I ween Polly, if she had been then in London, should have laughed at me for the symptoms I exhibited, of what she styled the sighing malady.

A little while after the contest had begun, a sound was heard at a distance as of a trampling on the road, but not discernible as yet whether of men or horses' feet. There was mixed with it cries of hooting and shouts, which increased as this sort of procession (for so it should seem to be) approached. All who were in the garden ran to the iron railing for to discover the cause. From the houses on both sides the road persons came out and joined in the clamour. As the crowd neared the gate where we stood, the words "Papists—Seditious priests—Traitors" were discernible, mixed with oaths, curses, and such opprobrious epithets as my pen dares not write. At the hearing of them the blood rushed to my head, and my heart began to beat as if it should burst from the violence with which it throbbed; for now the mob was close at hand, and we could see the occasion of their yells and shoutings. About a dozen persons were riding without bridle or spur or other furniture, on lean and bare horses, which were fastened one to the other's tails, marching slowly in a long row, each man's feet tied under his horse's belly, and his arms bound hard and fast behind him. A pursuivant rode in front and cried aloud that those coming behind him were certain papists, foes to the gospel and enemies to the Commonwealth, for that they had been seized in the act of saying and hearing Mass in disobedience to the laws. And as he made this proclamation, the rabble yelled and took up stones and mud to cast at the prisoners. One man cried out, "Four of

them be vile priests." O ye who read this, have you taken heed how, at some times in your lives, in a less space than the wink of an eye, thought has outrun sight? So did mine with lightning speed apprehend lest my father should be one of these. I scanned the faces of the prisoners as they passed, but he was not amongst them; howsoever I recognised, with a sharp pain, the known countenance of the priest who had shriven my mother on her death-bed. He looked pale and worn to a shadow, and hardly able to sit his horse. I sunk down on my knees with my head against the railings, feeling very sick. Then the gate opened, and with a strange joy and trembling fear I saw Basil push through the mob till he stood close to the horse's feet where the crowd had made a stoppage. He knelt and took off his hat, and the lips of the priests moved, as they passed, for to bless him. Murmurs rose from the rabble, but he took no heed of them. Till the last horseman had gone by he stood with his head uncovered, and then slowly returned, none daring to touch him. "Basil, dear Basil!" I cried, and, weeping, gave him my hand. It was the first time I had called him by his name. Methinks in that moment as secure a trothplight was passed between us as if ten thousand bonds had sealed it. When, some time afterwards, we moved towards the house, I saw Hubert standing at the door with the same stony rigid look which had frightened me once before. He said not one word as I passed him. I have since heard that a lady, endowed with more sharpness than prudence or kindness, had thus addressed him on this occasion: "Methinks, Master Hubert Rookwood, that you did perform your part excellently well in that ingenious pastime which procured us so much good entertainment awhile ago; but beshrew me, if your brether did not exceed you in the scene we have just witnessed, and if Mistress Sherwood's looks do not belie her, she thought so too. I ween his tragedy hath outdone your comedy." Then he (well nigh biting his lips through, as the person who related it to me observed) made answer: "If this young gentleman's taste be set on tragedy, then will I promise her so much of it another day as should needs satisfy her."

This malicious lady misliked Hubert, by reason of his having denied her the praise of wit, which had been reported to her by a third person. She was minded to be revenged on him, and so the shaft contained in her piercing jest had likewise hit those she willed not to injure. It is not to be credited how many persons have been ruined in fortune, driven into banishment, yea, delivered over to death, by careless words uttered without so much as a thought of the evil which should ensue from them.

And now upon the next day Basil was to leave London. Before

he went he said he hoped not to be long absent, and that Mr. Congleton should receive a letter, if it pleased God, from his father; which, if it should be favourably received, and I willed it not to be otherwise, should cause our next meeting to be one of greater contentment than could be thought of.

I answered, "I should never wish otherwise than that we should meet with contentment, or will any thing that should hinder it." Which he said did greatly please him to hear, and gave him a comfortable hope of a happy return.

He conversed also with Mistress Ward touching the prisoners we had seen the day before, and left some money with her in case she should find means to see and assist them. Which she strove to do with the diligence used by her in all such managements. In a few days she discovered Mr. Watson to be in Bridewell, also one Mr. Richardson in the Marshalsea, and three laymen in the Clink. Mr. Watson had a sister who was a Protestant, and by her means she succeeded in relieving his wants, and dealt with the gaolers at the other prisons so as to convey some assistance to the poor men therein confined, whose names she had found out.

One morning when I was at Kate's house Hubert came there; and she, the whole compass of whose thoughts was now circled in her nursery, not minding the signs I made she should not leave us alone, rose and said she must needs go and see if her babe was awake, for Hubert must see him, and he should not go away without first he had beheld him walk with his new leading-strings, which were the tastefullest in the world and fit for a king's son; and that she doubted not we could find good enough entertainment in each other's company, or in Mr. Lacy's books, which must be the wittiest ever written, if she judged by her husband's fondness for them. As soon as the door was shut on her, Hubert began to speak of his brother, and to insinuate that my behaviour to himself was changed since Basil had come to London, which I warmly denied.

"If," I said, "I have changed—"

"If," he repeated, stopping my speaking with an ironical and disdainful smile, and throwing into that one little word as he uttered it more of meaning than it would seem possible it should express.

"Yes!" I continued, angered at his defiant looks. "Yes, if my behaviour to you has changed, which, I must confess, in some respects it has, the cause did lie in my uncle's commands laid on me before your brother's coming to London. You know it, Master Rookwood, by the same token that you charged me with unkindness for not allowing of your visits, and refusing to read Italian with you, some weeks before ever he arrived."

"You have a very obedient disposition, madam," he answered in a scornful manner, "and I doubt not have attended with a like readiness to the behest to favour the *elder* brother's suit as to that which forbade the receiving of the younger brother's addresses."

"I did not look upon you as a suitor," I replied.

"No!" he exclaimed, "and not as on a lover? Not as on one whose lips, borrowing words from enamoured poets twenty times in a day, did avow his passion, and was entertained on your side with so much good-nature and apparent contentment with this mode of disguised worship, as should lead him to hope for a return of his affection? But why question of that wherein my belief is unshaken? I know you love me, Constance Sherwood, albeit you peradventure love more dearly my brother's heirship of Euston and its wide acres. Your eyes deceived not, nor did your flushing cheek dissemble, when we read together those sweet tales and noble poems, wherein are set forth the dear pains and tormenting joys of a mutual love. No, not if you did take your oath on it will I believe you love my brother!"

"What warrant have you, sir," I answered with burning cheek, "to minister such talk to one who, from the moment she found you thought of marriage, did plainly discountenance your suit?"

"You were content, then, madam, to be worshipped as an idol," he bitterly replied, "if only not sued for in marriage by a poor man."

My sin found me out then, and the hard taunt awoke dormant pangs in my conscience for the pleasure I had taken and doubtless showed in the disguised professions of an undisguised admiration; but anger yet prevailed, and I cried, "Think you to advance your interest in my friendship, sir, by such language and reproaches as these?"

"Do you love my brother?" he said again, with an implied contempt which made me mad.

"Sir," I answered, "I entertain for your brother so great a respect and esteem as one must needs feel towards one of so much virtue and goodness. No contract exists between us; nor has he made me the tender of his hand. More than that it behoves you not to ask, or me to answer."

"Ah! the offer of marriage is then the condition of your regard, and love is to follow, not precede, the settlements. I' faith ladies are very prudent in these days; and virtue and goodness the new names for fortune and lands. Beshrew me, if I had not deemed you to be made of other metal than the common herd. But whatever be the composition of your heart, Constance Sherwood, be it hard as the gold you set so much store on, or like wax, apt to receive

each day some new impress, I will have it; yea, and keep it for my own. No rich fool shall steal it from me."

"Hubert Rookwood," I cried in anger, "dare not so to speak of one whose merit is as superior to thine as the sun outshines a torchlight."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, turning pale with rage, "if I thought thou didst love him!" and clenched his hand with a terrible gesture, and ground his teeth. "But 'tis impossible," he added, bitterly smiling. "As soon would I believe Titania verily to doat on the ass's head as for thee to love Basil."

"O!" I indignantly replied, "you do almost constrain me to avow that which no maiden should, unasked, confess. Do you think, sir, that learning and scholarship and the poor show of wit that lies in a ready tongue, should outweigh honour, courage, and kindness of heart? Think you that more respect should be paid to one who can speak, and write also, if you will, fair sounding words, than to him who in his daily doing shows forth such nobleness as others only inculcate, and God only knoweth if ever they practise it?"

"Lady!" he exclaimed, "I have served you long; sustained torments in your presence; endured griefs in your absence; pining thoughts in the day, and anguished dreams in the night; jealousies often in times past, and now—"

He drew in his breath; and then, not so much speaking the word "despair," as with a smothered vehemence uttering it, he concluded his vehement address.

I was so shaken by his speech that I remained silent; for if I had spoken I must needs have wept. Holding my head with both hands, and so shielding my eyes from the sight of his pale convulsed face, I sat like one transfixed. Then he again: "These be not times, Mistress Sherwood, for women to act as you have done; to lift a man's heart onewhile to an earthly Heaven, and then, without so much as a thought, to cast him into a hellish sea of woes. These be the dealings which drive men to desperation; to attempt things contrary to their own minds, to religion, and to honesty; to courses once abhorred—"

His violence wrung my heart then with so keen a remorse that I cried out, "I cry you mercy, Master Rookwood, if I have dealt thus with you; indeed I thought not to do it. I pray you forgive me, if unwittingly, albeit peradventure in a heedless manner, I have done you so much wrong as your words do charge me with." And then tears I could not stay began to flow; and for awhile no talk ensued. But after a little time he spoke in a voice so changed and dissimilar in manner, that I looked up wholly amazed.

"Sweet Constance," he said, "I have played the fool in my customable fashion, and by such pretended slanders of one I should rather incline to commend beyond his deserts, if that were possible, than to give him vile terms, have sought—I cry you mercy for it—to discover your sentiments, and feigned a resentment and a passion, which indeed has proved an excellent piece of acting, if I judge by your tears. I pray you pardon and forget my brotherly device. If you love Basil—as I misdoubt not he loves you—where shall a more suitable match be found, or one which every one must needs so much approve? Marry, sweet lady; I will be his best man when he doth ride to church with you, and cry 'Amen' more loudly than the clerk. So now dart no more vengeful lightnings from thine eyes, sweet one; and wipe away the pearly drops my unmannerly jesting hath caused to flow. I would not Basil had wedded a lady in love with his pelf, not with himself."

"I detest tricks," I cried, "and such feigning as you do confess to. I would I had not answered one word to your false discourse."

Now I wept for vexation to have been so circumvented and befooled as to own some sort of love for a man who had not yet openly addressed me. And albeit reassured in some wise, touching what my conscience had charged me with when I heard Hubert's vehement reproaches, I misdoubted his present sincerity. He searched my face with a keen investigation, for to detect, I ween, if I was most contented or displeased with his late words. I resolved, if he was false, I would be true, and leave not so much as a suspicion in his mind that I did or ever had cared for him. But Kate, who should not have left us alone, now returned, when her absence would have been most profitable. She had her babe in her arms, and must needs call on Hubert to praise its beauty and list to its sweet crowing. In truth, a more winsome gracious creature could not be seen; and albeit I had made an impatient gesture when she entered, my arms soon eased hers of their fair burthen, and I set to playing with the boy, and Hubert talking and laughing in such good cheer, that I began to credit his passion had been feigning, and his indifference to be true, which contented me not a little.

A few days afterwards Mr. Congleton received a letter, in the evening, when we were sitting in my aunt's room, and a sudden fluttering in my heart whispered it should be from Basil's father. Mine eyes affixed themselves on the cover, which had fallen on the ground, and then travelled to my uncle's face, wherein was a smile which seemed to say, "This is no other than what I did expect." He put it down on the table, and his hand over it. My aunt said

he should tell us the news he had received, to make us merry; for that the fog had given her the vapours, and she had need of some good entertainment.

"News!" quoth he. "What news do you look for, good wife?"

"It would not be news, sir," she answered, "if I expected it."

"That is more sharp than true," he replied. "There must needs come news of the Queen of France's lying-in; but I pray you how will it be? Shall she live and do well? Shall it be a prince or a princess?"

"Prithee, no disputings, Mr. Congleton," she said. "We be not playing at questions and answers."

"Nay, but thou dost mistake," he cried out, laughing. "Methinks we have here in hand some game of that sort, if I judge by this letter."

Then my heart leapt, I know not how high or how tumultuously; for I doubted not now but he had received the tidings I hoped for.

"Constance," he said; "hast a mind to marry?"

"If it should please you, sir," I answered; "for my father charged me to obey you."

"Good," quoth he. "I see thou art an obedient wench. And thou wilt marry who I please?"

"Nay, sir; I said not that."

"Oh, oh!" quoth he. "Thou wilt marry so as to please me, and yet—"

"Not so as to displease myself, sir," I answered.

"Come," he said, "another question. Here is a gentleman of fortune and birth, and excellent good character, somewhat advanced in years indeed, but the more like to make an indulgent husband, and to be prudent in the management of his affairs, hath heard so good a report from two young gentlemen, his sons, of thy abilities and proper behaviour, that he is minded to make thee a tender of marriage, with so good a settlement on his estate in Suffolk as must needs content any reasonable woman. Wilt have him, Conny?"

"Who, sir?" I asked, waxing, I ween, as red as a field-poppay.

"Mr. Rookwood, wench—Basil and Hubert's father."

Albeit I knew my uncle's trick of jesting, my folly was so great just then, hope and fear working in me, that I was seized with fright, and from crimson turned so white, that he cried out:

"Content thee, child! content thee! 'Tis that tall strapping fellow Basil must needs make thee an offer of his hand; and by my troth, wench, I warrant thee thou wouldst go further and fare worse; for the gentleman is honourably descended, heir-apparent to an estate worth yearly, to my knowledge, three thousand pounds

sterling, well disposed in religion, and of a personage without exception. Mr. Rookwood declares he is more contented with his son's choice than if he married Mistress Spencer, or any other heiress; and beshrew me if I be not contented also."

Then he bent his head close to mine ear, and whispered, "And so art thou, methinks, if those tell-tale eyes of thine should be credited. Yea, yea, hang down thy head, and stammer 'As you please, sir!' And never so much as a *Deo gratias* for thy good fortune! What thankless creatures women be!" I laughed, and ran out of the room before mine aunt or Mistress Ward had disclosed their lips; for I did long to be in mine own chamber alone, and, from the depths of a heart over full of, yea overflowing with, such joy as doth incline the knees to bend and the eyes to raise themselves to the Giver of all good—He whom all other goodness doth only mirror and shadow forth—pour out a hymn of praise for the noble blessing I had received. For, I pray you, after the gift of faith and grace for to know and love God, is there aught on earth to be jewelled by a woman like to the affection of a good man; or a more secure haven for her to anchor in amid the present billows of life, except that of religion, to which all be not called, than an honourable contract of marriage, wherein reason, passion, and duty do bind the soul in a triple cord of love?

And oh! with what a painful tenderness I thought in that moving hour on mine own dear parents—my mother, now so many years dead; my father, so parted from his poor child, that in the most weighty concernment of her life—the disposal of her in marriage—his consent had to be presumed; his authority, for so he had with forecasting care ordained, being left in other hands. But albeit a shade of melancholy from such a retrospect as the mind is wont to take of the past, when coming events do cast, as it should seem, a new light on what has preceded them, I could not choose but see, in this good which had happened to me, a reward to him who had forsaken all things—lands, home, kindred, yea his only child, for Christ's dear sake. It minded me of my mother's words concerning me, when she lay dying, "Fear not for her."

I was somewhat loth to return to mine aunt's chamber, and to appear in the presence of Kate and Polly, who had come to visit their mother, and, by their saucy looks when I entered, showed they were privy to the treaty in hand. Mine aunt said she had been thinking that she would not go to church when I was married, but give me her blessing at home; for she had never recovered from the chilling she had when Kate was married, and had laid abed on Polly's wedding-day, which she liked better. Mistress Ward had

great contentment, she said, that I should have so good an husband. Kate was glad Basil was not too fond of books, for that scholars be not as conversable as agreeable husbands should be. Polly said, for her part she thought the less wit a man had the better for his wife, for she would then be the more like to have her own way. But that being her opinion, she did not wholly wish me joy; for she had noticed Basil to be a good thinker, and a man of so much sense, that he would not be ruled by a wife more than should be reasonable. I was greatly pleased that she thus commended him, who was not easily pleased, and rather given to despise gentlemen than to praise them. I kissed her, and said I had always thought her the most sensible woman in the world. She laughed, and cried, "That was small commendation, for that women were the foolishest creatures in the world, and mostly such as were in love."

Ah, me! The days which followed were full of sweet waiting and pleasant pining for the effects of the letter mine uncle wrote to Mr. Rookwood, and looking for one Basil should write himself, when license for to address me had been yielded to him. When it came, how unforeseen, how sad were the contents! albeit love was expressed in every line, sorrow did so cover its utterance, that my heart overflowed through mine eyes, and I could only sigh and weep that the beginning of so fair a day of joy should have set in clouds of so much grief. Basil's father was dead. The day after he wrote that letter, the cause of all our joy, he fell sick, and never bettered any more, but the contrary; time was allowed him to prepare his soul for death, by all holy rites and ghostly comforts. One of his sons was on each side of his bed when he died; and Basil closed his eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

BASIL came to London after the funeral, and methought his sadness then did become him as much as his joyfulness heretofore. His grief was answerable to the affection he had borne unto his father, and to that gentleman's most excellent deserts. He informed Mr. Congleton that in somewhat less than one year he should be of age, and until then his wardship was committed to Sir Henry Stafford. It was agreed betwixt them, that in respect of his deep mourning and the greater commodity his being of age would afford for the drawing-up of settlements, our marriage should be deferred until he returned from the Continent in a year's time. Sir Henry was exceedingly urgent he should travel abroad for the bettering as he affirmed of his knowledge of foreign languages, and acquirement of such

useful information as should hereafter greatly benefit him; but methinks from what Basil said, it was chiefly with the end that he should not be himself troubled during his term of guardianship with proceedings touching his ward's recusancy, which was so open and manifest, no persuasions dissuading him from it, that he apprehended therefrom to meet with difficulties.

So with heavy hearts and some tears on both sides, a short time after Mr. Rookwood's death, we did part, but withal with so comfortable a hope of a happy future, and so great a security of mutual affection, that the pangs of separation were softened, and a not unpleasant melancholy ensued. We forecasted to hold converse by means of letters, of which he made me promise I should leastways write two for his one; for he argued, as I always had a pen in my hand, it should be no trouble to me to write down my thoughts as they arose, but as for himself, it would cost him much time and labour for to compose such a letter as it would content me to receive. But herein he was too modest; for, indeed, in every thing he wrote, albeit short and mostly devoid of such flowers of the fancy as some are wont to scatter over their letters, I was always excellently well pleased with his favours of this kind.

Hubert remained in London for to commence his studies in a house of the law; but when my engagement with his brother became known, he left off haunting Mr. Lacy's house, and even Mr. Wells's as heretofore. His behaviour was very mutable; at one time exceedingly obliging, and at another more strange and distant than it had yet been; so that I did dread to meet him, not knowing how to shape mine own conduct in his regard; for if on the one hand I misliked to appear estranged from Basil's brother, yet if I dealt graciously towards him, I feared to confirm his apprehension of some sort of unusual liking on my part towards himself.

One month, or thereabouts, after Basil had gone to France, Lady Surrey did invite me to stay with her at Kenninghall, which greatly delighted me, for it was a very long time then since I had seen her. The reports I heard of her lord's being a continual waiter on her Majesty, and always at Court, whereas she did not come to London so much as once in the year, worked in me a very uneasy apprehension that she should not be as happy in her retirement as I should wish. I long had desired to visit this dear lady, but durst not be the first to speak of it. Also to one bred in the country from her infancy, the long while I had spent in a city, far from any sights or scents of nature, had created in me a great desire for pure air and green fields, of which the neighbourhood of London had afforded only such scanty glimpses as served to whet, not satisfy, the taste for such-

like pleasures. So with much contentment I began my journey into Norfolk, which was the first I had taken since that long one from Sherwood Hall to London some years before. A coach of my Lord Surrey's, with two new pairs of horses, was going from the Charterhouse to Kenninghall, and a chamber-woman of my lady's to be conveyed therein; so for conveniency I travelled with her. We slept two nights on the road (for the horses were to rest often), in very comfortable lodgings; and about the middle of the third day we did arrive at Kenninghall, which is a place of so great magnitude and magnificence, that to my surprised eyes it showed more like unto a palace, yea a cluster of palaces, than the residence of a private though illustrious nobleman. The gardens which we passed alongside of, the terraces adorned with majestic trees, the woods at the back of the building, which then wore a gaudy dress of crimson and golden hues,—made my heart leap for joy to be once more in the country. But when we passed through the gateway, and into one court and then another, methought we left the country behind, and entered some sort of city, the buildings did so close around us on every side. At last we stopped at a great door, and many footmen stood about me, and one led me through long galleries and a store of empty chambers; I forecasting in my mind the while how far it should be to the gardens I had seen, and if the birds could be heard to sing in this great house, in which was so much fine tapestry and pictures in high-gilt frames, that the eye was dazzled with their splendour. A little pebbly brook or a tuft of daisies would then have pleased me more than these fine hangings, and the grass than the smooth carpets in some of the rooms, the like of which I had never yet seen. But these discontented thoughts vanished quickly when my Lady Surrey appeared; and I had nothing more to desire when I received her affectionate embrace, and saw how joyful was her welcome. Methought too, when she led me into the chamber wherein she said her time was chiefly spent, that its rich adornment became her, who had verily a queenly beauty, and a presence so sweetly majestic, that it alone was sufficient to call for a reverent respect from others even in her young years. There was an admirable simplicity in her dress; so that I likened her in my mind, as she sat in that gilded room, to a pure fair diamond enchased in a rich setting. In the next chamber her gentlewomen and chambermaids were at work—some at frames, and others making of clothes, or else spinning; and another door opened into her bed-chamber, which was very large, like unto a hall, and the canopy of the bed so high and richly adorned, that it should have beseemed a throne. The tapestry on the wall, bedight with fruits and flowers, very daintil

wrought, so that nature itself hath not more fair hues than therein were to be seen.

"When my lord is not at home, I mislike this grand chamber, and do lie here," she said, and showed me an inner closet; which I perceived to be plainly furnished, and in one corner of it, which pleased me most for to see, a crucifix hung against the wall, over above a kneeling-stool. Seeing my eyes did rest on it, she coloured a little, and said it had belonged to Lady Mounteagle, who had gifted her with it on her deathbed; upon which account she did greatly treasure the possession thereof.

I answered, it did very much content me that she should set store on what had been her grandmother's, for verily she was greatly indebted to that good lady for the care she had taken of her young years; "but methinks," I added, "the likeness of your Saviour which died for you should not need any other excuse for the prizing of it than what arises from its being what it is, His own dear image."

She said she thought so too; but that in the eyes of Protestants she must needs allege some other reason for the keeping of a crucifix in her room than that good one, which nevertheless in her own thinking she allowed of.

Then she showed me mine own chamber, which was very commodious and pleasantly situated, not far from hers. From the window was to be seen the town of Norwich, and an extensive plain intersected with trees; and underneath the wall of the house a terrace lined with many fair shrubs and strips of flower-beds, very pleasing to the eye, but too far off for a more familiar enjoyment than the eyesight could afford.

When we had dined, and I was sitting with my lady in her dainty sitting-room, she at her tambour-frame, and I with a piece of patch-work on my knees which I had brought from London, she began forthwith to question me touching my intended marriage, Mr. Rookwood's death, and Basil's going abroad, concerning which she had heard many reports. I satisfied her thereon; upon which she expressed great contentment that my prospects of happiness were so good; for all which knew Basil thought well on him, she said; and mostly his neighbours, which have the chiefest occasions for to judge of a man's disposition. And Euston, she thought, should prove a very commendable residence, albeit the house was small for so good an estate; but capable, she doubted not, of improvements, which my fine taste would bestow on it; not indeed by spending large sums on outward show, but by small adornments and delicate beautifying of a house and gardens, such as women only do excel in; the which kind of care Mr. Rookwood's seat had lacked for many

years. She also said it pleased her much to think that Basil and I should agree touching religion, for there was little happiness to be had in marriage where consent doth not exist in so important a matter. I answered, that I was of that way of thinking also. But then this consent must be veritable, not extorted; for in so weighty a point the least shadow of compulsion on the one side, and feigning on the other, do end by destroying happiness, and virtue also, which is more urgent. She made no answer; and I then asked her if she liked Kenninghall more than London, and had found in a retired life the contentment she had hoped for. She bent down her head over her work-frame, so as partly to conceal her face; but how beautiful what was to be seen of it appeared, as she thus hid the rest, her snowy neck supporting her small head, and the shape of her oval cheek just visible beneath the dark tresses of jet-black hair! When she raised that noble head methought it wore a look of becoming, not unchristian, pride, or somewhat better than should be titled pride; and her voice betokened more emotion than her visage betrayed when she said, "I am more contented, Constance, to inhabit this my husband's chiefest house than to dwell in London or any where else. Where should a wife abide with so much pleasure as in a place where she may be sometimes visited by her lord, even though she should not always be so happy as to enjoy his company? My Lord Arundel hath often urged me to reside with him in London, and pleaded the comfort my Lady Lumley and himself, in his declining years, should find in my filial care; but, God helping—and I think in so doing I fulfil His will—naught shall tempt me to leave my husband's house till he doth himself compel me to it; nor by resentment of his absence lose one day of his dear company I may yet enjoy."

"O my dear lady," I exclaimed, "and is it indeed thus with you? Doth my lord so forget your love and his duty as to forsake one he should cherish as his most dear treasure?"

"Nay, nay," she hastily replied; "Philip doth not forsake me; a little neglectful he is" (this she said with a forced smile), "as all the Queen's courtiers must needs be of their wives; for she is so exacting, that such as stand in her good graces cannot be stayers at home, but ever waiters on her pleasure. If Philip doth only leave London or Richmond for three or four days, she doth suspect the cause of his absence; her smiles are turned to frowns, and his enemies immediately do take advantage of it. I tried to stay in London one while this year, after Bess was married; but he suffered so much in consequence, from the loss of her good graces when she heard I was at the Charterhouse, that I was compelled to return here."

"And hath my lord been to see you since?" I eagerly asked.

"Once," she answered; "for three short days. O Constance, it was a brief, and, from its briefness, an almost painful joy, to see him in his own princely home, and at the head of his table, which he doth grace so nobly; and when he went abroad, saluted by every one with so much reverence, that he should be taken to be a king when he is here; and himself so contented with this show of love and homage, that his face beamed with pleasant smiles; and when he observed what my poor skill had effected in the management of his estates, which do greatly suffer from the prodigalities of the court, he commended me with so great kindness as to say he was not worthy of so good a wife."

I could not choose but say Amen in mine own soul to this lord's true estimation of himself, and of her, one hair of whose head did, in my thinking, outweigh in merit his whole frame; but composed my face, lest she should too plainly read my resentment that the like of her should be so used by an ungrateful husband.

"Alas," she continued, "this joy should be my constant portion if an enemy robbed me not of my just rights. 'Tis very hard to be hated by a queen, and she so great and powerful that none in the compass of her realm can dare to resent her ill-treatment. I had a letter from my lord last week, in which he says if it be possible he will soon visit me again; but he doth add, that he has so much confidence in my affection, that he is sure I would not will him to risk that which may undo him, if the Queen should hear of it. 'For, Nan,' he writes, 'I resemble a man scrambling up unto a slippery rock, who, if he gaineth not the topmost points, must needs fall backwards into a precipice; for if I lose but an inch of her majesty's favour, I am like to fall as my fathers have done, and yet lower. So be patient, good Nan, and bide the time when I shall have so far ascended as to be in less danger of a rapid descent, in which thine own fortunes would be involved.'"

She folded this letter, which she had taken out of her bosom, with a deep sigh, and I doubt not with the same thought which was in mine own mind, that the higher the ascent the greater doth prove the peril of an overthrow, albeit to the climber's own view the further point doth seem the most secure. She then said she would not often speak with me touching her troubles; but we should try to forget absent husbands and lovers, and enjoy so much pleasure in our mutual good company as was possible, and go hawking also and riding on fine days, and be as merry as the days were long. And, verily, at times youthful spirits assumed the lead, and like two wanton children we laughed sometimes with hearty cheer at some

pleasantry in which my little wit but fanciful humour did evince itself for her amusement. But the fair sky of these sunshiny hours was often overcast by sudden clouds; and weighty thoughts, ill assorting with soaring joylity, wrought sad endings to merry beginnings. I restrained the expression of mine own sorrow at my father's uncertain fate and Basil's absence, not to add to her heaviness; but sometimes, whilst playing in some sort the fool to make her smile, which smiles so well became her, a sharp aching of the heart caused me to fail in the effort; which when she perceived, her arm was straightway thrown round my neck, and she would speak in this wise:

"O sweet jester! poor dissembler! the heart will have its say, albeit not aided by the utterance of the tongue. Believe me, good Constance, I am not unmindful of thy griefs, albeit somewhat silent concerning them, as also mine own; for that I eschew melancholy themes, having a well-spring of sorrow in my bosom which doth too readily overflow if the sluices be once opened."

Thus spake this sweet lady; but her unconscious tongue, following the current of her thoughts more frequently than she did credit, dwelt on the theme of her absent husband; and on whichever subject talk was ministered between us, she was ingenious to procure it should end with some reference to this worshipped object. But, verily, I never perceived her to express in speaking of that then unworthy husband but what, if he had been present, must needs have moved him to regret his negligent usage of an incomparable, loving, and virtuous wife, than to any resentment of her complaints, which were rather of others who diverted his affections from her than of him, the prime cause of her grief. One day that we walked in the pleasaunce, she led the way to a seat which she said during her lord's last visit he had commended for the fair prospect it did command, and said it should be called "My Lady's Arbour."

"He sent for the head-gardener," quoth she, "and charged him to plant about it so many sweet flowers and gay shrubs as should make it in time a most dainty bower fit for a queen. These last words did, I ween, unwittingly escape his lips, and, I fear me, I was too shrewish; for I exclaimed, 'O no, my lord; I pray you let it rather be unfitted for a queen, if so be you would have me to enjoy it!' He made no answer, and his countenance was overcast and sad when we returned to the house. I misdoubted my hasty speech had angered him; but when his horse came to the door for to carry him away to London and the court, he said very kindly, as he embraced me, 'Farewell, dear heart! mine own good Nan!' and in a letter he since wrote he inquired if his orders had been obeyed touching his sweet countess's pleasure-house."

I always noticed Lady Surrey to be very eager for the coming of the messenger which brought letters from London mostly twice in the week, and that in the untying of the strings which bound them her hand trembled so much that she often said, "Prithee, Constance, cut this knot. My fingers be so cold I have not so much patience as should serve to the undoing thereof."

One morning I perceived she was more sad than usual after the coming of this messenger. The cloud on her countenance chased away the joy I had at a letter from Basil, which was written from Paris, and wherein he said he had sent to Rheims for to inquire if my father was yet there, for in that case he should not so much fail in his duty as to omit seeking to see him; and so get at once, he trusted, a father and a priest's blessing.

"What ails you, sweet lady?" I asked, seeing her lips quiver and her eyes to fill with tears.

"Nothing should ail me," she answered more bitterly than was her wont. "It should be, methinks, the part of a wife to rejoice in her husband's good fortune; and here is one that doth write to me that my lord's favour with the Queen is so great that nothing greater can be thought of: so that some do say, if he was not married he would be like to mount, not only to the steps, but on to the throne itself. Here should be grand news for to rejoice the heart of the Countess of Surrey. Prithee, good wench, why dost thou not wish thy poor friend joy?"

I felt so much choler that any one should write to my lady in this fashion, barbing with cruel malice, or leastways careless lack of thought, this wanton arrow, that I exclaimed, in a passion, it should be a villain had thus written. She smiled in a sad manner and answered:

"Alas, an innocent villain I warrant the writer to be, for the letter is from my Bess, who has heard others speak of that which she doth unwittingly repeat, thinking it should be an honour to my lord, and to me also, that he should be spoken of in this wise. But content thee; 'tis no great matter to hear that said again which I have had hints of before, and am like to hear more of it, maybe."

Then hastily rising she prepared to go abroad; and we went to a lodge in the park, wherein she harboured a great store of poor children which lacked their parents; and then to a barn she had fitted up for to afford a night's lodging to travellers; and to tend sick people—albeit, saving herself, she had no one in her household at that time one half so skilful in this way as my Lady l'Estrange. I ween this was the sole place wherein her thoughts were so much

occupied, that she did for a while forget her own troubles in curing those of others. A woman had stopped there the past night, who, when we went in, craved assistance from her for to carry her to her native village, which was some fifteen miles north of Norwich. She was afraid, she said, for to go into the town; for nowadays to be poor was to be a wicked person in men's eyes; and a traveller without money was like to be whipt and put into the stocks for a vagabond, which she should die of if it should happen to her, who had been in the service of a countess, and had not thought to see herself in such straits, which she should never have been reduced to if her good lady had not been foully dealt with. Lady Surrey, wishing, I ween, by some sort of examination, to detect the truth of her words, inquired in whose service she had lived.

"Madam," she answered, "I was kitchen-maid in the Countess of Leicester's house, and never left her service till she was murdered some years back by a black villain in her household, moved by a villain yet more black than himself."

"Murdered!" my lady exclaimed. "It was bruited at the time that lady had died of a fall."

"Ay, marry," quoth the beggar, shaking her head, "I warrant you, ladies, that fall was compassed by more hands than two, and more minds than one. But it be not safe for to say so; as Mark Hewitt could witness if he was not dead, who was my sweetheart and a scullion at Cumnor Place, and was poisoned in prison for that he offered to give evidence touching his lady's death, which would have hanged some which deserved it better than he did—albeit he had helped to rob a coach in Wales after he had been discharged, as we all were, from the old place. Oh, if folks dared to tell all they do know, some which ride at the Queen's side should swing on a gibbet before this day twelvemonth."

Lady Surrey sat down by this woman; and albeit I pulled her by the sleeve and whispered in her ear to come away,—for methought her talk was not fitting for her to hear, whose mind ran too much already on melancholy themes,—she would not go, and questioned this person very much touching the manner of Lady Leicester's life, and what was reported concerning her death. This recital was given in a homely but withal moving manner, which lent a greater horror to it than more studied language should have done. She said her lady had been ill some time and never left her room; but that one day, when one of her lord's gentlemen had come from London, and had been examining of the house with the steward for to order some repairing of the old walls and staircases, and the mason had been sent for also late in the evening, a so horrible shriek was heard from

the part of the house wherein the countess's chamber was, that it frightened every person in the place, so that they did almost lose their senses; but that she herself had run to the passage on which the lady's bedchamber did open, and saw some planking removed, and many feet below the body of the countess lying quite still, and by the appearance of her face perceived her to be gone. And when the steward came to look also (this the woman said, lowering her voice, with her hollow eyes fixed on Lady Surrey's countenance, which did express fear and sorrow), "I'll warrant you, my lady, he did wear a murtherer's visage, and I noticed that the corpse bled at his approach. But methinketh if that Earl which rides by the Queen's side, and treads the world under his feet, had then been nigh, the mangled form should have raised itself, and the cold dead lips cried out, 'Thou art the man!' Marry, when poor folks do steal a horse, or a sheep, or shoot the fallow-deer in a nobleman's park, they straightway do suffer and lose their life; but if a lord which is a courtier shall one day choose to put his wife out of his way for the bettering of his fortunes, even though it be by a foul murther, no more ado is made than if he had shot a pigeon in his woods."

Then changing her theme, she asked Lady Surrey to dress a wound in her leg, for that she did hear from some in that place that she often did use such kindness towards poor people. Without such assistance, she said, to walk the next day would be very painful. My lady straightway began to loosen the bandages which covered the sore, and inquired how long a time it should be since it had been dressed.

"Four days ago," the beggar answered, "Lady l'Estrange had done her so much good as to salve the wound with a rare ointment which had greatly assuaged the pain, until much walking had inflamed it anew."

We both did smile; and my lady said she feared to show herself less skilful than her old pupil; but if the beggar should be credited, she did acquit herself indifferently well of her charitable task; and the bounty she bestowed upon her afterwards, I doubt not, did increase her patient's esteem of her ability. But I did often wish that evening my lady had not heard this woman's tale, for I perceived her to harp upon it with a very notable persistency; and when I urged no credit should attach itself to her report, and it was most like to be untrue, she affirmed that some similar surmises had been spoken of at the time of Lady Leicester's death; and that Lord Sussex and Lord Arundel had once mentioned, in her hearing, that the gipsy was infamed for his wife's death, albeit never openly accused thereof. She had not taken much heed of their discourse at the time, she said; but now it came

back into her mind with a singular distinctness, and it was passing strange she should have heard from an eye-witness the details of this tragedy. She should, she thought, write to her husband what the woman had related and then she changed her mind; and said she would not.

All my pleadings to her that she should think no more thereon were vain. She endeavoured to speak of other subjects, but still this one was uppermost in her thoughts. Once, in the midst of an argument touching the uses of pageants, which she maintained to be folly and idle waste, but which I defended, for that they sometimes served to exercise the wit and memory of such as contrive them, carrying on the dispute in a lively fashion, hoping thus to divert her mind, she broke forth in these exclamations: "Oh, what baneful influences do exist in courts, when men, themselves honourable, abhor not to company with such as be accused of foul crimes never disproved, and if they will only stretch forth their blood-stained hands to help them to rise, disdain not to clasp them!"

Then later, when I had persuaded her to play on the guitar, which she did excellently well, she stopped before the air was ended to ask if I did know if Lady Leicester was a fair woman, and if her husband was at any time enamoured of her. And when I was unable to resolve these questions, she must needs begin to argue if it should be worse never to be loved, or else to lose a husband's affection; and then asked me, if Basil should alter in his liking of me, which she did not hold to be possible, except that men be so wayward and inconstant that the best do sometimes change, if I should still be glad he had once loved me.

"If he did so much alter," I answered, "as no longer to care for me, methinks I should at once cast him out of my heart; for then it would not have been Basil, but a fancied being coined by mine own imaginings I should have doated on."

"Tut, tut!" she cried; "thou art too proud. If thou dost speak truly, I misdoubt that to be love which could so easily discard its object."

"For my part," I replied, somewhat nettled, "I think the highest sort of passion should be above suspecting change in him which doth inspire it, or resenting a change which should procure it freedom from an unworthy thrall."

"I ween," she answered, "we do somewhat misconceive each one the other's meaning; and moreover no parallel can exist between a wife's affection and a maiden's liking." Then she said she hoped the poor woman would stay another day, so that she might speak with her again; for she would fain learn from her what was Lady Leicester's

behaviour during her sorrowful years, and the temper of her mind before her so sudden death.

"Indeed, dear lady," I urged, "what likelihood should there be that a serving-wench in her kitchen should be acquainted with a noble lady's thoughts?"

"I pray God," my lady said, "our meanest servants do not read in our countenance, yea in the manner of our common and indifferent actions, the motions of our souls when we be in such trouble as should only be known to God and one true friend."

Lady Surrey sent in the morning for to inquire if the beggar was gone. To my no small content she had departed before break of day. Some days afterwards a messenger from London brought to my lady, from Arundel House, a letter from my Lady Lumley, wherein she urged her to repair instantly to London, for that the earl, her grandfather, was very grievously sick, and desired for to see her. My lady resolved to go that very day, and straightway gave orders touching the manner of her journey, and desired her coach to be made ready. She proposed that the while she was absent I should pay a visit to Lady l'Estrange, which I had promised for to do before I left Norfolkshire; and "then," quoth my lady, "if my good Lord Arundel doth improve in his health, so that nothing shall detain me at London, I will return to my banishment, wherein my best comfort shall ever be thy company, good Constance. But if peradventure my lord should will me to stay with him" (oh, how her eyes did brighten! and the fluttering of her heart could be perceived in her quick speech and the heaving of her bosom, as she said these words), "I will then send one of my gentlewomen to fetch thee from Lynn Court to London; and if that should happen, why methinks our meeting may prove more merry than our parting."

She then despatched a messenger on horseback to Sir Hammond l'Estrange's house, which did return in some hours with a very obliging answer; for his lady did write that she almost hoped my Lady Surrey would be detained in London, if so be it would not discontent her, and so she should herself have the pleasure of my company for a longer time, which was what she greatly desired.

For some miles, when she started, I rode with my lady in her coach, and then mounted on a horse she had provided for my commodity, and, accompanied by two persons of her household, went to Sir Hammond l'Estrange's seat. It stood in a bleak country without scarce so much as one tree in its neighbourhood, but a store of purple heath, then in flower, surrounding it on all sides. As we approached unto it, I for the first time beheld the sea. The heath had minded me of Cannock Chase and my childhood. I ween not what the sea

caused me to think of; only I know that the waves which I heard break on the shore had, to my thinking, a wonderful music, so exceeding sweet and pleasant to mine ears, that one only sound of it were able to bring, so it did seem to me, all the hearts of this world asleep. Yet although I listed thereunto with a quiet joy, and mine eyes rested on those vasty depths with so much contentment, as if perceiving therein some image of the eternity which doth await us, the words which rose in my mind, and which methinks my lips also framed, were these of Holy Writ: "Great as the sea is thy destruction." If it be not that some good angel whispered them in mine ear for to temper, by a sort of forecasting of what was soon to follow, present gladness, I know not what should have caused so great a dissimilarity between my then thinking and the words I did unwittingly utter.

Lady l'Estrange met me on the steps of her house, which was small, but such as became a gentleman of good fortune, and lacking none of the commodities habitual to such country habitations. The garden at the back of it was a true labyrinth of sweets; and an orchard on one side of it, and a wood of fir-trees beyond the wall shielded the shrubs which grew therein from the wild sea-blasts. Milicent was delighted for to show me every part of this her home. The bettering of her fortunes had not wrought any change in the gentle humility of this young lady. The attractive sweetness of her manner was the same, albeit mistress of a house of her own. She set no greater store on herself than she had done at the Charterhouse, and paid her husband as much respect and timid obedience as she had ever done her mistress. Verily, in his presence I soon perceived she scarce held her soul to be her own; but studied his looks with so much diligence, and framed each word she uttered to his liking with so much ingenuity, that I marvelled at the wit she showed therein, which was not very apparent in other ways. He was a tall man, of haughty carriage and well-proportioned features. His eyes were large and gray; his nose of a hawkish shape; his lips very thin. I never in any face did notice the signs of so set a purpose or such unyielding lineaments as in this gentleman. Milicent told me he was pious, liberal, an active magistrate, and an exceeding obliging and indulgent husband; but methought her testimony on this score carried no great weight with it, for that her meekness would read the most ordinary kindnesses as rare instances of goodness. She seemed very contented with her lot; and I heard from Lady Surrey's waiting-maid (which she had sent with me from Kenninghall) that all the servants in her house esteemed her to be a most virtuous and patient lady; and so charitable, that all who knew her experienced her

bounty. On the next day she showed me her garden, her dairy, poultry-yard, and store-room; and also the closet where she kept the salves and ointments for the dressing of wounds, which she said she was every morning employed in for several hours. I said, if she would permit me, I would try to learn this art under her direction, for that nothing could be thought of more useful for such as lived in the country, where such assistance was often needed. Then she asked me if I was like to live in the country, which, from my words she hoped should be the case; and I told her, if it pleased God, in one year I would be married to Mr. Rockwood, of Euston Hall; which she was greatly rejoiced to learn.

Then, as we walked under the trees, talk ensued between us touching former days at the Charterhouse; and when the sun was setting amidst gold and purple clouds, and the wind blew freshly from the sea, whilst the barking of Sir Hammond's dogs and the report of his gun, as he discharged it behind the house, minded me more than ever of old country scenes in past time, my thoughts drew also future pictures of what mine own home should be, and the joy with which I should meet Basil, when he returned from the field-sports in which he did so much delight. And a year seemed a long time to wait for so much happiness as I foresaw should be ours when we were once married. "If Lady l'Estrange is so contented," I thought, "whose husband is somewhat churlish and stern, if his countenance and the reports of his neighbours are to be credited, how much enjoyment in her home shall be the portion of my dear Basil's wife! than which a more sweet-tempered gentleman cannot be seen, nor one endued with more admirable qualities of all sorts, not to speak of youth and beauty, which are perishable advantages, but not without attractiveness."

Mrs. l'Estrange, an unmarried sister of Sir Hammond, lived in the house, and some neighbours which had been shooting with him came to supper. The table was set with an abundance of good cheer; and Milicent sat at the head of it, and used a sweet cordiality towards all her guests, so that every one should seem welcome to her hospitality; but I detected looks of apprehension in her face, coupled with hasty glances towards her husband, if any one did bring forward subjects of discourse which Sir Hammond had not first broached, or did appear in any way to differ with him in what he himself advanced. Once, when Lord Burleigh was mentioned, one of the gentlemen said somewhat in disparagement of this nobleman, as if he should have been to blame in some of his dealings with the Parliament, which brought a dark cloud on Sir Hammond's brow. Upon which Milicent, the colour coming into her cheeks, and her

voice trembling a little, as she seemed to cast about her for some subject which should turn the current of this talk, began to tell what a store of patients she had seen that day, and to describe them, as if seeking to stop the mouths of the disputants. "One," quoth she, "hath been three times to me this week to have his hands dressed, and I be verily in doubt what his station should be. He hath a notable appearance of good breeding, albeit but poorly apparelled, and his behaviour and discourse should show him to be a gentleman. The wounds of his hands were so grievously galled for want of proper dressing, when he first came, I feared they should mortify, and the curing of them to exceed my poor skill. The skin was rubbed off the whole palms, as if scraped off by handling of ropes. A more courageous patient could not be met with. Methought the dressing should have been very painful, but he never so much as once did wince under it. He is somewhat reserved in giving an account of the manner in which he came by those wounds, and answered jestingly when I inquired thereof. But to-morrow I will hear more on it, for I charged him to come for one more dressing of his poor hands."

"Where doth this fellow lodge?" Sir Hammond asked across the table, in a quick eager manner.

"At Master Rugeley's house, I have heard," quoth his wife.

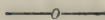
Then his fist fell on the table so that it shook.

"A lewd recusant, by God!" he cried. "I'll be sworn this is the popish priest escaped out of Wisbeach, for whom I have this day received orders to make diligent search. Ah, ah! my lady hath trapped the Jesuit fox."

I looked at Milicent, and she at me. O my God, what looks those were!

Cardinal Consalvi.

(*Concluded.*)



CARDINAL CASONI succeeded Consalvi in the ministry. M. Alquier had replaced Cardinal Fesch. Formerly a Conventional, and one of those who had voted for regicide, this man's revolutionary views had become modified by experience. He saw the real state of things at Rome; conceived a great esteem for Consalvi; and believing that Cardinal Fesch had prejudiced the emperor, used every argument with Consalvi to persuade his stay in the ministry, until time should undeceive Napoleon.

The sentiment of regret was universal in Rome when the news of Consalvi's retreat got noised abroad. All the foreign ambassadors, including Alquier, hastened to offer their condolences, and, with the exception of Alquier, all even testified officially the feelings of their respective sovereigns. For several days the Cardinal's house was filled with visitors thronging continuously to manifest their sympathy. These were flattering demonstrations for any public man; but Consalvi had a testimony more gratifying still in the voice of conscience, inly avouching that he had never knowingly wronged a fellow-creature. Thus honourably closed the first period of his political life.

A glimpse of Cardinal Consalvi is seen again in public on occasion of Napoleon's marriage with the Austrian archduchess. His conduct with regard to that event drew down his detention at Rheims, and the first act of his recovered liberty was to assist Pius VII. in drawing up a solemn retraction of the second Concordat wrested from the captive Pontiff at Fontainebleau.

Eight years had passed since Consalvi retired from office to appease Napoleon's wrath. That once mighty Emperor of the West was cruelly expiating his ambition on the barren rock of St. Helena. The aged Pontiff, wronged by him, had been restored to the Eternal City amid the joyful acclamations of his people. Cardinal Consalvi again resumed the helm of state.

His second ministry opened brilliantly. Sent to congratulate Louis XVIII. on his accession to the throne of his ancestors, he proceeded thence to London, for the purpose of complimenting the Prince-Regent, and was received at St. James's Palace in full cardinal costume. The successor of Henry VIII. promised to support

the papal envoy in all things at the approaching Congress of Vienna; Lord Castlereagh had particular instructions to that effect; for, said the Prince-Regent, his Eminence's demands are sure to be just.

The Congress of Vienna began in October 1814, and lasted till June of the following year. It did not fulfil the expectations raised by the Holy Alliance, the principles of which it was intended to consecrate. The Holy Alliance had been formed with a view to reconstitute the public rights of nations and their political life on the basis of Christianity, without regard to differences of creed. The idea in itself was erroneous, though wearing a specious appearance of beauty likely to deceive noble minds. Christianity and Catholicism are one and the same thing, though modern statesmen be apt to separate them. Christian communions outside the pale of the Church undoubtedly contain portions of Catholic truth; indeed, without such, they could have no vitality; but each and all are necessarily opposed to the one fundamental principle of Catholicism, namely, a Church asserting its divine authority. Consequently there can be no real unity of action where a common *true* basis has not been established. In reality the Holy Alliance started from a schismatic principle. No wonder, then, that it could only achieve partial good. The principle laid down was agreed to by all the powers represented; but each state varied in the practical mode of application. Consalvi speaks thus wistfully of the Congress, in a note dated December 1814 and January 1815:

“ I passed many hours yesterday with the Prince de Hardenberg, Count de Nesselrode, and Lord Castlereagh; and left them quite saddened by our long conversation, wherein all the questions of the day were enumerated and discussed. The intentions of both sovereigns and ambassadors are evidently, with few exceptions, very laudable, and perhaps the least praiseworthy might find excuse or explanation in causes not easily to be appreciated. Prince de Hardenberg and Lord Castlereagh, who though so dissimilar in their modes of acting and thinking, are yet both of them endowed with great political sagacity, agree in belief that nothing of what is being regulated here will prove durable. They admitted as much in our familiar conversation, and I gathered avowals from their lips full of sinister forebodings with regard to this instability, which they deeply lament. Hopes are entertained of overcoming revolution by compression, or by forcing it to silence; and meanwhile a revolutionary spirit is breaking out even in the Congress itself, through all the crevices that interested or indulgent hands seem to take pleasure in opening for it. To make nations change masters, laws, manners, and customs every half century has never been a wise policy. Laws are

a restraint to which men become accustomed by degrees. The yoke of happy obedience should be transmitted from generation to generation, as a remembrance of paternal protection rather than of servitude. The French revolution (and thus will its ideas and tendencies ever act on the multitude) has for its principal objects to represent kings as tyrants, and to make all ancient things appear repulsive. Her mission is to destroy with the hatchet, and to innovate with cannon. A new form of despotism is being inaugurated under the name of liberty; a form most disastrous for nations as well as sovereigns, fraught with numberless calamities, and hiding within itself depths of ignorance and pride, at thought of which despair seizes hold of me. We are here, by dint of men and money, feebly propping up an old edifice that crumbles before our eyes, instead of rebuilding solidly, which would perhaps be less expensive and assuredly more lasting. I expressed this idea to my noble interlocutors, who perfectly apprehended it; but the difficulties of the times, and what is so ingenuously called the aspirations of modern intellect, fatally countermines all return to a more stable order of things, and one better appropriated to the true wants of nations. We are assembled here to regulate their doctrines, and make them live happily under the sceptre of their legitimate sovereigns; but by a strange result of human contradiction we cannot succeed in understanding each other. Prince de Hardenberg shares my apprehensions of the future, and like myself would wish to oppose some barrier to the torrent of evil doctrines and impious wishes likely to break forth anew. But there are some minds in the assembly so superficial or so bold, that they patronise all novelties, as if they were so many marvels."

Consalvi goes on to speak of the calamities likely to ensue from unrestrained liberty of the press, saying that this despotism exercised over public thought by unknown individuals, or else by some unhappily too well known, presented fewer evils in a country so peculiarly constituted as England, but that as lately established in France by royal charter it was fraught with danger to the monarchy and to religion. "Anonymous writers," says he, "will soon regulate the public conscience, and every morning we shall bow beneath the pen or the rod of nameless masters to whom perhaps we gave alms but the night before. Europe is opening the door to revolutions. The struggle between good and evil can never be equal. Talent, genius itself, will be unable to cope with venal pens that scruple not at any means. Journalists once masters of the field will deal their heaviest blows at the See of St. Peter, because that is the foundation-stone of all truth and stability. We are disarming the citadel, and yielding the town to the enemy. One day he will enter in with arms and baggage."

Thus wrote Consalvi fifty years ago. What would he say now? The above are fragmentary extracts; but they offer food to the thoughtful mind. At an early period like that at which Consalvi wrote, repressive measures may stay an evil; later on, the antidote must be opposed on similar grounds. Now it is pen against pen. Far off still indeed are we of the present day from that philosophy, organised and working, which Consalvi would fain have seen inaugurated at the assembly of Vienna.

Yet he there won his greatest diplomatic triumph. With the support of Russia, Prussia, and England, he tasted the deep satisfaction of getting the papal territory restored. We may readily conceive with what sentiments the faithful minister and long-tried friend laid once more at the feet of his well-beloved sovereign the three legations of Ravenna, Bologna, and Ferrara, the Marches of Ancona and Fermo, together with the two duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo. Consalvi likewise had the consolation of seeing religion resume some portion of influence in Europe. They were not what he could have wished, but concordats were concluded with France, Sardinia, Naples, Bavaria, and Prussia.

We must next consider Cardinal Consalvi as an administrator, and see how far his internal policy corresponded with his able management of foreign affairs. For the Secretary of State in Rome is charged with the conduct both of external affairs and likewise with the home department. When Consalvi came into office every thing had to be reorganised. The first step taken was to continue for three months the provisional government instituted by Naples after doing away with the republic, and which had been framed on the model of the old pontifical system. Its working was confided to the best men that could be found in the city.

A similar form of provisional administration was likewise confirmed in the provinces, which were divided into six delegations, having at the head of each a prelate, with the title of Apostolic Delegate. All other authorities in the towns and country parts were under the jurisdiction of these functionaries.

These temporary measures followed directly on the Pope's arrival in Rome. At the same time a congregation, or committee, was formed, composed of several cardinals, prelates, and laymen, distinguished by their good sense and conduct as well as by their practical knowledge, for the purpose of drawing up a plan that should set forth the best mode of future government. The old pontifical system was to serve as a basis; but that was to be adapted to modern circumstances, and pruned of the abuses naturally engendered by time.

Formerly the Popes exercised their temporal power through the

agency of a large body of prelates, to whom were confided the administration of justice, of finance, in short, all civil and criminal matters, together with the government of the chief provincial towns. But the greater number of prelates were now absent from Rome. Many had emigrated during the revolution; and the uncertainty prevailing up to the last moment as to the restoration of the temporal power had not allowed them yet to return. Others, considering the revolution likely to be of long duration, had taken off their ecclesiastical dress, and given up their career, to return home to their families. Some had been expelled from the prelacy.

The revolution, by violently upsetting all things, had done incalculable mischief, not easily to be repaired; above all, it had enthroned a spirit of dissatisfaction and of destruction, coupled with loss of reverence for the Papacy. In reconstituting government it was highly desirable to draw good out of evil; that is, to seize the opportunity for changing where modification was required. However wise had been the old institutions of pontifical government, several had undoubtedly degenerated from their primitive spirit. Some had been altered or corrupted by time, others no longer suited modern ideas and customs. But the revolutionary tendencies still existing in Rome rendered it a work of extreme difficulty to reform in such a manner as should meet the wants of the day, while combining a due regard for the stability of the Holy See and for the real good of the people. Pius VII. and his minister saw and appreciated the delicate nature of the task before them. They entered upon it resolved to effect what might be possible, but prepared for obstacles that should hedge them in on every side.

The committee was to finish its labours by the middle of October, and on the 1st of November, if Pius VII. approved, the new system of government would be inaugurated.

The plan produced did not exactly answer expectation. Several changes and modifications were indeed pointed out; but it was far from regulating every thing, and certainly omitted some of great importance. "Still, it must be owned," says Consalvi, with great candour, "that if reforms be every where difficult, they are doubly so in Rome; or, to speak more truly, under the pontifical system. In Rome there naturally and rightly exists great reverence for all that is ancient or traditional; and this feeling, which undoubtedly has its good side, easily degenerates, like all other human things, into an abuse. The sentiment is exaggerated until people fail to remark how much things have in reality gone away from the intention that originated them; how abuses have crept in; or how time has modified circumstances, rendering necessary other changes. Another

great difficulty in the way of reforms at Rome is the high standing of those who will lose some attribution or privilege by any change. If they themselves have not sufficient liberality to perceive its efficacy, their resistance cannot easily be overcome; even the Pope himself is obliged to treat them with due regard."

The Pope and Cardinal Consalvi both wished for reforms. It would seem that the sovereign and his minister united could best have instituted what was necessary, without calling in the aid of any congregation. But it is the custom at Rome to act through the councils of a body, and public opinion would have strongly opposed any innovation introduced by the heads of government alone. Those influential men who suffered by the changes would have discredited them in the eyes of the multitude. Every thing was so new that opposition might easily have been stirred up; prudence was more than ever requisite. The Pope himself was a novelty in Rome; Cardinal Consalvi's sudden elevation had disappointed some; and for the situation he was still young. Perhaps it may also be said that the Pope was too gentle, and Consalvi too recent, to carry things with the high hand that circumstances required. Prudence undoubtedly is always necessary; but ecclesiastics are apt to carry it too far. Obstacles must sometimes be broken, under pain of seeing worse evils arise. Consalvi, writing on this phase of his administration in the leisure for thought allowed by his detention at Rheims, gives way to reflections worthy of attentive perusal.

"Providence," says he, "has permitted a second fall of the pontifical government eleven years after its restoration. Should a second reëstablishment take place, it would be desirable for the new government to profit better by misfortune than we could. While maintaining the constitutions and fundamental basis of the Holy See, it would be requisite to surmount all obstacles to necessary reforms. This is not the wish of one who loves novelty, but springs from deep love for the pontifical government."

Cardinal Consalvi himself presided at the second restoration, and again failed to obtain what he saw manifestly to be desirable. Something similar has been observed in later days. Evil men prevent the good, at the absence of which they are the first to rail. Consalvi had to suffer not only from the home difficulties mentioned above, but also during both his administrations from the officious counsels of foreign ambassadors, always seeming to look on the Holy See as a perpetual minor, proffering advice impossible of acceptance, and writing home disastrous accounts of inveterate abuses.

To return to the plan elaborated by the committee; we find the improvements suggested to consist in,—a greater number of laymen

admitted to office, the military congregation confirmed, the deputations of the *Annone*, of a commissariat, and of theatres created. Consalvi was deeply grieved to obtain so little, but set to work with his scanty material, determined to make the most of it. On the 1st of November 1800, the provisional government was put an end to, and the new system inaugurated under the chief administration of prelates as heretofore. Care, however, had been taken to introduce new members into the body, and to make numerous promotions. Notwithstanding these precautions, the new functionaries could not be reconciled to the few changes brought about, and their continued hostility caused cruel embarrassment. Vigorous measures, says Consalvi, would easily have put a stop to their opposition; but the mild character of Pius VII. was opposed to such. This avowal gives the key to many apparent shortcomings in the Cardinal's administration.

The system of admitting laymen to office had prevailed under former governments: thus we find secular masters of roads, secular deputies of pawn-lending establishments, and other departments where their practical knowledge could be made of use. But now they were besides placed at the head of some departments, though the central administration was still maintained in the hands of prelates. Unfortunately the extension was not sufficiently large. The direction of theatres, of the military congregation, of the *Annone* and grain departments, were the principal offices given to laymen. If, on one side, the prelates showed indignation at these appointments, on the other, the nobles were grateful for the trust reposed in them, and exercised their functions not only gratuitously, but with great zeal and vigilance.

To attach them still more to the pontifical government, a body-guard for the Pope was formed of nobles drawn from the provinces as well as from Rome. This institution was an excellent substitute for the ancient body-guard composed of men taken from the lowest ranks of the people, which seemed unbecoming the Pontiff's dignity, and compromising also for his personal safety. The nobles wished to serve gratuitously; but it appeared advisable to attach a slight salary to the duty performed. Another advantage afforded by this creation was the opportunity given for watching over the moral conduct of young guardsmen, thus rescuing the noblest families from pernicious influences.

The military congregation instituted by Pius VI., with a general at its head and Consalvi as prelate-comptroller (*prelato-assessore*), had rendered immense services; and was now solemnly confirmed by Pius VII.

Two great measures mark Cardinal Consalvi's administration at

this early period: free-trade introduced, and the coin renewed. Free-trade was practically ignored in the Papal States; Pius VI. had wished to introduce it, but dared not risk such an experiment. The immense good to be eventually derived caused Pius VII. and his minister to run all hazards. True principles of social economy required such a change, and circumstances even rendered it necessary. Still no small amount of moral courage was requisite for execution. The new government had not had time to win the affections of the people, whom successive revolutions had accustomed to mistrust their rulers; moreover the Cisalpine republic lately reëstablished, and the French armies again triumphant, excited anew evil hopes among malcontents. An augmentation at first in the price of food was inevitable on such a change of system; and this result was equally sure to produce great irritation. But circumstances were imperative, showing a choice of evils; either to let the present state of things continue, and thus arrive at certain ruination, or to risk a bold remedy.

Under preceding reigns the public treasury had been able to meet great expenses for the purpose of selling food to the multitude at a low price. Thus it was customary for the prefecture of the *Annone* to buy corn at 12, 15, or 18 piastres the measure, and then to sell it to the Romans at the rate of eight crowns or even less. A loaf of seven or eight ounces cost one halfpenny. A like system prevailed with regard to meat, oil, and other articles of subsistence. But the situation of the exchequer no longer allowed its continuance. The treasury had been emptied to pay the contributions laid on by the French, through the loss of the richest provinces belonging to the Papacy, and finally by the successive increase of the public debt. It was impossible for the state to go on buying food at a high price and selling it at a low one.

Free-trade would allow every dealer to sell at real value, and oblige purchasers to buy at true cost; the old laws against monopoly being still kept up. Things would right themselves in a short time, and prices descend to their proper level. The number of cultivators would increase with the freedom given for exchange; and then the state would not only derive an advantage of economy, but likewise the introduction of foreign articles of consumption. If the price of food did augment, as it must, it was simply fair that all classes should feel the augmentation, and not alone the public treasury and the agriculturists, about the poorest body of men in the state.

Free-trade was accordingly inaugurated. The results apprehended did ensue at first, and two successive bad harvests increased popular discontent. Fish became very dear, and tumults in the city

were feared for a while; but the authorities by dint of care prevented any outbreak, and in a few years things began to mend. The salutary nature of the measure showed itself. Rome, that had lived in perpetual apprehension of wanting food before the year was out, and which, when free-trade began, had not forty days' subsistence in her stores, soon wanted for nothing. Without the interference of authority, and even during the worst seasons, she was henceforth abundantly supplied. The people saw what had been gained, and were perfectly satisfied.

A revision of the monetary system produced less opposition than free-trade, and was equally required. An enormous amount of paper-money had formerly existed. If the treasure grew low, a few lines from the Government sufficed, and notes were sometimes fabricated in one day or night to the nominal value of two or three thousand crowns. It is easy to see that such a large emission of paper-money, without regard to the existence of a corresponding amount in gold and silver, could only lead to disastrous consequences. This abuse had been swept away with the revolution; but nothing had yet been done to remedy the adulteration of the coin. Gold and silver had virtually ceased to exist. Cardinal Consalvi courageously undertook the arduous enterprise of reform; and by his wise measures, this difficult operation of withdrawing the bad coin and substituting pure metal was effected in a few months without any shock to the public, or even private inconvenience. It would be difficult to overrate the salutary results of such an amelioration.

Free-trade and new coinage restored life to the state. All the different branches of administration began to prosper. The discharge of the public debt claimed Consalvi's early attention. Two-fifths were paid, and promises given for the gradual settlement of all. A better system for the administration of communes and municipalities was also introduced, and a plan laid down for extinguishing their liabilities. A committee was likewise instituted to study measures of public economy, and favour useful inventions for the several branches of industry.

Unfortunately, Government could not long attend, as it wished, to interior matters of state; grave events without called for serious consideration. It is grievous to reflect what fair prospects opening on Rome were marred by Napoleon's selfish ambition.

Cardinal Consalvi's large views enabled him ever to adopt the spirit of the times. When he first became minister, he found that the Neapolitans had introduced the custom of admitting English and other consuls to Civita Vecchia; and immediately recognising the advantage for commerce, he not only continued to allow foreign

consuls at Civita Vecchia, but extended the permission to other ports. Up to that period, two papal consuls had transacted business for all nations not Catholic—an arrangement subject to many inconveniences and even injustices. Consalvi was the first to admit plenipotentiaries from uncatholic countries into Rome itself; and the first ambassador thus received was M. de Humboldt, between whom and the Cardinal a warm friendship came to subsist.

These concessions must not be misconstrued into any departure from Catholic principle, or a recognition that Rome had hitherto been wrong. They implied nothing more than a politic yielding to the spirit of the times, which had unhappily become more generally uncatholic. The laws were made when nearly all Europe was Catholic, when heresy and schism were exceptional cases. Generations had passed over since then, and the descendants of guilty nations, still seated in the shade of error, were more to be pitied than condemned. The policy of Rome on such occasions resembles that of Heaven itself; for thus does God deal with sinners; striking more vigorously first offenders; and while still condemning and even punishing their descendants, yet opening wide to them the gates of reconciliation and mercy.

Cardinal Consalvi had an arduous task to perform during the six months of Pius VII.'s absence for Napoleon's coronation. The whole government was then confided to him with unlimited powers; and, as if further to tax his energies, three great catastrophes took place in this interval. The first was the appearance of the plague at Leghorn, which obliged him to adopt sanitary measures equally vexatious and expensive. At the same time a great financial crisis was going on, caused by Napoleon's exactions. The presents necessary to be carried to the imperial court completely emptied the Roman exchequer. Then the Tiber suddenly overflowed Rome—half of the city lay under water. Such an event had not occurred for centuries. Consternation reigned among the inhabitants, who, after taking refuge in the upper stories of their houses, saw themselves exposed to want of food, as well as to the destroying element. Officials hung back, doubtful what course to pursue. Suddenly Consalvi, in his cardinal's dress, was seen in a little boat filled with provisions, carrying succour to the most distressed quarters of the town. His example reanimated sinking spirits, and the public officers also now did their duty. In a few days the waters subsided: no popular rising, as had been feared, was added to the general calamities. Pius VII. was able to say on his return that his best hopes had been fulfilled by the cardinal's administration.

After the second papal restoration in 1814, much of the old work had to be done over again. Cardinal Consalvi found enough to

engage his attention in repairing the evils caused by long foreign occupation. At the end of six years' new administration he was able to testify to a surplus revenue; but this appears to have been the sole great administrative satisfaction vouchsafed to his second period of office. Obstacles were greater now than before. Consalvi had adversaries who disliked him; some from jealousy, others because they could not enter into his views; the Pope had grown aged, and less than ever capable of appreciating the necessity for vigorous measures. Worse than all, secret societies, fomented from without, were plotting through the length and breadth of the land.

Unable to effect all the reforms he wished, Consalvi gave a large share of attention to the embellishment of Rome. Much was necessary to repair the detriment caused by the peace of Tolentino, when such precious monuments of ancient art had fallen into the hands of foreign powers. He caused all exportation of manuscripts, old statues, or pictures to be prohibited under severe penalties, remaining unmoved at the complaints uttered abroad. At the same time, not to cause any prejudice to the possessors of such articles, the state undertook to buy them by prudent degrees. A spacious gallery at the Vatican, which precedes Pope Clement's Museum, was set apart for their reception, and became, under Canova's superintendence, a splendid collection of art. Consalvi also caused excavations to be made, both within the city and outside. The most remarkable among ancient monuments, such as the arches of Septimus Severus and of Constantine, were disencumbered of the rubbish surrounding them, and restored to their original beauty. The Coliseum, whose issues had been closed up for centuries, was now opened to approach, and one side that threatened ruin supported by an adjoinment worthy of the principal edifice. New staircases and platforms were discovered during the process.

Consalvi caused the new Flaminian way to be opened to greet the Pope on his return from France. By his care also the promenade of Monte Pincio was finished, and the statues buried round the Temple of Jupiter Stator were brought to light.

To restore the Pantheon to its pristine magnificence had been one of his favourite projects, often discussed with Canova, who warmly desired its execution; but circumstances would not allow them to commence such a gigantic undertaking. Smaller and very useful innovations are due to the Cardinal. He first caused the streets to be named and houses numbered; he also directed the town to be lighted at night; and had several cemeteries constructed outside the city walls.

In his private life Consalvi inspired equal love and esteem. Few

men have had a greater number of friends, and few can be more affectionate. The tenderest language is used to express his grief for the death of those he loved, whether friends or relatives. His mother is always mentioned with the fondest respect; though something would seem to be wanting in her, since she could prefer living with her father and brother on becoming a widow, rather than fulfil what appears the prior duty of taking charge of her young sons. These were four in number; but one only lived to grow up to man's estate with Consalvi. The two brothers resided together, and were united by the closest bonds. But Andrew died in the prime of life; and Consalvi relates this bereavement in touching words:

"Soon after the loss of my revered friend the Cardinal Duke of York, the most cruel stroke of all fell upon me. At the moment of commencing this sad recital tears flow abundantly. Yes, he died after all the others, my dear and only brother Andrew,—he who loved me more than himself, who had lavished on me such numberless and undoubted proofs of affection; he, the mirror of all virtues; he, so religious, humble, modest, disinterested, beneficent, courteous, and amiable; he, so full of talents, learning, and with a mind of such rare cultivation; he, my sole support, consolation, and happiness; he, whom I can never praise enough for his merits. Ah yes! he died after a painful illness of seventy-three days, during which he shone the model of all Christian virtues. He bore his sufferings with courage. In the midst of pain and anguish he was detached from earth and myself, who was yet so dear to him. He was full of resignation to the will of God, whom he ardently loved, as well as the Blessed Virgin.

"I was beside him when he expired, nor will I abandon him after my own death. May our bodies repose together in death, as our souls were united in life! He begged this at the last moment with his trembling voice and pallid lips, and I promised it. For the rest of my miserable life the dear memory of Andrew shall ever remain deeply held in mind and heart."

Consalvi was devotedly attached to the two Popes under whom he served. When Pius VI. was kept a prisoner at La Chartreuse, he neglected no means to gain access to him, simply to express his sentiments, as his wish of remaining with him had been decidedly negatived. Unable even to obtain permission for a visit, Consalvi set out secretly from Florence, and arrived alone at La Chartreuse, three miles distant.

"I cannot express the feelings that agitated my heart on reaching the foot of the hill, at thought of seeing again my benefactor and sovereign, who had been so good to me, and who was now re-

duced from so much splendour into such a miserable state. Each step that brought me nearer to the Holy Father filled my soul with increasing emotion. The poverty and solitude of those walls; the spectacle of two or three individuals, his sole attendants, drew tears from my eyes. At last I was introduced into his presence. O God, what sensations rushed then to my heart, nearly breaking it!

"Pius VI. was seated before his table. This position concealed his weak side; he had almost lost the use of his limbs, and could only walk upheld by a strong arm on either side.

"The beauty and majesty of his countenance were not changed since I saw him at Rome. He inspired at once the deepest veneration and most devoted love. I threw myself at his feet, bathing them with my tears; I told him all it had cost me to see him again; how much I wished to remain with him, to wait upon him, and share his destiny; what I would try again to succeed in this desire.

"I cannot relate here his gracious welcome; the manner in which he accepted my attachment for his sacred person; what he said of Rome, Naples, Vienna, France, and the conduct of those whom he had naturally considered his most attached and faithful servants. He granted me an hour's audience; it filled me with consolation, sadness, and veneration, augmenting, if possible, my respectful love."

Consalvi renewed his endeavours to be allowed to share the Pope's captivity; but the sole result was an order from the French government for him to quit Florence without delay. He was obliged to obey; but, ere doing so, he hazarded one more furtive visit to Pius VI. The Pontiff received him with the same affectionate kindness; and Consalvi thus relates their last parting:

"I implored his blessing. He placed his hands upon my head, and, like the most venerable of ancient patriarchs, raising his eyes to heaven, prayed the Lord; then he blessed me with an attitude so resigned, so august, so holy, and so tender, that up to the last day of my life I shall keep its remembrance graven on my heart in never to be obliterated characters."

The acts of Consalvi's whole life speak his affection for Pius VII. It is beautiful to see the great statesman not only devotedly serving his sovereign, but so full of filial love and reverence. When relating the causes that led to his retirement from office, and the circumstances accompanying it, he writes:

"It would be difficult to say for which of us two the sacrifice was most cruel: if hard for the Pope, it was much more bitter for me, who lost what was dearest to me on earth. I could no longer admire closely so many and such sublime virtues; I could no longer serve my great benefactor, and especially assist him in those perilous

times; I could no longer show my gratitude in the only possible way, namely, by my attentive and zealous care. But I take Heaven to witness that in making so painful a sacrifice, I could not have had a purer intention. This intention, which consoled me a little amid my soul's sadness, was to risk all I possibly could for the service and success of the holy cause committed to me."

Such were the sentiments with which Consalvi gave up office. A little farther on he adds:

"I will not speak of the numberless marks of kindness and tenderness showered on me by the Holy Father at the moment of separating from him. After an interval of five years my heart still beats with lively emotion at the remembrance. It cost me little to lose the first post in Rome. I had never solicited nor even wished for it, nor was the office of a nature to please me, through my sovereign dislike of functions entailing any responsibility. The secretaryship of state necessarily resumed them all. But what really caused me mortal anguish was to leave the Pope. Far from feeling any embarrassment at confessing my grief, I glory in it. I frankly declare that if ever an act of my life was meritorious, this one was it; for I sacrificed to the welfare of the Holy See and to public order what I held dearest in the world. The Pope ever continued to give me proofs of the greatest kindness. It is needless to speak of them here. For my part, I have constantly looked on my life as belonging to him, and devoted to his service."

Consalvi's correspondence is of the most varied interest. He exchanges letters with sovereigns, statesmen, artists, and private friends. Those from Pius VII. show the tender affection of that Pontiff for his minister. On approaching Rome, after Napoleon's coronation, he writes:

"But our pleasure on returning amidst the Romans is still further enhanced by the thought of seeing you again, the most useful, and we may say the person most necessary to us; for we know well the virtue, activity, and talent with which you are endowed."

In 1817 the Pope, in a letter from Gandolfo, implores him to allow himself a little repose, in these kindly words:

"We earnestly desire you should take some rest, so as to carry on well afterwards the different negotiations with which you are engaged.

"The sleeplessness you experience, and the incessant labour to which you give yourself up, almost without our knowledge and quite against our will, is a constant grief to our heart. We wish greatly to preserve you for the government of the state; and the best way of doing this is not to consume your life in work beyond human strength. You cannot, you ought not, to do all."

Louis XVIII. writes to thank Consalvi for the negotiations concluded with France. The Duc d'Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, sends him flower-seeds from Neuilly.

The King of Prussia, thanking for a partition sent, recalls the exquisite music heard in Consalvi's saloons. The Prince-Regent of England addresses him in the most affectionate terms, and causes a scarlet robe of peculiarly rich dye to be placed privately in his room. Consalvi put it on without remarking the change; but when his attention was drawn to it, he gave the cloth to a poor chapel, deeming it too handsome for himself.

Lords Castlereagh and Ellenborough, and the Duchess of Devonshire, are among the English nobles who enjoyed intimate correspondence with Consalvi. There are some very interesting letters from Metternich and Humboldt. The former gives excellent political advice, especially where he writes:

"Be strong at home, Eminence. Trample on plotters; and you will have fewer plots."

Or again, with regard to secret societies, and the means used by fanatics for seducing Catholics:

"Attack the Carbonari with all weapons at once. Error in religion leads to every other kind of error. One power alone rules the moral world; and wherever that power is attacked, revolutions are at hand."

Niebuhr, whose dislike of every thing Catholic and Roman had been converted into sincere love and admiration by Consalvi, was called by Pius VII. "one of our Cardinal's miracles." We find him writing letters full of antiquarian solicitude, commending to Consalvi's care such and such artistic changes in Rome, and deeply regretting that his wife's health obliges him to quit such an esteemed friend. There are charming letters from Canova, relating how he fulfilled the mission intrusted to him of restoring to Rome and the Vatican the treasures of Italian art carried off by foreign conquest. Sir Thomas Lawrence also writes in grateful terms.

In his will, dated 1st August 1822, Consalvi does not forget the long promise given, nor his own desire to be buried with his well-beloved brother Andrew.

Indeed, his whole soul reveals itself in this document. With his usual humility he leaves 3000 crowns to be distributed in alms for the expiation of his sins. Large sums are devoted to Masses for the repose of his own soul and of those dear to him, though some had many years preceded him to the tomb; such as his mother, and his loved friend Dominic Cimarosa the composer, who had been dead more than twenty years. All his servants were provided for during their lives, and not a friend appears to have been omitted. Some

trifling legacy at least is bequeathed to each, or the sum becomes considerable when necessity requires. Twenty thousand crowns are devoted to a fitting monument for Pius VII.; then, after pious bequests to many religious houses, the bulk of his fortune (for he had no surviving relative) is left to the Congregation of the Propaganda for the Faith.

Consalvi possessed several villas near Rome; and though the weight of business seldom allowed him to visit them, he loved to dispense hospitality there in princely guise. They were constantly filled with his friends and their families, whether statesmen, literati, or artists. The dwellings were handsomely fitted up, and the grounds laid out with taste. Consalvi had one passion—for flowers; and he allowed himself to go to some expense on this head; trees and sparkling fountains likewise diversified the scene.

Every kind of distinction found easy access to him: he was wont to gather round him men of eminence from every clime. Music, poetry, and painting alike had charms for his ear and eye: he was a good judge of excellence in each, and proficient was sure of a ready welcome. Cimarosa he used to call the Raphael of harmony. The same kind courtesy was extended to all; for with Consalvi it sprang from true piety of heart quite as much as from outward grace of manner. His prompt counsel was ever ready at demand, and he listened no less carefully: he had delicate attentions for every one. It was genuine charity shown in small things no less than great ones. Indeed nothing like its universality proves true charity filling a soul. The pen lingers over Consalvi in private life; he was so lovable. Such, in some measure, we might imagine our Lord, had He condescended to move amid the great ones of earth; for a good Christian has ever some slight resemblance with the great Prototype of humanity. Consalvi, so winning with men, could afford to be equally kind to women. Several are spoken of in his memoirs with affectionate sympathy; and his correspondence shows him entering into minute details of family life with friendly interest.

The accomplished and affable prime minister attracted to Rome from every court in Europe; it became an intellectual and artistic centre, whither celebrities flocked, as also mere fashionable men and women.

Many instances of disinterestedness occur through Consalvi's life. He invariably refused all presents that could with decency be declined, and more than once even pained those who wished to show him tokens of esteem. Thus it was with the Cardinal Duke of York, when he refused the legacy willed him by this latter; and the King of Spain, from whom he declined an important benefice. His single-

mindfulness was displayed in a more important matter when he so frequently entreated Pius VII. to yield to Napoleon's animosity, and allow him to retire from the ministry.

One beautiful trait of humility will show how he had cultivated that virtue. When a republic had been proclaimed in Rome, and Pius VI. carried off, Consalvi was sentenced at one time to be led through the city on an ass, while men on either side should strike him with leathern thongs. His friends were in consternation; he rejoiced. The French general was too humane to sanction this decree, which had been passed by the consuls of Rome.

Consalvi was reserved to cruel suffering in the latter months of his life; thus did God finally detach him from earth. He had the grief of seeing the Pope whom he loved so well, die before him; and the affliction of hearing the Romans, for whose welfare he had done so much, publicly exult over the change of ministry. Consalvi had lasted too long for the fickle multitude. Their joyous vociferations reached his apartment, and their ingratitude thus shamelessly made manifest stung the veteran statesman to the heart.

Lone, sad, and worn out with excess of mental labour, tears would often burst forth spontaneously as he sat in his sick chair; but those drops of sorrow fell not over the loss of power and office, as has been surmised,—Consalvi was too noble for that. His retirement in 1806, his exile at Rheims, are proofs that suffice to dispel all unworthy conjectures. They were wrung from the sensitive heart that could not learn with time to feel less strongly, nor better hide its emotion in feeble age.

Cardinal della Genga, one of the few men between whom and Consalvi a coolness existed, became Pope under the name of Leo XII.; and the late prime minister was called upon, as oldest cardinal-deacon, to serve at the first pontifical Mass of the new reign. That circumstance might be considered a renewal of all his griefs in one—a culmination of the whole; but the kiss of peace that passed between the priest and his deacon at the altar was one of reconciliation also, and lookers-on were impressed with reverence at sight of its reality. Consalvi declined respectfully the proffered favours of Leo XII.; time, he said, was drawing to a close for him.

And he expired on the 24th of January 1826, at the age of sixty-seven, eighteen months after the loss of his beloved Pius VII. Then Rome felt what she had lost, and mourned too late the pang she had so wantonly inflicted. Sorrow was universal; his virtues, his services were on the lips of all. His memory still lives in the Eternal City, where the apartments he occupied at the Vatican yet bear Consalvi's name.

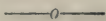
Valentine to a Little Girl.

—o—
 LITTLE maiden, dost thou pine
 For a faithful Valentine?
 Art thou scanning timidly
 Every face that meets thy eye?
 Art thou fancying what may be
 Fairer face than thou dost see?
 Little maiden, scholar mine,
 Wouldst thou gain a Valentine?

Go and ask, my little child,—
 Ask the Mother undefiled;
 Ask, for she will draw thee near,
 And will whisper in thine ear:
 "Valentine! the name is good;
 For it comes of lineage high,
 And a famous family;
 And it tells of gentle blood,
 Noble blood,—and nobler still,
 For its owner freely poured
 Every drop there was to spill,
 In the quarrel of his Lord.
 Valentine! I know the name:
 Many martyrs bear the same;
 And they stand in glittering ring
 Round their warrior God and King,—
 Who before and for them bled,—
 With their robes of ruby red,
 And their swords of cherub flame."

Yes, there is a plenty there;
 Knights without reproach or fear,—
 Such St. Denys, such St. George,
 Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
 And a hundred thousand more.
 Guerdon gained and warfare o'er,
 By that sea without a surge,
 And beneath the eternal sky,
 And the beatific sun,
 In Jerusalem above,
 Valentine is every one:
 Choose from out that company
 Whom to serve, and whom to love.

The Stolen Sketch.



I.

I WAS sitting in the National Gallery, copying one of Murillo's glorious little beggar-boys. A tube of colour fell from my box and rolled out upon the floor. A gentleman passing picked it up, and restored it to me. I thanked him; and then he lingered some minutes by my chair, watching my work and giving me some useful hints with the air of a person who thoroughly understands the art. I was striving to be an artist, struggling through difficult uphill labour. I was not acquainted with any one of the profession. I had no one to give me counsel. Those few friendly words of advice from a stranger fell on my ear like so many pearls, and I gathered them gratefully and stored them fast in memory's richest jewel-casket.

After that he seemed to take an interest in my progress, gave me valuable lessons, and occasionally lent me colours or brushes. I wondered at myself for conversing with him fearlessly, for I was usually shy of strangers; but his manner was so quiet and easy, his tone so deferential, and he spoke so well on the subjects which interested me most, that I forgot to be nervous, and listened and answered with delight. He was copying a picture quite near to me, and I felt humbled when returning to my own effort after glancing at his masterly work. But he cheered me with kind words of encouragement, which had a different effect upon me from my mother's fond admiration and Hessie's eloquent praises. It was so new to be told to expect success by one whose words might be hailed as a prophecy. I grew to look forward with increased interest to my long day's work in the gallery, and to think the place lonely when the kind artist was not there. Before my picture was finished I felt that I had gained a friend.

One afternoon on leaving the gallery I was dismayed to find that it rained heavily. Quite unprepared for the wet, I yet shrank from the expense of a cab. While standing irresolute upon the steps, I presently saw my artist friend at my side. He shot open his umbrella, and remarked on the unpleasant change in the weather. Perhaps he saw my distress in my face, for he asked me how far I had to go. He also was going to Kensington, he said, and begged permission to shelter me. I was obliged to accept his offer, for it was getting late.

It was one of those evenings so dreaded by women who are forced to walk alone in London, when the light fades quickly out, and darkness drops suddenly upon the city.

Tying my thick veil over my face, and wondering at myself, I took his arm and walked by his side through the twilight streets. I thought of a time long ago when I used to get upon tiptoe to clasp my father's arm, he laughing at my childish pride, while we sauntered up and down the old garden at home, far away. Never, since that dear arm had been draped in the shroud, had my hand rested on a man's sleeve. Memory kept vexing me sorely; and I, who seldom cried, swallowed tears behind my veil and went along in silence. Still I liked the walk. As we passed on, sliding easily through those rough crowds which at other times I dreaded so much, I felt keenly how good it is to be taken care of. I seemed to be moving along in a dream. Even when it began to thunder, and lightning flashed across our eyes, the storm could not rouse me from my reverie. I felt no fear, stoutly protected as I was.

II.

When we reached my home, a violent gust of rain made my friend step inside the open doorway. I asked him to come into the parlour till the shower should lighten; and he did so. My mother sat by the fender in her arm-chair, the fire burned blithely, the tea-things were on the table. The room looked very cosy after the stormy streets.

My mother received the unexpected visitor cordially. She had heard of his kindness to me before. Hessie came in with the bread and butter, in her brown housefrock, with her bright curls a little tossed, and her blue eyes wondering wide at sight of a stranger. My mother asked him to stay for tea, and I went upstairs to take off my bonnet.

Never before had I felt so anxious to have my hair neat, and to find an immaculate collar and cuffs. My hands trembled as I tied my apron and drew on my slippers. This was always to me a pleasant hour, when my return made Hessie and my mother glad, when I got refreshingly purified from the stains and odour of paint, and when we all had tea together. To-night a certain excitement mingled with my usual quiet thankful satisfaction.

I hurried down to the parlour. Hessie was filling the cups, and Edward Vance (our new friend) was talking pleasantly to my mother. He looked up as I came in, and when I reached my seat a sensation of gladness was tingling from my heart's core to my finger-ends. My mother took my hand and fondled it in hers, and thanked him for

his kindness to her "good child." I felt that he could not but sympathise with my dear sick uncomplaining mother, and I somehow felt it sweet that she should give me that little word of praise while speaking to him. After tea Hessie played us dreamy melodies from Mozart in the firelight, and I sat by mother's side tracing pictures in the burning coals.

After that first evening Edward Vance often came to our house. At these times our conversation was chiefly upon art-subjects. Hessie and my mother were deeply interested in them for my sake; I, for their own, and for the hopes which were entwined about them.

I thought him an ambitious man, one whose whole soul was bent upon success. I liked him for it. I thought, "The noblest man is he who concentrates all his powers upon one worthy aim, and wins a laurel-crown from his fellow-men as the reward of his steadfastness." Yet he seemed often troubled when we asked him about his own works.

A remark I overheard one day in the gallery puzzled me. Some one said, "Vance? Oh, yes! he's a clever copyist—a determined plodder; but he originates nothing." I don't know that I had any right to be indignant; but I was. That very evening I asked him to show us some of his designs. His face got a dark troubled look upon it, and he evaded the promise.

Meantime he took a keen interest in my work. He taught me how to finish my etchings more delicately, and his remarks on my compositions were always most useful. His suggestions were peculiarly happy. The drawing was ever enhanced in strength or beauty by his advice. His ideas were just and true; his taste daintily critical. This convinced me that the remark overheard in the gallery was made either in ignorance or ill-nature; or perhaps that there were more artists called Vance than one.

He came often now, very often. I ceased to feel angry at myself for starting when his knock came. Many small things, too trivial to be mentioned, filled my life with a delicious calm, and breathed a rose-coloured atmosphere around me. Every thing in my inner and outer world had undergone a change. I grew subject to idle fits at my work; but then the suspended energy came back with such a rush of power, almost like inspiration, that I accomplished far more than I ever had done in the former quiet days when there was little sunshine to be had, and I thought I had been born to live contentedly under a cloud all my life. Art seemed glorified a thousandfold in my eyes. The galleries had looked to me before like dim treasuries of phantom beauty, shadowy regions of romance and perfection, through the gates of which I might peer, though the key was not

mine. Now they teemed with a ripe meaning; the meaning which many glorious souls that once breathed and wrought on this earth have woven into their creations. A meaning which unlocked for me the world of love, and gave me long bright visions of its beautiful vistas.

My mother looked from Edward Vance to me, and from me to him; and I knew her thought. It sweetened yet more that food of happiness on which I lived. Something said to me, "You may meet his eye fearlessly, place your hand frankly in his clasp, follow his feet gladly."

One evening after he had gone my mother stroked my head lying on her knee.

"You are very happy, Grace?" she said.

"I am, mother," I whispered.

"Ah! your life is set to music, my love," she murmured; "the old tune."

III.

Never was one sister so proud of another as I of Hessie. She was only seventeen, three years younger than I, and I felt almost a motherly love for her. She was slight and fair, and childish both in face and disposition. I gloried in her beauty; her head reminded me of Raffaele's angels. I thought that one day I should paint a picture with Hessie for my model—a picture which should win the love and admiration of all who gazed. One leisure time, in the midst of my happiness, I suddenly resolved to commence the work. I chose a scene from our favourite poem of *Enid*,—the part where the mother goes to her daughter's chamber, bearing Geraint's message, and finds

"Half disarrayed, as to her rest, the girl
Whom first she kissed on either cheek, and then
On either shining shoulder laid a hand
And kept her off, and gazed into her face,
And told her all their converse in the hall,
Proving her heart. But never light and shade
Coursed one another more on open ground,
Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale
Across the face of Enid, hearing her;
While slowly falling, as a scale that falls
When weight is added only grain by grain,
Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast.
Nor did she lift an eye, nor speak a word,
Rapt in the fear, and in the wonder of it."

I made a sketch. Never had I been so happy in any attempt. My own mother, worn, sad, dignified,—I gave her face and form to

the poet's conception of Enid's mother. And Hessie made a very lovely Enid, with the white drapery clinging to her round shoulders, and her golden head drooped. I wrought out all the accessories with scrupulous care—the shadowy old tower-chamber; the open window, and the dim drifts of cloud beyond; the stirring tapestry; the lamp upon the table, flinging its yellow light on the rich faded dress of the mother and on Enid's glistening hair.

I toiled at the sketch almost as if I had meant to make it a finished picture. It was large. I lavished labour upon it with a passionate energy. I never wearied of conjuring up ideas of beauty, to lay them in luxurious profusion under my brush. I gloried in the work of my hands; and yet I felt impatient when others praised it. I burned to show them what the finished picture should prove to be. This sketch, much as I prized it as an earnest of future success, I held only as the shadow of that which must one day live in perfection on the canvas. So I raved in my dreams.

I had resolved not to speak of it to Edward Vance till I had completed the sketch. I had Hessie's promise not to show it, not to tell him. I worked at it daily, not feeling that I worked, but only that I lived—only that my soul was accomplishing its appointed task of creation; that it breathed in its element, revelled in its God-given power; that it was uttering that which should stir many other souls with a myriad blessed inspirations, long after the worn body had refused to shelter it longer, and eternity had summoned it from the world of endeavour to that rest which, in the fever of its earnestness, it knew not yet how to appreciate.

And Hessie stood for me, patient darling! day after day.

“But never light and shade
Coursed one another more on open ground,
Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale
Across the face of Enid, hearing her.”

I read aloud the passage again and again, that Hessie might feel it as well as I. And truly, as I worked, the colour on Hessie's check changed and changed under my eyes, till I forgot my purpose in wondering at her. One day, while I laid down my brush questioning her, she burst into tears, and sobbed in childish impetuous distress. She would not answer my anxious questions; she shunned my sympathy.

But that night, before I slept, I had my little sister's secret. She worshipped Edward Vance as simple childish natures worship heroes whom they exalt to the rank of gods.

IV.

I had no more joy, no more heart to work. I laid my sketch in my portfolio, and said that it was finished, and that I should not commence the picture at present. I could not work, looking at Hessie's changed face.

What should I do? How should I restore happiness to my little sister? This was the question which haunted me. Night or day it would give me no peace. I could not rest at home. I undertook a work once more at the National Gallery, and stayed away all day. Often I sat for hours, and did nothing, thinking with painful pertinacity of that one question, "How should I restore happiness to my little sister?" Edward Vance had never asked me to be his wife. Perhaps Hessie did not guess that I had believed and hoped that he would. My mother—but then a mother's eye will see where others are blind.

I sat in my deserted corner of the gallery, dropping tears into my lap, and pondering my question. If my mother were dead, if I were married, how lonely would not Hessie be in her misery! But if Hessie were a happy wife, why, I could support myself and live in peace and independence, blessed with congenial occupation, solaced by the love and joy of my art. "Edward Vance must never ask me to be his wife." I repeated the words again and again, till the resolve burnt itself into my heart.

"I believe that he has loved me, that he loves me now; but I can so wrap myself up in my work, so seem to forget him in my art, that I shall cease to be lovable; and then he must, he will, perceive Hessie's affection, and take her to his heart. He cannot help it, beautiful and fresh and simple as she is." So I looked at her face as she lay dreaming, sullen and grieved like a vexed child, even in sleep; and I vowed to carry out my strange resolve—to crush my love for Edward, to destroy his for me, to link the two dear ones together, and go on my life alone, with no comforter but God and my toil. It was but a short time since I had contemplated such a prospect with calm content; and why could I not forget all that had lately been, and return to my serene quiet? I said it should be so.

But in this I assumed a power over my own destiny and the destinies of others, which none but God had a right to sway, and He had entered it against me in the great book of good and evil. He had planted in my heart a natural affection, and laid at my feet a treasure of happiness. I had stretched forth my hand to uproot that beautiful flower which should have borne me joy. I had turned aside from the rich gift, and thought to sweep it from my path. I

had vowed to do evil, that good might come of it; and a mighty hand was already extended to punish my presumption.

V.

In pursuance of my resolve, I absented myself from home as much as possible, leaving Hessie to entertain Edward Vance when he came. I did not intend to quarrel with him—I could not have done that; but I wanted him to see more of Hessie and less of me. I had so much faith in her superior beauty and loveliness, that, in the morbid frame of mind into which I had fretted myself, I believed my object would soon be accomplished.

I had succeeded in obtaining some tuitions; and between the time which they occupied and the hours spent in the galleries, I was very little at home. My mother looked at me uneasily; but I smiled and deceived her with pleasant words. On coming home late, I sometimes heard that Mr. Vance had been there; my mother always told me,—Hessie never. I longed to lay my head on my mother's knee and say, "Did he ask for me?" but the voice never would come.

Sometimes he came, as of old, to spend the whole evening. I would not notice how he bore my altered ways. I sat all the time apart by the window, seemingly absorbed, puzzling out some difficult design, or working up some careful etching. I did not ask his advice; I did not claim his sympathy with my occupation. I sat wrapped up within myself, grave and ungenial, while he lingered by Hessie at the piano, and asked her to play her soft airs again. And all the time I sat staring from my paper into the little patch of garden under the window, twining my sorrow about the old solitary tree, building my unhealthy purpose into the dull wall of discoloured brick, which shut us and our troubles from our neighbours. I sat listening to the plaintive tunes with which so many associations were inwoven, hearing Hessie's musical prattle—she was always gay while he stayed—and Edward's rich voice and pleasant laugh, contrasting with them as a deep wave breaks in among the echoes of a rippling creek. I sat and listened in silence, while all my life rebelled in every vein and pulse at the false part I acted.

But it was too late now to retract. Though every day proved to me that the task I had undertaken was too difficult, the step had been made and could not be retraced. I had lifted my burden, and I must bear it even to the end. I had no doubt from Hessie's shy happy face that at least my object must be attained, whatever it might cost myself.

I had never shown Edward Vance the dear sketch for which I

had once so keenly coveted his approval. So absorbed had I lately been in other thoughts, that it lay-by forgotten. One evening my mother desired Hessie to bring it out and show it to him. I seldom looked at him, but for a moment I now glanced at his face. His eyelids flickered, and a strange expression passed over his countenance. It was admiration, surprise, and something else—I knew not what; something strange and unpleasant. The admiration, I jealously believed, was for Hessie's face in its downcast beauty. He gazed at it long, but put it aside with a few cold words of commendation. I felt, with an intolerable pang, that even so he had put me aside, and thought no more about me. But at different times afterwards I saw him glance to where the sketch lay.

That night my mother kept me with her after Hessie had gone to bed. She questioned me anxiously; asked me if I had quarrelled with Edward Vance. I said, "No, mother. Why should we quarrel?"

By and by she said, "Grace, can it be that he has not asked you to be his wife?"

I answered quickly, "Oh, no; it is Hessie whom he loves."

My mother looked puzzled and grieved, though I smiled in her face.

VI.

One evening I came home and found Hessie dull and out of humour. My mother told me that Mr. Vance had called and mentioned that he was about to leave town for some weeks. He had left his regards for me. I knew by Hessie's face that he had said nothing to make her happy during his absence.

Some evenings after, I found my mother sitting alone in the parlour, and on going upstairs, Hessie curled up on our bed with her face in the pillows. I so loved this little sister, that I could not endure to see her grieve without sharing her vexation. So I sat down by her side, and drew her head upon my shoulder. Sitting thus, I coaxed her trouble from her. She had been out walking, and had met Edward Vance in Kensington. He had seen her. He had pretended not to see her. He had avoided her.

At first this seemed so very unlikely, I jested with her, laughed at her, said she must have been mistaken. He had been delayed in London, and had not recognised her. But Hessie declared vehemently that he had purposely avoided her, and cried as though her heart would break.

Then I said: "Hessie, if he be a person to behave so, we need neither of us trouble ourselves about him. We lived before we

knew him, and I daresay we shall get on very well now that he has gone." But Hessie only stared and turned her face from me. She could not understand such a view of the case. She thought I did not feel for her.

After that the weeks passed drearily. We heard no news of Edward Vance; but he had not left London, for I saw him once in the street. I told Hessie, for I thought it right to rouse her a little rudely from the despondent state into which she had fallen. I tried, gently but decidedly, to make her understand that we had looked on as a steadfast friend one who for some reason had been tired of us, and made an excuse to drop our acquaintance; and that she would be doing serious injury to her self-respect, did she give him one more thought.

For myself I mused much upon his strange conduct. It remained an enigma to me. A dull listlessness hung upon me, which was more terrible than physical pain. I spent the days at home, because I could not leave Hessie to mope her life away and damp my mother's spirits with her sad face. So I had not even the obligation of going out to daily work to stimulate me to healthful action.

Now, indeed, was my life weary and burdensome for one dark space, which, thank God and His gift of strong energy, was not of vast compass. So long as we sacrifice ourselves for those we love, whether in reality or in imagination, something sublime in the idea of our purpose—whether that purpose be mistaken or not—is yet a rock to lean on in the weakest hour of anguish. But when our eyes are opened, and we see that we have only dragged others as well as ourselves deeper into misery, then indeed it is hard to "suffer and be strong."

VII.

I had done nothing of late,—nothing, although I had toiled incessantly; for I did not dignify with the name of "work" the soulless mechanical drudgery which had kept me from home during the past months. My spirit had grovelled in a state of prostration, stripped of its wings and its wand of power. I now knelt and cried: "Give, oh, give me back my creative impulse!"

I had never since looked at the beloved sketch. I longed now to draw it forth, and commence the picture while I stayed at home. But Hessie shuddered when I spoke of it, and looked so terrified, pleading that she could not stand for me, that I gave up the idea for the time. I thought she had distressing memories connected with it, and I tried to rid her of them by speaking cheerfully of how successful I expected the picture to be, and what pleasure we should

have in working at it. I regretted bitterly that I had not commenced it long before, just after I had made the sketch. I should then, perhaps, have had it finished in time for the Exhibition drawing near. But that was impossible now. I must wait in patience for another year. I did not at that time even look between the leaves of the portfolio. Though I thought it right to talk briskly and cheerily about it for both our sakes, I had sickening associations with that work of my short brilliant day of happiness, which Hessie, with all her childish grieving, could hardly have comprehended.

I allowed some time to pass, and at last I thought Hessie's whim had been indulged long enough. She must learn how to meet a shock and outlive it. I did not like the idea of having ghosts in the house—skeletons of unhealthy sentiment hidden away in unapproachable chambers. The shadow should be hunted from its corner into the light. The sketch must grow into a picture, which a new aspect of things must despoil of all stinging associations.

I went to seek the sketch; but the sketch was gone. I sought it in every part of the house; but to no purpose. It had quite disappeared. I mentioned the strange circumstance to my mother in Hessie's presence, and Hessie suddenly left the room. Then it struck me for the first time that my sister had either destroyed it (which I could hardly believe), or that some accident had happened to it in her hands. I observed that she never alluded to it, never inquired if I had found it. I did not question her about it. Indeed, I felt too much vexed to speak of it. I grieved more for its loss than I had believed it remained in me to grieve at any fresh trial. I loved it as we do love the creation on which we have lavished the most precious riches of our mind, on which we have spent our toil, in which we have conquered difficulty, striven and achieved, struggled and triumphed. I should have loved it all my life, hanging in my own chamber, if no one might ever see it but myself; and borne my sorrows with a better spirit, and tasted keener joys, while thanking God that I had been permitted to call it into existence. I gloried too much in the work of my own hands, and I was punished.

Never since have I tasted that vivid sense of delight in any achievement of my own. I have worked as zealously, and more successfully, but it has been with a humbler heart. And looking backward, I now believe that it was my inner happiness which haloed my creation with a beauty that was half in my own glad eyes.

VIII.

The succeeding few months were quiet, in the dullest sense of

the word. Strive as I would, the sunshine had gone from our home. Hessie was no longer the bright Hessie of old days.

I tried to forget my dear sketch of "Enid," and made several attempts to paint some other picture; but the Exhibition drew near, and I had nothing done.

One bright May morning I read in the newspaper an account of the Academy Exhibition. The list of artists and their works stirred me with a strange trouble. Tears rose in my eyes and blotted out the words. I spread the paper on the table before me, pressed my temples with my fingers, and travelled slowly through the criticisms and praises which occupied some columns. Why was there no work of mine mentioned there? Why had I lost my time so miserably during the past months? And questioning myself thus, I was conscious of two sins upon my own head. The first was in glorying in and worshipping the creation of my own labour; the second in exalting myself upon an imaginary pinnacle of heroism by a fancied self-sacrifice, and having brought deeper trouble upon the sister whose happiness I thought to compass. I wept the choking tears out of my throat and read on.

Something dazzled my eyes for a moment, and brought the blood to my forehead. A picture was mentioned with enthusiastic praise; a picture by E. Vance. It was called "Enid," and was interpreted by a quotation from the poem; my passage,—the subject of my lost sketch! A strange idea glanced across my mind. I half smiled at it and put it away. But all day I was restless; and that evening I proposed to Hessie an expedition early next morning to see the pictures. My mother longed to go with us; but as she could not, I promised to bring home a catalogue, and describe each painting to the best of my memory.

With a feverish haste I sought out the picture of "Enid" by E. Vance. Was I dreaming? I passed my hand across my eyes as though some imaginary scene had come between me and the canvas. I did not feel Hessie's hand dropping from my arm. I stood transfixed, grasping the catalogue, and staring at the picture before me.

It was my "Enid." My own in form, attitude, tint, and expression. It was the "Enid" of my dreams realised; the "Enid" of my labour wrought to completion; the "Enid" of my lost sketch ennobled, perfected, glorified.

My work on which I had lavished my love and toil was there, and it was not mine.

Another, a more skilled, a subtler hand, had brought out its meaning with delicate appreciation, ripened its original purpose, enriched the subdued depths of its colouring, etherealised the whole by

the purest finish. But that hand had robbed me, with cruel cowardly deliberation. It had stolen my mellow fruit; taken my sweetest rose and planted it in a strange garden. I felt the wrong heavy and sore upon me. I resented it fiercely. I could not endure to look at the admiring faces around me. I turned away sick and trembling, while the blood pulsed indignantly in my throat and beat painfully at my temples.

Why should he who had already so troubled my life enjoy success and gold which should have been mine? "O mother, mother!" I inwardly cried, "how much would the price of this picture have done for you!" And I thought of her yearnings for the scent of sea spray, and the taste of sea breath, which the scanty purse forbade to be satisfied.

I sought Hessie, and found her sitting alone and very pale. I said, "Come home, Hessie;" and she followed me, obeying like a child.

When we reached our house, I was thankful that my mother slept upon the couch, for I needed a time to calm myself, and think and pray. I threw away my bonnet, and sat down by our bedside. Hessie came and crept to my feet.

"Grace," she sobbed, "can you ever forgive me? I gave him the sketch; but I declare on my knees that I did not know why he wanted it."

For a moment I felt very harsh and stern, but my woman's nature conquered. What were all the pictures in the world compared with my little sister's grief? I bent over her, and wiped away the tears from her face.

"Don't say any more about it, Hessie," I said; "I'd rather not hear any more. I know that you meant to do me no wrong. It is with him that the injustice lies. But, Hessie, I will only ask you one question: Can you—do you think you ought to waste a regret on such a person?"

Hessie dried up her tears with more resolution than I had ever seen her show before, and answered:

"No, no, Grace dear; I am cured now."

And then she put her arms about my neck, asking my pardon for all her past wilful conduct; and in one long embrace all the estrangement was swept away, and we two sisters were restored to one another. Hessie went off to get tea ready with a cheerful step, and I to make the room cosy and kiss my mother awake, when the fire glowed and the pleasant meal was on the table. We both sat by her with bright faces, and told her all about the pictures we could remember; all except one.

IX.

* * *

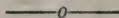
I have outlived all that trouble about the picture of "Enid," and many troubles beside; I have kissed my mother's dear face in her coffin. I have won success, and I have won gold; and neither seem to me quite the boons some hold them to be.

Hessie's early grief passed away like a spring shower. She is now a happy wife; and I have at this moment by my side a little gold-haired fairy thing, her child. My dear sister's happiness is secured; her boat of life is safe at anchor. Edward Vance's shadow only crossed her path and passed away. She never met him since the old days; I but once. His career has strangely disappointed his friends.

For me, my life is calm and contented. I think the healthy-spirited always make for themselves happiness out of whatever materials may be around them; and I find rich unwrought treasure on every side, whithersoever I turn my eyes. My sister's glad smile is a blessing on my life; and one rare joy is the bright-faced little lisper at my side, who peers over my shoulder with spiritual eyes, and asks mysterious questions about my work. And, standing always by my side like an angel, bearing the wand of power and the wings of peace, I have my friend, my beautiful Art. She fills my days with purpose and my nights with sweet rest and dreams. She places in my hands the means of doing good to others. While illumining my upward path, she seems to beckon me higher and yet higher. Looking ever in her dear eyes, I bless God for the abundance of His gifts; and I muse serenely on the time when she, the interpreter of the ideal here on earth, will conduct me to the gates of eternal beauty.



Reformatories and Paraguay.



At first sight there may seem no reason why we should link these two words together. There are certainly no Reformatories, as we understand the word, in Paraguay; and what have the rescued inmates of these institutions to do with descriptions of tropical scenery,

“Where skies for ever smile,
And blacks for ever weep”?

But the reasoning, though critical, is not faultless. Did not Paraguay present us with a most beautiful instance of successful Reformatories in the “Missions” of the Jesuits? Between the actual heathen of South America and the virtual heathen of our own country is there really any very great difference, except in the colour of the skin? It may have been this thought, or it may have been something else, that first drew the attention of the superior of one of our Reformatories* to the countries watered by the stream that flows past that celebrated South-American land, as an outlet—a fresh field and pasture new—for the youth under his care. That the thought has entered his mind and been publicly expressed is, at all events, sufficient justification for the connection of these two auspicious words, Paraguay and Reformatories.

It is well known that what weighs upon the managers and friends of these beneficent institutions is not so much the responsibility of taking charge of the outcasts of society, as the necessity of sending them forth again. To take them in, watch over them, labour with them—all this is in some measure rewarded by manifest amelioration, and by approval of conscience. But when the day comes to let them go forth, not knowing whither, it makes one feel almost as the infidel must feel who stands by the grave of a beloved child. He goes, O whither? We may have hope, but we must also have the sadness of uncertainty. Who knows that this child, on whom so much pains have been spent, for whom so many labours have been borne, who has become so much improved, may not in a little time fall among thieves, and become worse than he was before? The associates and associations of former days may surround him with power, and every memory prove a pitfall.

* Upton, Ireland.

For these reasons, and surely they are sufficient ones, all concerned in the success of Reformatories are anxious that the regenerated children should have a fair and free field for a new start in life, untrammelled by ancient shackles.

"I find the greatest number and the worst of the boys who come to us," said the superior of a Reformatory to the writer one day, "to have had drunkards for their parents." "The parents of many of them," he said again, "have been their first instructors in vice."

What, then, is to be done? Send them back to parents so unnatural, who will pervert the influence of their relationship to urge them again to evil courses? Surely not.

God established the father His vicar, for a time at least, over a small number—his children. If he betray his trust, employ it to lead astray his children from their Divine Father, he deserves punishment and the loss of those he would pervert.

The chief anxiety of the superiors of Reformatories, then, is to put the lads in some promising place, apart from their former companions, if these have been evil. To separate them from those influences and temptations which would return

"to threaten ruin,

Corrupt the purity of knowledge, wrest

Desires of better life to those of this,—

This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keeping."

"O nimis inimica amicitia!" the expression of St. Augustine, is only too appropriate to the early friendships of their youth.

Canada, the United States, and Australia have been the chief external outlets hitherto thought of. They have their defects. Australia is too far. To send the reclaimed to any of the great city-ports of the United States would be to expose them to the imminent danger of a speedy relapse. Canada presents better prospects from this point of view; but then there is another side to the shield. Labour is not always anxiously sought for in that country; the long winter makes the demand for work intermittent: when the want is felt, the knowledge of it soon spreads, and often plenty of labour pours in from the nearest labour-market—the United States, and ebbs away again to more fostering climes when the demand relaxes or ceases.

Now there are reasons enough here why a new field of emigration should be sought for. For emigrate, it seems, they must. We could hope the future may bring another solution of the difficulty. In our own islands there is, for instance, a sufficiency of waste lands,

fertile if cultivated, but lying now sadly sterile and unproductive, which might take upon them another and a gladder appearance, which might grow golden with grain, might blossom like the rose, if men in power could only be persuaded to second heartily the efforts of Reformatories in this matter, and obtain for each institution a portion of these waste lands to be colonised.

It may be urged, "There would be some expense." We ask, "Is the loss of a good citizen and his reproductive toil no expense?" Assuredly it is; a great and a cumulative loss. The cost of criminals is great; numbers could be saved from crime if such colonies as we contemplate were established. That would lessen the cost to the nation.

Then, again, this waste land pays no taxes; it returns nothing to the state. Give the colonists an interest in it; make a piece of ground their own property; they will neither run away nor shrink from a moderate rent.

It may be said that there is a surplus population already. But is there upon these waste lands? Any thing like surplus population in these islands is only local congestion; there is room enough for all. From Ireland emigration has been going on at a heavy rate for some years; there is an increased percentage now of incapables,—the halt, the lame, the blind, idiots, and all who are a burden on the community. Land has lapsed from a state of cultivation into that of "bog and waste unoccupied" every year. According to the Irish Registrar-General's statistics for 1864, there left Ireland during the past statistical year 84,586 persons, being 4,080 over the number who had gone the year before. On the other hand, the quantity of "bog and waste unoccupied" had increased by 58,068 acres—that is to say, that vast amount of once productive ground has been struck with sterility. Now a farm of fifty acres is not at all to be despised; it will bring forth a very respectable return in the way of food for the owners, labourers, and general public: fancy over eleven hundred and sixty of such fruitful farms wiped off from one country in one year!

If this must be so (and there is no good reason for it), why not, at all events, save some portion of these farms from sterility by allocating them to Reformatories? It does not seem to us any so daring a step, nor can we imagine why hesitation to do so should be felt, nor why opposition should be dreaded—except perhaps the opposition of the *vis inertiae*, which is often very hard to overcome.

In the mean time over a thousand acres a-week have lapsed from fertility into barrenness in one year in Ireland; and the community must not only lose the services of those who would have been saved

from crime and instructed in labour at such expense, but must contribute a sum of money to ship-off each of them to a foreign shore, under pain of knowing that much of the labour and cost already expended will have been thrown away.

This does not seem to us a very satisfactory state of things, nor one which wise statesmen should rejoice to contemplate.

"They manage these things differently in France:" there is no doubt of that, certainly, in this case. Proceeding at the present rate, it will not be long before the lapsed land of Ireland, the "bog and waste unoccupied," will include the major part of the soil of Ireland; and there is no rational grounds for supposing that the devastation will stop there. In Ireland, then, there is ample room for the kind of colonisation which we suggest. At the same time we think it would be imperative to have it understood that colonies of reformed Irish children only (whether Irish born, or born in Britain of Irish parents) should be established on Irish soil. Britain has waste land enough for her own; and to think of making Ireland a *dépôt* for the reformed of the three kingdoms would only be to see the practical become impossible. There would arise (rightly or wrongly) a storm of popular indignation similar to that now raging in Victoria, Australia.

The idea we put forward will, we hope, despite its novelty, be looked upon with favour. It is practical, not difficult of realisation, and economical. The money now expended in exporting industry and skilled labour would go far to purchase a home for them, and root them in the soil.

Nor do we think the idea would prove unacceptable to those in whose power it is to make it a reality. A modern Irish poet, quoted with approbation by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has said,

"waste and indebted lands
Being wisely bought into the nation's hands,
You might thereon create a novel class
Of Irishmen to leaven all the mass,—
Small owners, namely. North, south, east, and west
I'd plant them; and they'd surely do their best,
With great and permanent results, if slow."

Now, whatever interests might oppose the poet's projects, none could feel alarmed at ours: it could not be declaimed against as a political change, nor could it be deprived of its character as a laudable work of benevolence. It would appeal to all; and there would, we are convinced, be few hearts hard enough to resist its appeal.

To confine ourselves to the present, we must admit that the choice of the South-American district—Buenos Ayres—to which it is pro-

posed to send our regenerated lads, could not well be happier. It has evidently been made with a thorough knowledge of all circumstances bearing on the question. The country is a fine one, healthy, of great resources, fertile, and sparsely populated. The cities are not very large, and there is plenty of room for rural labours, which need not be of a severe nature, as the keeping of flocks and herds is one of the chief occupations of the settler there.

As you sail west into the broad river, the Rio de la Plata, on the south bank of which the city of Buenos Ayres is situated, you soon perceive that it is but a short though majestic stream. On your right you will discover, flowing down from the north, the Rio Uruguay, which forms the western boundary of the state of that name. Uniting with the Uruguay to form the Plata river comes straight before you the Rio Paraná. Now if you proceed up this river you will find that three degrees farther west it has suddenly swerved in its course, and comes also from the north; indeed, for a long distance it runs almost parallel with the Uruguay. It is, however, a much longer river. About four hundred and fifty geographical miles from their confluence it will be discovered that, in consequence of another, and an almost right angle this time, the Paraná has come within a few miles of the Uruguay. Enclosed within this watery parallelogram are Entre Rios ("Between Rivers"), Corrientes, and Misiones. The ground is classical in the history of Jesuit missions. The Paraná, when it has made this approach, will be found to have come from its source to this point in a direction which lies pretty fairly from north to south. Curiously enough, however, there is another river to the west, which runs almost parallel with it here; and so another peninsular parallelogram is again nearly formed just north of the preceding. This river is the Rio Paraguay, and, falling in with the Paraná precisely at the right angle spoken of in the course of the latter, proceeds on in a straight line, so that its waters keep a southern direction for some thousand miles. On the Paraguay we find situated the towns of Ascencion and Concepcion, names given by the Jesuit missionaries; whilst the tract of country included between the Paraguay and Paraná now bears the name of Paraguay.

So much for the potamography, if we may be allowed the word, of that part of the country.

In 1497 Vasco de Gama sailed to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. Two years later Pedro Alvares de Cabral, being sent out by King Emanuel of Portugal on a similar voyage, was carried out of his way, as happens occasionally to-day to modern navigators, by winds and ocean-currents, and was driven over to Brazil. Thus was it "discovered." Amerigo Vespucci, being duly

commissioned to survey the coast, did so, and conferred his name on the continent.

Human fame is very fragile. Few people hear of Cabral; and fewer still, even of those who sail up the Rio de la Plata, know that this glorious lake-river was discovered in 1515 by Juan Diaz de Solis, great pilot of Castile. Yet there is "Garcia Island" called after his pilot, where he, the aforesaid great pilot, poor Solis, was eaten by the Indians in sight of his companions, after having been duly killed and roasted beforehand by the ferocious cannibals.

Bristol, however, has some claim in the matter of discovering Paraguay. Sebastian Cabot, though his father was a Venetian merchant, was born in that ancient English city, and he, the "Good Gabot," as some writers call him, in the service of Charles V. of Spain, explored the rivers we have named.

The Plate River had been originally named Paraná Guazu, or the great Sea-like River; but Cabot having sent home some silver ornaments (which had been brought from Peru), the Spaniards attributed to its banks mines which they had not, and so called it "Rio de la Plata," "River of Silver."

Expedition after expedition started from Spain to make their fortunes; and in 1535 Don Pedro de Mendoza founded the settlement of "Santa Maria de Buenos Ayres." The Spaniards found the natives higher up the river in Paraguay a more civilised race and better neighbours than those about "Saint Mary of Good Air." With the natives of Paraguay,—the Guarani Indians,—they intermarried, and a splendid race has been the result,—industrious, honourable, and peace-loving.

The Rio Salado,—a river small in comparison with those we have noted,—coming in a north-westerly direction, falls into the Paraná about a hundred miles above its confluence with the Uruguay. For seventy miles south of the Salado extends the plain of Tucuman, the most fertile tract of the Argentine Republic, the "Garden of the Rio de la Plata."

The colony of Tucuman was founded in 1542 and made a Bishopric; the third Bishop, Victoria, desirous of regenerating the land, and finding that his spiritual labourers were too few, wrote to the Jesuit Provincials in Brazil and Peru, asking for missionaries. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus seem to have virtually adopted the same motto as that blazoned on the escutcheon of a Scottish family, "Ready, aye ready." They came at the call; one of them, by the way, was a Scotchman, Thomas Fields; the others were Spanish, Portuguese, and Italians.

This was the origin of the famous "Missions of Paraguay." It

is only just to remark, however, that it was a Franciscan friar, Luis de Bolanos, who founded the first Christian colony among the Guaranis, or Indians of Paraguay.

The Provincial of the Jesuits laid down the following rules and regulations for the accomplishment of the work before them:

In the first place, they were to attend to their own salvation, because "the more care we give to our own perfection, the more apt instruments we shall become for the salvation of the Indians."

They must learn the Indian languages.

They must not go about singly, for the brother who is at hand to assist a brother is as the strongest tower to him.

They should not form a reduction (settlement) with any settlement subordinate to it. It must consist of a single town. (By this regulation the attention of the brethren was not divided, but concentrated to perfect one locality. The spirit which prompted this is manifested in the following also:)

The object of the brethren must not be to make many reductions, but to devote great labour to those which they do undertake.

Surely nothing could be wiser than these thoughtful rules. They lack nothing, and the same sedulous and wise thoughtfulness mark all the other regulations. For instance, careful directions are given touching the founding of towns; the healthfulness of the site, the fertility of the soil, and the peaceable nature of the district must be first considered. The town, too, must be traced out beforehand, a good arrangement of streets made, with room for every Indian to have a little garden along with his cottage. The church is to occupy the centre of the town; beside it will stand the convent and the cacique's houses. Then as to cultivation of the land, the brethren must teach this to the Indians, and assist them in their task. They are to teach the children (keeping the boys and girls apart) to read, write, and sing. They are to show great prudence in the baptism of adults, baptizing none who have not first been well taught the great truths of religion. To prevent drunkenness, two of the company are to go about at times through the streets.

They must never chastise an Indian with their own hands, nor even give "a boy a buffet."

They must live by the cultivation of their own lands. If they want any thing from the Indians, they must pay for it, and take "consummate care" never to be a burthen to them.

If Spaniards come, they must be kindly received, but not encouraged to stop many days, nor allowed to carry off Indians as slaves on any account.

Finally, they are to maintain unity, remembering the words of

Christ, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you."

These directions, and the conduct of those who so faithfully carried them out in their daily lives, were well calculated to produce a happy state of things, and did so, as all know. The reductions were like ideal republics, governing themselves, for the caciques were Indians. No slavery was allowed, no vice tolerated. Each family possessed only what land it was capable of cultivating. A certain tract, *Tupamba*, "God's inheritance," was set apart for the common good. After prayer and singing of hymns in the morning, the Indian youths cultivated these lands, whose produce, stored up in public magazines, fed the orphan, the sick, the hungry, and the helpless. Their proceeds were also subserved to public expenses. Beggary was forbidden, in order that a spirit of independence might be fostered, and any one convicted of begging was condemned to cultivate the reserved lands.

Many were the dangers these settlements had to encounter from slave-hunting avarice. In the middle of the eighteenth century fourteen of them were destroyed by the "Mamelukes," or citizens of São Paulo in Brazil,—a city which was then a receptacle of escaped criminals, black, white, and half-breed.

In 1767 the last great blow fell upon them. Charles III. sent out orders to have the Jesuits expelled; they had offended too many influential persons in their struggle for the freedom of the Indians. What was the result? In *four* years the number of tame cattle in Misiones had fallen from nearly 750,000 to little over 150,000! This is a striking fact, and one which is fruitful in thought. Lands which had been cultivated became deserts; settlements fell into ruin; the population of the various missions had, under the benign sway of the Jesuits, amounted to fully 100,000; seventy years after only 8,000 could be counted, and these soon dwindled away. Misiones, in the first "parallelogram" we described, soon became nothing but a dreary waste; and the words "Grand Chaco desert," on your left as you ascend the Paraná and Paraguay, sufficiently describe the after-condition of a place once traversed by the beautiful feet of those who bore glad tidings.

The germ of the present town of Buenos Ayres, after more than one unsuccessful attempt at a settlement, was at last laid in 1580 under the name of "Santissima Trinidad de Buenos Ayres," "The Most Holy Trinity of Buenos Ayres."

Your first introduction to Buenos Ayres is strange enough. While yet you are at a considerable distance from the shore, your attention will be, most probably, drawn to the fact that the sea is

becoming fresh. You will, perhaps, look upon the person who makes this statement in your presence as one who draws largely upon his imagination in order to play tricks upon strangers. You have already crossed "The Line," and, it may be, have been taken at unawares by that veteran practical joker who seems to haunt the decks of ocean vessels.

"Look out!" he cries; "there, there, d'ye see the line? Here, take the telescope."

You took it, did you not? and looked out, before you became aware of the burst of laughter which was ready prepared to break forth at your expense. You are not going to be duped a second time, you resolutely vow, and are quite sceptical at your friend's assurances that the water is quite fresh at that distance from the shore. Taste it, however. It actually *is* so. Recollect that the current of the Amazon has been observed five hundred miles into the sea. La Plata—at last you are in it. "What a glorious river!" you exclaim; and if you have been a disciple of the *nil admirari* principle all your life at home, you cannot do else than give it up here. Fancy a river in the old countries twenty miles in breadth, and you will have just reason to consider it a great stretch of the imagination. Well, La Plata, where it is twenty miles wide, is absolutely considered "narrow;" so do words vary in their signification. When it opens into the sea between Punta del Este and Cape St. Antonio, it reaches the enormous width of one hundred and twenty miles. It cannot, however, boast of its great depth, being only ten fathoms deep at its mouth, and not more than three fathoms all the way from Monte Video to Buenos Ayres; vessels drawing more than sixteen feet of water cannot proceed past the latter place. The vast breadth and little depth of this great river combine to make it easily influenced by the wind; and here a very singular phenomenon is observed.

The south-west wind blowing over the vast plains or pampas are known as pamperos; their duration varies from a quarter of an hour to two or three days. Well, before these winds begin to blow, the water in the river is seen to rise, and consequently to become considerably deeper. Curiously enough, this is noticed to occur some days before the regular pampero begins. But when that wind does come, there is an altered condition of things. In a few hours, vessels that were riding at anchor in pretty deep water find their keels grating on the sandy shoals; are stranded in fact, and lean over to one side in a picturesque but uncomfortable attitude. Occasionally, on account of this strange fall in the river, men have been able to ride out their horses for several miles and trot over the bed of the stream where ships are wont to anchor. In twelve hours, in the

"outer road" of Buenos Ayres, where the depth is generally four fathoms, the river has been known to rise to six fathoms before a pampero, and fall to two when that victorious wind came. So one can hardly wonder that a body of men, who occasionally indulge in strong language, should term it "El Infierno de los Marineros," or "The Mariners' Hell:" yet it has its redeeming features, good anchoring-ground everywhere, and certain soundings.

Don't be surprised, then, that your vessel cannot always come close up to "Holy Trinity of Good Air." You'll only have to jump into a boat, and even that you may find unable to approach within from fifty to a couple of hundred yards from the shore. What, then, are you to do? Hark to the splashing and cheery cries! In a minute your boat is surrounded by a crowd of carts, driven by gauchos, and drawn, very frequently, by bullocks.

Cast your eye upon that gaucho for a moment. What a splendid-looking fellow, how lithe and active, and especially what a radiant dress! Scarlet is his ample poncho, scarlet his jacket, scarlet his kilt-like leg-coverings, and white are his wide trousers, with their border of fringe.

He has caught your eye, and you muster up your Spanish to inform him that you stand in need of his conveyance for yourself and your luggage. "Señor," you begin—

"Is't a cart ye want, yer honour?" he breaks in, and is at your side in the twinkling of an eye.

No need to speak Spanish to him. And you will find hundreds in the city you are about to enter who reveal the land of their nativity by their "mellifluous brogue;" in the rural parts beyond the streets and houses you will discover them in thousands, sometimes farming, sometimes shepherding, sometimes shopkeeping in villages, sometimes, from the altar of yonder pretty church, amongst the luxuriant foliage, delivering the message of God; and in the cities, sometimes gauchos, sometimes shopkeepers, sometimes editors, and sometimes one of them is prime-minister of the Republic (as in Dr. Sarsfield's case).

The Irish emigrants of Buenos Ayres, as every where else, act so as to increase their number. They remember their kindred at home, and send over money to assist them and to defray their expenses across the ocean. What an influence this has on emigration, we may judge from the wonderful fact stated in the statistics of the Emigration Commissioners, that, in the fifteen years preceeding 1862, the Irish in America sent home to their relatives fully *nineteen millions* sterling.

In Buenos Ayres, as in Monte Video, Rio de Janeiro, &c., there

are also hundreds of English, and these are chiefly merchants. But English merchants out here are, or soon become, pretty well-to-do, and even wealthy; and so it happens that a time comes when they think of retiring from business; and then—ah, then—they feel that the home of their youth is the only home for their age, and thus they revisit the white cliffs of Albion. The English settlement, therefore, is not of such a permanent character as the Irish; not that the latter love their native land less, but that, to the generality of them, labour is a life-long heritage, leaving them no leisure to think of withdrawing into idleness. Besides, a cultivator of the soil or dweller in rural places gets an attachment to the face of nature, which has been improved by his care, which cannot well take place when one's business lies in the transmittal of bales of goods, or the like. Sometimes, however, the English merchant is fascinated by the beauty of the Argentine ladies—and they are beautiful—and hence he creates for himself a happy home.

There are also great numbers of Basques, from the shores of both Spain and France. "Wherever a Spaniard goes," runs the saying, "he builds a church; wherever the Frenchman goes he erects a theatre." But what does the Englishman do? He has been unaccountably left out; and yet we think his characteristic is not less marked. "Wherever an Englishman goes," shall we say, "he forms a club." You will find an English club, then, in Buenos Ayres, and an English hotel with fireplaces; which latter useful ornament is not always regarded as indispensable outside of England, especially in tropical climates. You will also find a newspaper in the English language, edited, however, by Irish gentlemen; and a circulating library of books in the same tongue, and also under the care of persons of the same nativity.

As to the town itself, it is singular and somewhat oriental in its appearance. The houses, for instance, are flat-topped, with terrace-roofs, where the inhabitants resort in the cool of the day. A large number of the houses are not above one storey high—going upstairs being a sort of exercise not much relished in warm countries. The streets are as straight, as parallel, and intersect each other as perpendicularly as could be expected, even in the newest of new American towns. As a natural consequence, here as well as there, you have "blocks" or "cuadros" of houses, isolated by this system of street-formation; in general, they measure some five hundred feet along the side.

A very heterogeneous multitude throng these streets. Here you pass a group of English merchants, discussing as they walk the rate of exchange, their garments more or less modified to suit the cli-

mate. There some Irish, dressed in brilliant guacho-costume, surround a new-comer, and drink in the latest news from the green island. Then a beautiful native lady passes, bare-headed probably, or with the hood of her shawl coquettishly shading her fine visage. Who are those strutting along, with immense state, in alien regimentals? Certainly a strange company meet there together; the full-blooded African negro keeps step side by side with the slender and aquiline-nosed Indian; the Mulatto with the Metis, or Indian half-breed. In the Argentine Republic, it would be quite out of place to quote the distich too hastily thought of, to wit:

“Where skies for ever smile,
And blacks for ever weep.”

Blacks are free in the Republic. As for the Indians, the efforts of the missionaries succeeded not only in preserving them, to a great extent, from slavery, but in putting them on a footing of equality with the white man. The missionaries did a great deal. One must admit that; but then it may be pleaded that, by setting forth the high standard they did, they prejudiced, in the eyes of posterity, the warrior-emigrants who first colonised the land. For, in fact, how often do we hear the Spanish “conquerors” denounced, and Spanish cruelty and greed condemned by men who do not for a moment fancy that their own countrymen in North America showed all the qualities they depreciate without any redeeming feature. The “pilgrim fathers,” as they are called, are not tarnished in the eyes of posterity, or, at least, of this portion of it, although they cleared off the Indian most effectually. However, it was quietly done; that is, there was no protest, contrast, “scandal.” So dangerous is it to elevate a high standard of morals: men who do not do half as much as those who follow it, are still the first to point out the lapses of its disciples. When the Spanish colonies declared their own freedom, they freed their slaves. However, in the Brazilian empire, negro-slavery does still to a considerable extent exist.

“Buenos Ayres” is not a name to be objected to; the air is clear and good—most invigorating, when the cool breeze blows from the pampas. Then is the time to take horse and sally forth. Hedges of aloes and cactuses, orange, peach, and umber-trees, tell you that you are not in your own temperate eastern isles. Carcasses of cattle occasionally remind you, in a disagreeable way, that meat is exceedingly cheap, and beasts consequently not much valued. Indeed, good horses may be bought for a couple of pounds, and mares for a few shillings.

Sometimes, indeed, you will come upon pens or barricades for

driving horses or herds into, for the purpose of catching them, constructed out of the horns, ribs, and skeletons of cattle, on the meadowy pampas. The poor people sometimes use the bones as fuel for heating their ovens, so plentiful are they. But omit sights so unpleasing, and you will have reasons enough for rejoicing. Remark the pleasant-looking houses and cottages, comfortably seated in the midst of their own fruitful gardens, fenced round with willows and aloes. Here and there you pass fruit-trees, poplars, and weeping willows. At last you feel a thrill of renewed vigour inspire your steed; for the trees almost entirely disappear, and the sandy road runs into a boundless plain, clothed in grass of a brilliant green. A gallop across the pampas—what more pleasant?

As you speed swiftly along, you are aware of no feeling of loneliness. Little owls and starlings start up from before your horse's hoofs; wild-ducks fly over your head high in air, and the pampas peewits surround you, generally with shrill screams. You have invaded their dominions; but what right have they to complain when they see the great emu fleeing from you with immense strides? Partridges and sand-pipers, snipes and curlews, strange burrowing creatures like great rabbits, all express amaze and indignation, but in both are quite surpassed by the wrathful chatter of the parrots from their lofty nests in the sparse trees.

Nor is the presence of human dwellings unknown. See that copse of poplars and willows, and peach-trees, on the fruit of which pigs are fed. In the centre stands a cottage of some half-dozen rooms; a garden and grain-farm surround it. Here and there a cluster of such cottages combine to form a village; and some of these villages are almost entirely inhabited by Irish alone.

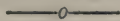
Plains of this kind abound. Look, for instance, at the Gran Chaco, now an almost uninhabited desert. It is nine hundred miles in length, by three hundred in breadth; a salubrious well-watered land, with undulating hills and valleys, with rich pasturage and shady woods. It lies on the left as you ascend the majestic Paraná, yet its accessibility has not given it a settled population, because, perhaps, there are so many other localities enjoying almost equal advantages where settlements have been made, and man is gregarious; besides, the idea of "overcrowding" or of a "surplus population," has never been dreamed of in that great and fruitful country.

We have said enough to show that the regenerated youths of our Reformatories could not have a better prospect in any part of the world than that which would smile before them as they floated on the grand breast of La Plata. In truth, there is no emigrant but might feel elated by it. Those vast navigable rivers must day by

day attract a commerce which the immense and fertile plains will cause rapidly to increase. Land can be purchased there easily and at low rates. The soil produces wheat so largely that it has become an article of export, mandico, rice, Indian corn, tobacco, and cotton. Of fruit-trees we have the orange, fig, olive, peach, vine, apricot, apple, and pear. Horses and oxen are reckoned by the million, and sheep are beginning to become very numerous. There are many wild animals, those which are dangerous being few. Serpents are rare; but locusts, venomous spiders, mosquitos, and the like, are occasionally too numerous to be pleasant. As to the climate, its disagreeable defects are, that in summer it is rather hot, being from ninety to one hundred degrees; and there sometimes happens, though at intervals of many years, a great drought. In the winter season the thermometer often sinks to fifty-four degrees, a temperature which Europeans would not demur to. On the whole, there are many worse climates, and few countries more favoured.

G. S.

Saints of the Desert.



No. V.

1. Abbot Antony said: I saw the nets of the enemy lying spread out over the earth; and I cried out, "Alas, who shall escape these?" And a voice answered, "Humility."

2. It is told of Blessed Arsenius, that on Saturday evening he turned his back on the setting sun, and, stretching out his arms towards heaven, did not cease to pray till the sun rose before his face in the morning.

3. Abbot Agatho was zealous to fulfil every duty.

If he crossed a ferry, he was the first to take an oar.

If he had a visit from his brethren, his hand was first, after prayer, to set out the table.

For he was full of Divine love.

4. The novice of Abbot Sisoï often had to say to him, "Rise, Father; let us eat." He used to make answer, "Are you sure we did not eat just now, my son?"

The novice replied, "Quite sure, my Father." Then the old man said, "Well, if we did not eat, come, let us eat."

5. A President came to see Abbot Simon; and some clerks, who got to him first, said to him, "Now, Father, get ready! Here comes the President for your blessing; he has heard a great deal about you."

"I will get ready," said the Abbot. So he took some bread and cheese, and began munching at the door of his cell.

"So *this* is your solitary!" said the President, and went away again.

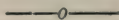
6. Abbot Isidore said: When I was young, and sat in my cell, I kept no reckoning of the Psalms I said; for day and night did I spend in that exercise.

7. Saint Syncretica said: As wax is melted by the fire, so is the soul's virtue by praise.

J. H. N.

Francis Suarez.

BY HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, D.D.



PART II.

SUAREZ left Rome in 1588, and was succeeded as professor by another great theologian of the day, F. Gabriel Vasquez, whose place he was himself to supply in the University of Alcalá. He remained at Alcalá till 1595, when Vasquez returned from Rome. Suarez then passed to Salamanca, where he was received with unusual honours, the officials and scholars of the University meeting him in public procession at the entrance of the city. Salamanca was very dear to him, as the place at which he had received his religious vocation, and the gift of intelligence which first enabled him to study with success. But it was not long to retain him. Philip the Second had recently seized the crown of Portugal, after the death of the Cardinal Henry, the last in the direct line of the royal family. In 1596 a vacancy occurred in the great Portuguese University of Coimbra, the first theological professor having served his full time; and the king, knowing the merit and reputation of Suarez, applied to his superiors to send him to fill the vacant post. Suarez resisted, and even obtained a temporary respite by going himself to Toledo to implore Philip to excuse him; but at last he was obliged to submit, and went to Coimbra in May 1597, having first taken the degree of Doctor at the University of Evora, by presiding at a public disputation. Coimbra was the last place at which he taught. He remained there for twenty years; the only break being that which was occasioned by his second journey to Rome, of which we shall speak presently. It was at this period of his life that he first began to publish; and we must devote a few lines to an account of his method of composition.

Any one who opens the pages of any volume of his works will see at once that he was a man of immense industry and erudition. His quotations from holy Scripture, and from the Fathers and other writers of the Church, are far more numerous than was commonly the case with the theologians who wrote before him. But his wonderful exactness and compass of memory made him the perfect master of his own erudition, instead of the slave. He so habitually and deeply thought over and digested what he read, that it became a part of himself. He had adopted the plan of dictating in his class; but he always dictated from memory, without a morsel of paper before

him, and he always retained the most exact recollection of what he had already dictated, no matter how long the interval had been. In the same way he dictated his books, quotations and all. He had the books closed on his desk before him; but he was never known to have to make any correction. He used to say that if any of his published volumes were to be entirely lost, he should find no great difficulty in reproducing it exactly. He had, moreover, the gift which has been possessed by a few other great men—not authors only—of being able to dictate to two or three secretaries at once, on different matters, without ever losing the thread of any of the different arguments. These powers were certainly very extraordinary. On the journey from Coimbra to Rome, of which we shall soon speak, and again while returning, though of course unable to carry books with him, he had a secretary at hand, and dictated an entire folio volume—the first on the First Part of the Summa. When he returned to Coimbra it was ready for the press. He thought over the matter each day as he rode along, and when he came to his inn at night he dictated what he had composed.

Great as must have been his natural or acquired powers of memory, it is probable that they were very largely aided in the accomplishment of these great results by the circumstances of his life. The Catholic method of teaching theology, and indeed every thing else, by lectures rather than by books, has a wonderful power in strengthening the memory, and in giving a perfect command over what is learnt to the diligent and faithful student. Of course we include the system of disputations—circles, as they are called—and repetitions, as an essential part of the method. Any one who has been present at a disputation, or a ‘grand act’ at Rome, where the system is to be seen working in its greatest perfection, will bear us out in our assertion. There may not be great erudition, or great original powers of mind in some of those ready disputants; but there is perfect command of the knowledge that the mind possesses, and perfect ease in putting it forward clearly. Maldonatus has left us a striking testimony to the value of this method of instruction, especially in its power of fixing matter in the memory. He mentions a part of a treatise of Aristotle which he had been unable to hear from his professor, on account of a temporary illness. He had often read and studied it since; but he was never able to retain it in the same way as the rest. He declares that he himself had a very bad memory; but that he had always been able to remember what he had heard from his professors, even in the words in which it had been delivered.*

* *De Ratione Studendi*, Opusc. Theol. p. 111.

It may be questioned whether his humility did not exaggerate the defects of his own natural gifts; but there can be no question about what he says of another. Let us hear his own words:

"I had for a fellow-student, when I was studying theology, a young man the most devoid of ability or intelligence that I have ever known. We followed together for seven years the courses of theology and philosophy. He never read a book; but he listened to three lectures a day, and he went over them again with extreme care, sometimes with others, sometimes by himself, during the remainder of the day. If any difficulty brought him to a stand, he asked its explanation from some one of his fellow-students, or from the professor. In this way he made such progress that out of more than six hundred scholars who followed the course of theology along with him, there was not one who answered with greater ease than he, not one who was more ready with objections and answers in the disputations; and by this persevering habit of repetition, his memory had lost nothing that he had gathered, during seven years, from his professors. I often used to ask him what had been said that day or the day before, and he began to repeat to me faithfully the lecture of the master. Well, this young man, so devoid of ability, is at present, as I have just been told, one of the first theologians at Salamanca."

If the method of teaching of which we speak has so much power in making theologians of the scholars, it must also be allowed to be of the greatest possible advantage to the professors themselves. Suarez, even to the last, was very laborious and industrious; and here we have the secret of his wonderful popularity as a professor, as well as of his perfection as a theologian. Even in an ordinary way nothing makes us so well acquainted with a subject as having to teach it; but this is much more the case with the method of which we speak than with others. When the subject-matter has to be brought to the test of constant repetition and of eager debate, it will never do for the professor to be shallow or slipshod; and many a difficulty that he has not thoroughly sifted, many an aspect of truth and of the relation between different doctrines is brought out into new light, which he is better able to appreciate than the young mind itself that strikes out the new line of thought, as his propositions and arguments are battled over by his pupils. There is great truth in the graceful dedication of a valuable volume published some time ago at Oxford, by a distinguished tutor of one of her first colleges, "*To those from whom he has learnt so much while he seemed to be teaching.*" But the truth holds good more in the system of which we speak than in any other. Then again, Suarez never rested on his oars, or repeated matter that he had once treated of without fresh preparation. We were told by one

of the most successful professors at Rome, some years ago, that his secret was to prepare each lecture (though he had often gone over the matter before) as if it was the first time that he had to speak on the subject. If we consider that Suarez gave himself all these advantages to the full; that he did not begin to write till he had been many years a professor of theology; that he went on continually acquiring and reflecting, turning over in his mind the great truths embraced by the *Summa* in every possible way, and proposing them to the keen and vigorous intelligence of successive generations of students in the most famous class-rooms in the world,—we have but to add a few more advantages of a somewhat different kind, such as the serene and ennobling atmosphere of a life of prayer, the undisturbed devotion and concentration of all his mental powers during a long life to one object, and his intercourse with the great theologians always congregated in Rome, as well as that influence of the air of the Holy City itself, of which we spoke above, in order to be able to explain to ourselves the causes which have combined to give him so world-wide and enduring a fame as a theological writer.

It required an express order from his superiors to induce Suarez to begin to publish. It seems to have come almost as a natural result, from the great eagerness that there was, both at Alcalá—where he published his first volume on the Third Part of the *Summa*—and elsewhere, to obtain copies of the lectures that he dictated to his pupils. He published a second volume on the same part of St. Thomas while still at Alcalá; the third did not appear till he was teaching at Salamanca, along with two volumes on metaphysics, which had been written many years before. The rest of his works appeared at various intervals while he was professor at Coimbra, and after he had retired from teaching and was devoted altogether to authorship, in the last stage of his long and laborious life. Before passing on to this closing scene, we must say a few words about the question which involved him, unexpectedly and unwittingly, in something which for the time had the appearance of a Pontifical censure.

The question about the validity of sacramental confession and absolution, when the priest and penitent were not actually present to one another, had often been debated among the scholastic authors. On the one hand, it was commonly held that absolution was not valid, unless the person who received it was present,—it could not be sent by letter or message. The contrary opinion had, however, been maintained by some of the older Thomists; and was therefore usually described by theologians of other schools as improbable rather than false. On the other hand, it was universally taught that in the case of necessity, the material integrity of confession was not necessary;

a penitent unable to do more might confess in a general way, or by some signs of interior penitence; and if the priest did not arrive till after the penitent had lost his senses or the use of his faculties, he might absolve him on the testimony of bystanders who had heard him beg for absolution, or who knew his desire to receive it. This opinion led on to another,—that confession might be made by letter, and after that the penitent might be lawfully and validly absolved by the priest, without further confession, when he came into his presence. Such was the prevailing opinion among theologians, which Suarez adopted, along with that before mentioned, of the invalidity of the absolution of an absent person. He taught it in 1588 at Alcalá, in 1598 at Coimbra, and inserted it into his Commentary on the Third Part of the Summa, which he was preparing for publication in 1602. In the summer of that year Clement VIII. issued a decree on the subject, in which he condemned as “false, temerarious, and scandalous” the opinion “*licere per litteras seu internuncium confessario absenti peccata sacramentaliter confiteri et ab eodem absente absolutionem obtinere.*” Suarez received the decree before his volume was completed, and inserted it in the place where he had discussed the question, as a confirmation of the doctrine which he had himself maintained with regard to the invalidity of the *absolution* of an absent person. When he came to treat of the kindred question of the *confession* of an absent person, as to which he had maintained the common opinion lately mentioned by us, and supported it by the authority of ancient canons, the Council of Trent, and certain theologians, he again mentioned the new decree, and met the objection that might possibly be drawn from it against his own doctrine by interpreting the meaning of the Pontiff in a very obvious way. The decree condemned the opinion that confession might be made to, *and* absolution received from, an absent priest. This was either one proposition or two, according to the meaning attached to the *et*. Suarez declared that he understood it as one single proposition, and supported his opinion by a few cogent arguments. The opinion that he maintained was, in fact, different from this, for he taught that confession might be made to an absent priest, but that absolution could not be received from him; and this interpretation he humbly submitted to the authority of the Pontiff.*

* “*Timeri autem potest, ne prædicta declaratio pontificia huic opinioni in aliquo derogare videatur, quia damnat hanc propositionem ‘Licere per litteras seu internuncium confessario absenti peccata sacramentaliter confiteri, et ab eodem absolutionem obtinere.’ Ubi utrumque membrum videtur damnare. Existimo tamen non fuisse mentem Sanctissimi de hac opinione tractare, sed solum de illa, quæ dicit sacramentum poenitentiae posse perici*

The rivalry between Dominican and Jesuit theologians was just then at its height; and there were watchful eyes on either side, ready to detect the slightest slip made by writers of the other party. The great battle on the question of grace was going on; and Suarez had already taken his stand by the side of his brother in religion, Molina, and been severely attacked by the Dominican champion Bannez. Possibly, also, there may have been some soreness among the Thomistic theologians of the day as to the very proposition which had been condemned by Clement VIII., which had been maintained by some of their own school. At all events, Suarez was attacked. Complaints were first made to the Nuncio in Spain, and then forwarded to Rome. They appear to have had a twofold ground; first, that Suarez had taken on himself to interpret the words of a Pontifical decree—a proceeding, however, almost necessary in a theologian treating of a question of the day to which the decree referred, and which was by no means either uncommon or reprehensible, if done with due respect and caution; and secondly, that the separation of the two clauses contained in the condemned proposition left room for the evasion of the condemnation in the case of either; though it must, at all events, be allowed that Suarez sufficiently indicated his opinion that the “absent absolution” was condemned. As the opinion of a theologian, however, is a very different thing from the authority of a decree, it is obvious that this latter ground of objection might be urged with considerable force. The Pope committed the matter to three theologians, who reported to him that the passage in question ought to be struck out of the commentary on St. Thomas. The news soon arrived in Spain, and caused Suarez intense pain. He at once executed the order, as far as it lay in his power, and endeavoured to preserve his usual external serenity; but the effort was too great, and he became for a time dangerously ill. The Nuncio, who valued him as he deserved, recommended him, on his recovery, to go to Rome, to explain matters to the Pope, to whom he himself wrote in his favour. Suarez made the journey in the autumn of 1604, having, before leaving Coimbra, written a long memorial to

ac consummari inter absentes: atque ita particulam illam *et non esse divisive sed complexive sumendam*, præcipueque illud damnasse propter eos qui dicebant absolutionem dari posse in absentia. Moveor tum ex circumstantiis litteræ; nam si aliud voluisset, potius id explicasset per particulam *vel*. Item hoc clare indicat illud singulare signum demonstrationem *hanc propositionem*. Nam ex eo constat, solam hypotheticam propositionem per modum unius damnari. Tum præterea, quia illa erat controversia, de qua tractabatur: tum denique, quia sola illa opinio est aliena ab usu ecclesiæ: hæc autem est illi et decretis conformis. Nihilominus declarationem hanc ejusdem Pontificis censuræ subjicio, sicut cætera omnia, etc.” *Dis. p. xxi. § 4.*

the Pope, explaining the sense of his interpretation of the decree, and imploring pardon, and the suspension of the order as to the paragraph that had been censured. Clement VIII. received him kindly; and we have Suarez' own authority, as well as that of a prelate to whom the Pope made the declaration, for knowing that he did not mean to condemn the opinion as to the absolution of a dying person who had desired to make confession, but had been prevented from making it by the absence of the priest; an opinion, in fact, which is practically acted upon whenever the occasion occurs. Clement died, however, in the spring of 1605, and, after the reign of Leo XI. for less than a month, was succeeded by Paul V. This Pontiff was of the same opinion as Clement, as to the absolution of a dying person, as is shown by his bidding the parish clergy of Rome to follow it in practice; but the order about the omission of the paragraph in Suarez' commentary was never recalled. Paul V., however, treated him with great respect, and wished to retain him at Rome: indeed, it was only after much entreaty that he allowed him to return to Spain. Possibly, at the age that Suarez had then reached—he was nearer sixty than fifty—he would hardly have been able to change the studious and contemplative life that he had so long led for more active habits of business, such as might have been required in a theologian attached to the Pontifical Court. The Society of Jesus had already given Bellarmine and Toletus to the College of Cardinals; and if Suarez had remained in Rome, he would probably have had the same fate. The Church might have lost more by taking him away from teaching and from authorship than she might have gained by his devotion to her service in other ways, even in the important and difficult matters with which he might have had to deal at Rome.

Paul V., however, began from this time to use Suarez whenever a great question had to be argued in print. In the year following his accession to the Pontificate, there arose the celebrated difference between him and the Republic of Venice, on the question of Ecclesiastical Immunity, in the course of which he issued an interdict against the Republic. Suarez, at his desire, wrote a work in three books, on the subject of Immunity, for which the Pope thanked him in a special brief. The work was not published till our own time, as, before it reached Rome, the difference had been made up; the first book of it was, however, afterwards incorporated in his well-known work against James I. of England. The last part of it was devoted mainly to a vindication of Suarez himself, whose volume *De Censuris* had actually been reprinted in a mutilated and falsified form by some of the advocates of lay supremacy, in order to give the authority of a

name so widely venerated to their own doctrines. The fraud was denounced and condemned by a decree of the Index, in August 1606. We have only space to allude to the other and far greater work that he undertook at the request of the Pope, the *Defensio Fidei Catholice et Apostolicæ contra Errores Sectæ Anglicanæ*: a work the cogency of which so provoked the English Solomon, that he not only had it publicly burnt, but wrote a most absurd letter of complaint to Philip III. of Spain. It had also the singular honour of being burnt by the Parliament of Paris, under Calvinist influence.

When he produced this work, in 1613, Suarez, now in his sixty-fifth year, had long been desirous of repose. Continual mental activity is probably one of the severest kinds of fatigue of which our nature is capable, and there have been examples of literary men, such as Southey and Scott, whose minds have been entirely or almost worn to pieces before their bodies. If mental exertion is so fatiguing, much more so is it when it is united with daily oral teaching—not the lightest or least wearisome of the martyrdoms that Christian charity can undertake or sustain. A glance at the portraits, such as they are, of Suarez, shows us an old man so shrivelled up and parchment-like, that we are tempted to doubt whether his features can ever have glowed with the fresh bloom of youth or the bounding pulses of health. The portrait tells a tale, no doubt, of the continual self-crucifixion of a saintly soul; but a great deal of the suffering that is written there, is to be set down to the mental labour of which we speak. Suarez had to plead long before he could obtain leave to retire from his chair: it was at last accorded to him in 1616. He wanted but two years then of the age of seventy. It was his desire to give up, not only his teaching, but his literary labours, and devote the remainder of his days to prayer and meditation. But this was not to be. He had some doubt on his mind whether he ought to indulge himself so far, and after making the spiritual exercises to gain light, his doubt remained. It was set at rest by his superiors, who decided that he should continue to write; and, as the air of Coimbra did not suit his declining health, he was removed to Lisbon, where he occupied himself in reviewing his former publications, and composing new works. He took up his abode at the Novitiate.

His biographer, Massei, has left us an account of the manner in which he spent his day, which seems to belong to this period of his life more particularly, as there is no mention made in it of time given to lectures. He rose half-an-hour earlier than the rest of the house, and after taking a discipline, prepared himself for meditation, in which he spent an hour and a half at least. Then he recited the

day-hours of the Church. After this he sat down to read, study, and compose mentally for about two hours, and spent the rest of the morning in dictating. He then prepared for Mass, which he said about noon; and after his thanksgiving, took a slight meal, which was at once his breakfast and his dinner. He then slept a little in his chair. After this he spent two hours in reciting the rest of the office of the day, and the Matins and Lauds of the day following, in saying the Rosary, and in spiritual reading. Then followed about five hours given partly to study, partly to dictation; then another hour of mental prayer, and after all, supper in his own room, during which time a few of the elder Fathers in the house came and conversed with him. The day closed with vocal prayers, and the examination of conscience; after which he went to rest, half-an-hour later than the remainder of the community. His manner of life for many years before this, while at Coimbra, was just the same, with the exception of the hours that he gave to his class, and the study necessary for it, which interfered, so far, with his composition or dictation. It was not till late in life that he took any meal at all till the evening. Even in time of vacation, when he spent a few weeks in the country, he continued his usual studies.

We have two anecdotes given us of these vacations of Suarez; one of which is thoroughly characteristic of the man, and the other of which shows, at all events, that a great deal of ignorance was sometimes to be found among the Portuguese clergy. Suarez was in the habit of going about to the neighbouring villages at these times to catechise the people, and do what good among them he could. He was one day going to say Mass in some out-of-the-way place, and, as his custom was to confess very frequently out of devotion, he made his confession to the curate. It will not surprise us that the innocence of his conscience was so great as to astonish the confessor exceedingly. He asked him his name. Suarez modestly replied that he had no need to tell him. The other insisted on knowing, at all events, what post he held at Coimbra. Suarez, not wishing to be known, again replied that that had nothing to do with the sacrament of penance. The priest was enraged, and refused him absolution; on which Suarez quietly went to the altar and said Mass without it. The other anecdote also relates to confession. He found a subcurate in some village who, when he had heard him in confession, was unable to get through the form of absolution without the help of his penitent. Suarez thought it necessary to mention the fact to the curate himself. That worthy replied by saying that he knew very well how stupid his assistant was; and that he had told him over and over again not to attempt more than to hear the sins of his

penitents, "and then," said he, "to send them to me for absolution!"

A life like that of Suarez—so quiet, mortified, and monotonous—so fully occupied on speculation and prayer, and so withdrawn from the turmoil and distraction of business and worldly affairs—might have been expected to die out peacefully and imperceptibly—rather to cease to be, than to be broken off by any violent agitation. We might have looked for some decline like that beautiful ending of Venerable Bede, who felt his time drawing short, and so hastened to finish his commentary on the chapter of St. John on which he was engaged, and then calmly breathed out his soul in the midst of his brethren, with the anthem of the Ascension on his lips. Suarez had always longed for the time when he might have freed himself from the labour of composition and dictation, and withdrawn even more than before from all earthly occupations, to await his summons to the next world at the foot of the Crucifix. But that time never came; and he died in the midst of a noisy ecclesiastical conflict, called forth by a troublesome but petty scandal from seclusion for the first time in his career, and paying the penalty of his life for the exertions that his charity laid upon him. He might have lived some years longer but for the impertinence of a constable and the miserable obstinacy of some secular officials in denying the clear rights of the Church. He had not been many months in Lisbon before a quarrel arose between the secular authorities and the Pontifical "collector." The functions of this dignitary—Monsignor Accoramboni, Bishop of Fossombrone—were not such, perhaps, as to make him very popular among the Portuguese officials. The property acquired by ecclesiastics out of the revenues of Church benefices fell by right, after their death, to the care of the Camera Apostolica. It was part of the collector's duty to take possession of this property as it fell in; and he had, as a matter of course, a certain number of clerics under his authority for the purposes of the collection. One of these clerics was one day arrested by a certain *alguazil*—a kind of sheriff's officer—and taken through the streets of Lisbon, in his ecclesiastical dress, to the common prison. The people were excited by the outrage; but the officer persisted, notwithstanding all representations. The affair was too public not to come to the notice of the collector, and too grave to be passed over in silence. He summoned the officer before his own court; but here the superior civil magistrates came in to support their subordinate, and bade him disregard the summons. The ecclesiastical and secular authorities were thus in open collision. The cancellaria, the highest court, supported the judge who had protected the officer; and the royal council, when appealed to, took

the same line. The collector could get no justice from the viceroy himself. In fact he was himself exposed to measures of retaliation when he persisted in summoning the officer to appear before him: some of his property was seized, and an order was issued forbidding any one to sell him provisions for his household. There was, in fact, a malicious party at work in the council, headed by a certain Pinero, who had some years before raised a great disturbance against the Patriarch of Lisbon, for which the king had severely reprimanded him. At length the collector was driven to extreme measures: after a fruitless interview with the viceroy, and after waiting a week to give his adversaries time to come to their senses, he laid an interdict on the city, the execution of which no one ventured to resist.

Suarez was held in the highest esteem by all the chief parties concerned in this quarrel, both on account of his great learning and of his great reputation for sanctity. The viceroy, in particular, was his friend, and venerated him most highly. In hope of being able to bring matters to an accommodation, he came out of his retirement, and taxed himself far beyond his strength. The heats of summer had set in, but he went about, first to one party in the dispute and then to the other, entreating, persuading, arguing, in hopes of winning them to peace. He thought right, however, to declare himself openly on the side of the collector as to the question of justice. We have still several of his letters, written at this time to Philip III., to the king's confessor, and to others; that to the king, in particular, is full of force and apostolic liberty. The matter still went on, and the Pope heard of his exertions. He sent him a special brief of thanks, containing the apparently prophetic words, "*Retribuat tibi Dominus mercedem laborum tuorum!*" Suarez was gone to his reward before the brief reached him, carried off by an illness brought on by his labours. The collector and the viceroy lived at two opposite ends of the city, yet nothing would induce Suarez to use a carriage, or even to shelter his head from the scorching rays of the sun with his hat, which it was the custom of the Portuguese Jesuits to carry in their hands, wearing only the berretta on their heads. He was struck down by a violent attack of fever.

His illness lasted for ten days, during which he was continually giving fresh proofs of his consummate charity, piety, and patience. He suffered the greatest pains without complaining, because he would have had to wake up the lay brother who slept near him to aid him in their relief. His cell soon became a kind of centre, round which all that was good and noble in Lisbon was gathered. The two contending parties, the viceroy and the pontifical collector, succeeded one another in their visits to the saintly old man who had cut his own life

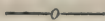
short in the hope of reconciling them to one another. When the time came for him to receive the last sacraments, his behaviour was exquisitely tender and humble. Death as it drew more near to him seemed to lose all its characteristic terrors. At such times he would beg of his friends to read to him some of his favourite Psalms, such as those which speak particularly of the glories of heaven—"Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum!" or "Expectans expectavi Dominum." When the reader came to the verse, "Ego autem mendicus sum et pauper, Dominus sollicitus est mei," Suarez broke out into exclamations of joy: "That it is," he cried; "that gives me confidence; that it is that comforts me most of all." Another time he was asked whether he had any thing on his conscience that gave him pain, and he answered that by the mercy of God he had nothing; and he added, that he had never done any thing but under holy obedience. Once he had seemed to be in his agony, and the last prayers for a departing soul were recited by his side; but the paroxysm passed away, he recovered his senses, and woke up as from a deep sleep with a face bright with joy, and with words on his lips which have since become famous, "I never thought that it was so sweet to die."

Death came to him at last on the 25th September 1617. He had entered on his seventieth year, and had spent fifty-three years in religion, during forty of which he had been a professor. As the news spread through the city, men felt with indignation and remorse what a price had been paid for the indulgence of a petty official jealousy. But his death raised for a time the interdict that had been the occasion of his too great forgetfulness of self. Prelates and persons of secular rank and note had died since it had been imposed, but they had been laid silently in their graves, the bells could not be rung, the churches remained closed, and the sacraments could only be administered in private. But the general feeling of veneration and love for Suarez, though his residence in Lisbon had been so short, was too great to be restrained, and the collector felt bound to raise the interdict in order to give free scope to the devotion of the people. So every bell was tolled, and the church-doors were once more thrown open. The collector himself assisted at the solemn funeral Mass; the viceroy was himself ill, but sent his son to represent him; and all the other authorities, lay as well as ecclesiastical, were present. All the religious orders attended, and each one afterwards celebrated a solemn Mass in its own church, the chapter following the example in the cathedral. Then the interdict came again into force, to last for a few weeks longer, then to be ended by an accommodation chiefly brought about by the exertions of Suarez before his death.

This is not the place to attempt even the shortest account of the manifold treasures that are contained in the writings of Suarez, or to speak of the influence that they have exercised on the development of Catholic theology. We have already spoken of his method of study and composition; perhaps as useful a feature in his example as any other for his admirers to dwell on in the present day, when people undertake to dogmatise who have never been to school themselves, and seem to think that reading theology is the same thing as learning it. The most mischievous of all amateurs is surely the amateur theologian. We have also mentioned some of his chief characteristics as a writer. Of the twenty-three volumes in which his works were afterwards contained, not much more than half were published during his lifetime. He left the remainder in perfect order, ready for the press. Of the whole field of theology embraced by the mighty *Summa* of St. Thomas, the only parts that he has left without his full and lucid commentary are the questions of Justice and Right, and the Sacrament of Matrimony. If ever it could be said that great fecundity did not beget mediocrity, it is true of Suarez; and although he treats many questions very copiously, few will find him prolix. He is clear as well as profound, and in all the exuberance of his variety he is consistent with himself. He is conspicuous for his erudition among scholastic authors, and yet he is seldom tempted to wander from the straight onward course of his argument. Though criticism had not reached its perfection in his time, his Scriptural explanations are often strikingly valuable. But a higher praise, or one that he would value more, is due to his moderation and self-command. Though he has treated of many subjects which were matters of hot and eager dispute at that time, and though he was himself sometimes rudely and mercilessly attacked, it would be difficult to find a single harsh expression or insinuation, or any sign of passion, or of party or personal feeling, in the whole range of his works. If his simple and uneventful life had never been written, his theological works would be sufficient to prove to us his piety and modesty, his charity and humility. Thus we may fairly point to him as a pattern in every respect for the Christian theologian. He had every mental quality, every collateral advantage, every opportunity that could be asked for, to fit him for his high vocation. He learnt from the best masters under the most favourable circumstances; he had the largest experience in teaching; he was brought into contact with the most illuminated minds of his age; and when he came to write, in the full maturity of his powers, he had every facility and encouragement given to him, and was shielded from every thing that might distract him in the perfect concentration of his intelligence upon one subject. He

had become perfectly familiar with the purest strains of Catholic theology; he had made the floating traditions of the schools a part of himself, and he had mastered the rich stores of the literature of the Church. He had, besides, a wonderful memory, a calm judgment, and a bright and flowing style. Great gifts! and yet they might have been unprofitable or worse, if he had not had others still more truly great, which made him so faithful a steward of the talents that had been intrusted to him; which enabled him to labour so unweariably and industriously for the single end of the glory of his Master; to keep his charity unsullied, and his devotion still fresh, in the midst of the noisiest controversy and the most abstract speculation; to be nothing in his own eyes, while the Church looked to him as her greatest living doctor; and, amidst the most splendid intellectual triumphs, to be as simple and as humble as a child.

Sketches from Andalusia.



AMONG many other symptoms of renewed prosperity in Spain, a taste for literature is reviving there, and becoming more generally diffused. Besides the grave sittings of academies, not a few private assemblies or literary *tertulias*, as they are called, take place; where authors meet together to read their own compositions, to exhume some manuscript of a departed genius not yet given to the public, and ever to savour with fresh enjoyment pages drawn from one or other of the master-spirits that adorned ancient Spain. In Madrid several *salons* are devoted to this purpose. Amongst others, the Duke de Rivas, himself a poet, holds *tertulias*; so likewise the Marquis de Molins and Don Manuel Cañete, both distinguished in the literary world. The provinces also put in their claim to love of letters. The spirit of centralisation, though gaining ground, is by no means so dominant in Spain as in France.

Spanish women in general are not highly educated; perhaps we might say quite the reverse; but there are a few great exceptions. A prize was lately offered by government for the best essay on the subject of official charities in Spain. By unanimous consent of the judges, it was awarded to one supposed to be written by a late minister of state, who had chosen to veil his identity under a fictitious name; so practised did the pen appear, so complete were the administrative details, so elevated the views. But when information was taken, the author turned out to be a woman, living quietly in her domestic sphere, much occupied with her children, and quite unknown to literary fame. She had studied these matters deeply, frequenting lectures and visiting establishments for that purpose; then she had thought; and above all, having practised charity, she had seen misery and felt for it with her woman's heart.

Another Spanish celebrity of our day is the novelist so well known under the assumed name of Fernan Caballero, and who is in reality a lady much esteemed in Seville society. For talent she has been compared in France to George Sand; but this, we think, is hardly borne out, though her merit is of a very high order. Deep is her love of Spain, and especially of Andalusia, if we may judge from her tale of the Alvaredo family. The facts related are all true, she tells us, with only some slight variation of circumstance; even the expressions used by the different personages have been retained; the ideas, sentiments, and manners are strictly those of Andalusian pea-

sants. The epoch at which these events took place has, however, been changed, and made to coincide with that of the French invasion at the opening of this century. She writes with great spirit, and excels in delineating character. The tone of all her works is strictly moral and religious.

The scene lies in the village of Dos Hermanas, situated about six miles from Seville. No natural beauty of feature recommends this locality to notice; far as the eye can range, it rests solely on interminable woods of the dark-leaved olive, dotted here and there with dwellings devoid alike of taste and symmetry. Dos Hermanas itself stands in the midst of a sandy plain, and consists of a few wide streets, lined with houses of one story each, and leading all to an open gravel-strewed space, in front of the fine old church, with its high tower and the unfailing cross. A coarse rustic air sits on the whole place; but its inhabitants have honest cheerful faces. There are plenty of flowers in the courts, or *patios*, and hosts of merry healthy-looking children playing about the doorways.

Among the peasant families residing at Dos Hermanas was that of Alvareda, known for its respectability, and the members of which were well-to-do in the world. Their house was large, and neatly whitewashed both within and without. At either side of the entrance a stone seat projected from the wall; within the vestibule above the inside door a lamp was hanging before a print of our Lord. The dwelling comprised two separate habitations of equal size, called *partidas* in Spain. They were each composed of one room, with two little grilled windows giving on the street, and two small alcoves that formed an angle with the large apartment, and looked on the great courtyard, or patio. In the midst of this patio grew an immense orange-tree, decked with luxuriant foliage, and which was like an heirloom in the family, having been planted, according to tradition, at the time when the Moors were expelled. At the further part of the patio was a door that led into the outer court, or *corral*, surrounded by buildings comprising a kitchen, a laundry, and stabling; in the middle of the corral a large fig-tree served as a roosting-place for the poultry at night. Such is the general aspect of an Andalusian cottage.

The Alvareda family consisted of an aged widow called Anna, and her two children Perico and Elvira. Anna's husband had been dead three years. She herself was a remarkable woman, and would have been distinguished for her good sense in any station. Educated by her brother, a parish-priest, she possessed a very tolerable fund of information; her mind, naturally serious in its cast, was blessed moreover with an innate love for virtue; her manners had the dignity

belonging to a person conscious of a certain degree of superiority. Perico had always been a good son to her; obedient, modest, and hardworking, he had never caused his mother any sorrow till he became attached to his cousin Rita. But this affection pained the old woman greatly. Elvira was three years younger than her brother, a fair, gentle, pure-minded girl of seventeen. Always delicate in health, she wore on her pale features a sweet expression of resignation, a holy peace full of charm. From childhood upwards she had loved Ventura, the gay handsome son of neighbour Pedro, who had been her father's greatest friend.

Pedro's wife had died in giving birth to a daughter, and this girl was immediately placed under the care of her aunt, a nun at Alcalá. Separated thus from his second child, old Pedro concentrated his chief pride and affection on Ventura.

Opposite Anna Alvareda lived Maria, her brother's widow, who had an only daughter, Rita, the object of Perico's love. Now Maria was a good simple woman, but devoid of energy; and she had not known how to train her child. The consequence was that Rita, naturally violent in temper, and somewhat cold of heart, grew up with her faults uncorrected; nay, they strengthened with her years.

Such are the simple personages who figure in the tale, consequently the manners portrayed are quite rustic; but it is their very simplicity and truth to nature that lend a charm for the reader. The action is rapid, abrupt even; and the dialogue partakes of a similar spirit. Let us take a graphic description of two among the principal characters.

Towards the end of January 1810, a young man of about twenty, his carbine thrown over his shoulder, was wending along with a firm light step under the olive-trees. His tall wiry figure possessed that easy grace so natural to Andalusians. He carried his head erect and proud; black hair curled round his open forehead; his large black eyes beamed with vivacity and intelligence, while a short upper-lip revealed the whitest teeth. His whole appearance was redolent of life and energy. A silver button fastened the white shirt round his sunburnt throat; over it he wore a short jacket of brown cloth, with culottes of the same, which were confined at the knee by silken cords; a sash of yellow silk encircled several times his slight waist, while leather shoes and gaiters showed-off to advantage the small foot and well-shaped leg; his broad-brimmed hat, with its velvet trimmings and silken tassels becomingly thrown to the left, completed this picturesque Andalusian costume.

The young man just described was known for his activity and personal courage, and he had been chosen by an agent for one of the

neighbouring farms to act as guard during the olive-harvest. Now as he returned to Dos Hermanas, he went along singing gaily :

“ When I speed towards the cot
Where dwells my Mary dear,
The hill seems like a valley ;
But when I leave that cot behind,
The valley seems a hill.”

On reaching a palisade that bordered the wood, he jumped over and joined a young man on the opposite side of nearly his own age, bound, like himself, for the village. This new comrade was dressed after the same fashion as himself, but did not look so tall and dashing. His brown eyes were softer and more at rest ; his mouth wore a graver expression, and his smile was more pleasing. Instead of the carbine, he bore a hoe on his shoulder ; a donkey preceded him at a slow pace, and an immense shepherd-dog, of the yellow Estremadurean breed, brought up the rear.

“ Halloo, Perico ! is that you ? May God protect you ! ” cried the young olive-keeper.

“ And you also, Ventura,” replied the other ; “ are you taking your pleasure here ? ”

“ No ; I am on business. Besides, it is a week since— ”

“ Since you saw my sister Elvira,” interrupted Perico with a smile. “ And so, friend, you will do two things at once.”

“ Silence, Perico ; he who owns a glass roof ought not to throw stones on his neighbour’s house,” replied the olive-keeper.

“ You are very fortunate, Ventura,” continued Perico with a sigh ; “ you can marry when you like, without meeting with any opposition.”

“ How ? ” asked Ventura ; “ who or what can be opposed to your marriage ? ”

“ My mother.”

“ What say you ? ” cried Ventura. “ How do you mean ? What fault can she find with Rita, who is young, pretty, and of good family into the bargain, since she is your own cousin ? ”

“ Ah, that is just the thing which displeases my mother.”

“ Old women’s scruples ! Does she blame what the Church gives a dispensation for ? ”

“ My mother is not influenced in this by religious scruples ; but she says that a union between such near relatives is unnatural, and always produces bad consequences sooner or later.”

“ Pay no attention ; let her predict misfortunes like an owl. Mothers always have something to say against their sons’ marriages.”

"No," replied Perico gravely, "I will never marry without my mother's consent."

Nevertheless, despite Anna's dislike to her son's union with Rita, she finally acquiesced. Ventura also asked for Elvira's hand; and the two marriages were agreed on between their respective families.

As Perico and Rita were cousins, they had to wait for a dispensation from Rome; but no impediment of this kind existing between Ventura and Elvira, a day for their union was fixed.

The smiling month of May arrived; the sun was darting its golden rays on all around; the birds sang joyously in the trees, insects hummed by myriads, flowers shed their sweet perfume—that brightest of months in the year has been aptly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

All were ready for church. Anna once more pressed her daughter to her heart,—that sweet Elvira, so modest, so recollected in the midst of her happiness, that yet seemed almost to overpower her with its excess. Father Pedro, gayer than ever, outdid himself in compliments, light jests, and witticisms. Maria, delighted with the joy of those around, could not stop her tears, that fell like drops of rain from a sunny sky.

"Dear sister Elvira," cried Marcela, who had come for the wedding, "of all husbands in the world yours is the best and most perfect. Look at my brother Ventura, is he not handsome? Had he but a branch of lily in his hand, he would be like St. Joseph on his marriage-day."

Well might she praise Ventura. Richly and becomingly attired, with his active resolute mien, impatient to reach the church, he looked the very type a sculptor might have chosen for Achilles.

Perico forgot even Rita to gaze at his sister with silent tenderness. Rita alone appeared indifferent and weary.

As to Melampo the dog, he thought the whole party was making a great noise about nothing, and just took himself off quietly to sleep at the foot of the orange-tree, which was scattering all its blossoms about, as if it would fain have strewed them in the bride's path.

They were setting off at last when strange sounds reached them. Cries of alarm and rage escaped from bands of fugitives, and were taken up by the villagers as they also prepared to follow on the same track. The French had entered Seville, and were pursuing their devastating march to Cadiz.

Perico, dreading this sad event, had secured a place of refuge for his family at an isolated farm, far away from the high-roads. The

men rushed to the stables to saddle their beasts of burden, the women hastily made up packages and threw them into baskets.

"What a sorrowful omen for us, Ventura!" said Elvira; "the day that was to unite us is one of separation."

"Nothing can separate us, Elvira," replied Ventura; "I defy all those who should attempt it. Go, be easy; there are still preparations to make; I shall soon overtake you."

He saw the women off under the conduct of Perico, and then turned homewards.

Already the sound of drums began to be heard, and French troops entering the village rushed on its defenceless inhabitants. The intruders came in virtue of that iniquitous usurpation which savoured of barbarous ages, and the resistance opposed by Spain belonged also to heroic times.

"Follow me, father," exclaimed Ventura; "come, sister, let us fly."

"'Tis too late," said Pedro; "they are already here. But you, Ventura, hide; and hide your sister: we will fly to-night; hide for the present."

"And you, father?" asked Ventura, hesitating between the necessity and his repugnance to conceal himself.

"I will stay here," answered Pedro; "what can they do to a poor old man like me? Come, obey. What are you doing there, Marcela, cold and motionless like a statue of stone? Ventura, what are you thinking of? Will you be your sister's death and your own? Ventura, my son, will you kill me?"

His father's cry of anguish aroused Ventura from the stupor caused by uncertainty, surprise, and anger.

"I must then, father," murmured he, clenching his fists and grinding his teeth, "hide myself like a woman! As long as I live, I shall never wipe off this shame."

But he seized a ladder, and placing it against a hole above that opened into a loft, helped his sister up, followed her, and then drew in the ladder.

It was time, for a knock sounded at the door. Pedro opened, and a French grenadier came in.

"You refuse to give me my right," cried the soldier; "you insult me besides; I will teach you submission." And the hard dry sound of a blow was heard.

Swifter than the eagle alighting on its prey, Ventura let himself down from the loft, rushed on the Frenchman, drew a sword from its owner's scabbard, and plunged it into the heart of his foe. The Frenchman's body rolled on the ground, heavy, inert.

"My boy, my boy! what have you done?" cried the old man, forgetting the insult offered himself to think only of his son's danger.

"My duty, father."

"You are lost!"

"What matters, since you are avenged?"

"Fly, fly! lose not an instant!"

"Not till I have rid the house of this debtor, who has already paid his debt. If he were found here, you would suffer in my stead, father."

"For the love of Heaven, save yourself! that is of most importance."

Ventura, not heeding his father, raised up the dead body, put it over his shoulder, and reaching the well threw it down. Then turning towards the old man, who had followed in mortal fear, he knelt to ask his blessing, and with one bound was over the wall to the country side.

How rapid is the action above! how thoroughly Spanish the colouring! Six years pass; during which Ventura is never heard of. Then he suddenly returns. Meanwhile Perico had married Rita, and become the father of two children. Elvira had drooped like a fading lily. Ventura on coming home is struck with the beauty of Rita, now in its full bloom, and does not conceal his admiration. They dance together at a village ball; Perico, suddenly smitten with jealousy, follows them thither; he hears the comments around; catches his own name disparagingly pronounced, and advances pale as a spectre. Rita, at sight of her husband, disappears from the ballroom.

"You have come in good time to look after your wife," cried some of the young men mockingly.

"Señores," said Perico, crossing his hands on his breast with suppressed rage, "do you see any thing laughable in my countenance?"

"Apparently so," answered Ventura; and sneers burst forth.

"It is well for you, Ventura, that I have no weapon," said Perico, in a voice almost inaudible with fury.

"Bah!" cried Ventura, with a loud laugh; "this gentle lamb is trying to be angry. Silence, you saint! don't come seeking a quarrel with me, but go home and wash your children."

At these words Perico rushed upon Ventura, who, dizzy with wine and dancing, staggered for a moment. But, quickly recovering himself, and greatly superior to his adversary in strength and agility, he soon gained the upper hand; and when Perico lay struggling on the ground, with Ventura's knee on his chest, Ventura cried out in derision:

"You, that I could tear in pieces with three fingers,—you dared to lay your hands on me! You, who are only fit to kill grasshoppers—a baby tied to your mother's apron-string—you dared to touch me!"

At this moment Pedro entered, breathless. "Ventura!" cried he; "wretched boy, what are you doing?"

At the sound of his father's voice, Ventura loosened his hold on Perico, and arose.

Could a Spaniard forgive such insults? They had roused all the demon within him, and Perico was just as weak against himself as he was habitually gentle with others. Rita was not guilty yet beyond repair; her coquettishness had not gone farther than kindly looks exchanged, and the dance granted to Ventura's prayer. But Perico saw her not; questioned not of any one: he only brooded over his wrongs. If the passion of revenge be strong in Andalusian hearts, so also is religious feeling.

The solemn sound of the church-bell tolling echoed on the air; slowly, gradually its vibrations melted away, as if they rose to other regions.

"'Tis the Blessed Sacrament!" cried the women of the Alvareda family, rising all. Anna prayed aloud for the soul about to receive the Viaticum.

"Who can it be?" said Maria; "I know no one in the village seriously ill."

Rita went to the window and asked a woman passing who the sick person was.

"I know not," answered she; "'tis some one out of the village."

Another drew near, saying, "Jesus! 'tis a murder!"

Constables and surgeon hastily followed the priest.

"God help him!" exclaimed all the women at once, with that deep horror and emotion ever caused by the word murder.

Now the bell tolled for a soul in its last agony. Solemn, mournful sound! announcing to mankind that a fellow-spirit is struggling with death, and about to appear before the dreadful tribunal. A grave warning given by the Church to busy multitudes, absorbed in frivolous pursuits that they deem important, or with passions that appear to them eternal. Stop, mortals! it seems to say; stop, out of respect for death; in pity for the soul about to quit earth, as you likewise will shortly do. But that voice which spoke of death, that voice which said, "Pray, and remember," was deemed importunate in our age of progress. The happy ones of earth bade to think of death! Leave that to Trappists! And the bell was ordered to be silent.

The four women kept a profound silence; but they were deeply moved. The whole village was in consternation.

"How slowly time passes!" observed Maria; "the sun seems riven in the heavens."

"The ignorant are like the blind," said Elvira; "they lose patience. Perhaps this misfortune has been caused by some thief."

"Perhaps by an accident," responded Maria.

"Mamma Anna," said Rita's little boy, "why have they killed a man, and who killed him?"

"Who knows, my child, what hand has been bold enough to usurp God's place, and put out the torch lighted by Him?"

A distant rumour became audible; the inhabitants of the village, impelled by curiosity, were running along the street uttering exclamations of horror and pity.

"What is it?" asked Rita, going to the window.

"They are bringing the dead man this way," was the answer.

Elvira also felt irresistibly impelled to the window.

"Come away," said her mother; "you know you cannot bear the sight of death."

But Elvira did not hear; the crowd had drawn nearer, and all along the street women rushed to their windows. The dead body had been placed across a horse, covered over with a mantle. Two men supported it, and an old man followed with his head bent down on his breast.

"Great God! it is Pedro!"

On hearing his name Pedro lifted up his head, and his eyes fell on the guilty Rita. Maddened by anger and despair, he tore himself away from the arms that propped him up, rushed towards the horse, and raising the mantle uncovered the bleeding body of Ventura, whose breast displayed a gaping wound.

"Look, wretched woman," cried he to Rita, "this is your work! Perico has killed him!"

Perico is represented as, yielding to a mistaken sentiment of honour, treacherously assassinating Ventura to avenge the injuries endured. The weak are often violent, 'tis true; they dare not trust themselves to reflection lest the power of action should escape. But some struggles would have been natural; a moral conflict would have seemed fitting for the son of good, pious, strong-minded old Anna. His children call to him from the next room while he is seeking the murderous weapon destined for Ventura.

"Come to us, father," they cry; "we are alone." But Perico only murmurs to himself, "Soon you will be much more alone."

"Father, come!" they cry again.

"You have no longer any father," again he murmurs.

And poor old Anna, had her teachings and example come to this! Must the marriage she had deprecated lead to such fatal results? The character of Anna is always in keeping. She is ever a true mother in heart, but austere and unswerving in her line of conduct; every fibre in her nature deeply impregnated with religion; just the fine type we can imagine of an old Spanish peasant.

Local customs are prettily depicted in the scene where the two children run to meet their father on his evening return, when the day's labour is over. Just as they get near him, the Angelus is heard, and all stop short. The father takes off his hat and prays; the children stand still and do likewise. Even the old donkey and the dog, long accustomed to the sound, wait soberly till it ceases. The bell stops, and the children again run forward.

"Give us your hand, father." And they kiss it, according to Andalusian custom.

"May God make you good!" replies he, bestowing his blessing.

The large honest face of the dog seemed to respond *Amen*.

"Why must we always stop when that bell rings for prayer?" asks the little boy.

"Don't you remember," replies his little sister, "that this hour is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary? and when it strikes, our guardian angels stand still out of respect to her; if we unhappily went on, we should lose their company."

One more extract ere we part from Fernan Caballero, with whom it is such good pleasure to travel:

Perico, goaded by remorse, but ever weak, suffers himself to go on from crime to crime. Finally, he is in prison and condemned to die. Then at length he truly repents; religion brings its consolations to those trying hours. Meanwhile Rita, vainly penitent also, had been vainly seeking her husband. She arrives at Seville with her mother, and inquires the cause of such unusual tumult. By-standers point to the scaffold erected.

"The criminal is coming!" echoes around. "Poor man, how young he is! how contrite he looks! They say his wife was the cause of all."

Rita's heart beat violently, and she also looked at the condemned man. Yes, it was Perico! and a wild cry hushed all other sounds.

"Father, 'tis she! 'tis Rita!" said Perico to the confessor who was attending him to execution.

"My son," replied the religious, "think only of God. You are about to appear before Him penitent, pardoned, blessed. Think only of offering up your expiation."

"Father, might I not see her before I die?"

"Think, my son, that there is the terrible punishment about to be inflicted by man. There also is your salvation. Why retard it?"

Perico moved as if to turn back.

"Forwards!" cried the official.

The unhappy man mounted the steps of the scaffold, and knelt at his confessor's feet, who blessed him with a calm countenance though his heart was bursting within. Then Perico kissed the crucifix with a long fervent pressure; the Cross, that other scaffold on which the Man-God had expiated the crimes of humanity. Once more he turned a glance towards the spot whence had arisen that familiar voice; then seating himself on the bench, suffered the *garrote* (which produces instantaneous death by strangulation) to be fastened round his throat, while the priest repeated the Credo. The executioner, placed behind, turned the fatal screw; and with one voice from the crowd around rose the prayer Ave Maria purissima. This is the last adieu to criminals in Spain.

V. V.

The First Archbishop of Westminster.

FEBRUARY 15, 1865.

R. E. P.

—o—

THE world affirms—A courtly gentleman,
In whom rich veins of classic culture ran,
Mixed with the varied learning of the time
Adorned by Raffaele's brush, by Dante's rhyme,
Is gathered to the scholars gone before.
The man whom England will behold no more—
No taunt of alien on his ashes thrown!—
She's proud to claim, to reckon as her own,
Proud even of the purple that he wore!
For he was great among her greatest men,
Famed and persuasive both with voice and pen;
Stately in presence, kindly to behold,
And cast by Nature in that ample mould
Of intellectual strength which wins the crown
Admired by all men, of the world's renown.

Wild as the wave that wars against a rock—
As firmly rooted to withstand the shock—
England and he a few short years ago!
But her stout hearts, however angered, know
How well to honour the unblenching foe,
Who yet was more than friend!

Let time declare
What kind of heart was that which, lying there
Pulseless and cold, knew not the crowd which prest
To touch with cross and bead his saintly breast,
To look their last upon his broad calm brow.
He, like a "child from school," gone homeward now,
Bearing all blessings which the Church can give
To those who die in Him by whom we live,

Asks only prayers, which surely turn to praise
Before they reach the Throne ! Let future days
Give more effectual honour, gathering more
Of the blest fruits of what he did and bore.
When the great empty fane, which coldly rears
Its darkened roof above the waste of years,
Again shall open wide its western door
To the blest Faith of Fisher and of More ;
And when men need no more by stealth to pray ;
Where Edward's suppliants wore the stones away ;
When Tudor Henry's fretted walls resound
With steps and voices meet for hallowed ground ;
When that chill altar shall regain the Guest
Three centuries absent from His place of rest ;
When life and light shall banish night and death,
And the great Minster breathe with living breath,—
Men will remember that the rightful heir
To all the pious founders cherished there,
The first great Pastor of the name and throne,
Died as he lived—an exile from his own ;
That not for him did Henry's walls uncloset—
That far from Edward's shrine his feet repose—
But they will know that though his ashes lie
In the green earth beneath the open sky,
The spiritual fabric by his hand restored,
Was England's living Temple to the Lord,
Within whose sacred bounds he rests in state,
Priest, Pastor, Bishop, Friend, and Advocate !

B. R. P.



Glimpses of Rome.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.



THE Italian cities are like fair sisters of one race: they bear to each other a family resemblance which does not exclude separate life and individuality. It is very pleasant to wander from one to the other and be reminded by that which you now see of that which you have left behind, and to behold the slow decay or the glorious fulfilment of those traits and peculiarities which catch even a passing traveller's eye.

Florence is the pleasantest resting-place of the pilgrim bound to Rome. It is the city of which all Italians are justly proudest. It has not the majesty of Rome, the strange charm of Venice, or the beauty of Naples; but it is the city where courtesy and song, and art and fair speech, have ever thriven. I never yet knew an Italian, conscious of the shortcomings of his country, who did not fall back upon Florence. He felt he could defy you there, for there the Italian mind had reached its maturity, and asserted itself in mingled vigour and beauty.

The traces of this intellectual and artistic supremacy are impressed upon Florence to this day, and make her a favourite with the stranger. He means her to be no lasting abode of his, for he is bent on Rome; but still it is pleasant to linger in that fair old city, old but not dead, where the castellated palazzi that meet you at every corner tell tales of once fierce feuds and ancient liberty. In Venice it was not so. The dwellings of nobles had not that fortified aspect; strong power kept down hot blood; but it was the Florentine boast to be both strong and free. It is pleasant, too, to stand on the bridges that span the Arno, and look down at the famous old river; to wander in the green walks of the Cascine, and turning back to behold the turrets that rise above the sea of roofs, slender though threatening; to stand on the height in the clipped old-fashioned gardens of the Boboli, and see afar those fair soft hills which seem to surround Florence as a girdle; and pleasantest of all to visit the ancient churches and pace those silent cloisters where the dead sleep so peacefully after the fierce passions and the loud turmoil of the Middle Ages. Rare old places are these, with their arched galleries full of sharp shade and bright sunshine, with frescoed walls still vivid and brilliant, spite

of time, with grass-grown courts and flagged graves gathering round the central cross and speaking tenderly of the final rest.

But beyond all these, because more her own and less shared with other cities, are the galleries of Florence. Here the eager beholder sees famous statues and world-known pictures. Here the art-worshipper goes wild at the feast spread before him. The sublime antique Niobe, the wonderful mysterious Night of Michael Angelo, Raffaello's Madonna della Seggiola, are enough to set even calm minds on fire. Indeed, one of the drawbacks to this exquisite artistic fare is the insatiable desire which the partakers thereof have to talk about it. And yet, who can describe a picture? You can speak of its beauty, discourse learnedly upon it, and prove that it is beautiful, but that beauty itself escapes you, and cannot be conveyed from you to another. It is as impalpable as the perfume of the rose: a subtle charm to be apprehended only by the sense for which it was intended.

But beautiful and attractive though Florence was when we saw her, she was not to be the goal of our journey. We could not forget another city, the mother of all cities and their queen, towards which we were bent. So on a gray cloudy morning we bade Florence farewell and went on to Rome, with Pisa and Sienna on our way. In Pisa we spent a rainy day, which was not without its attractions. The proud old Italian city, the enemy of Florence, the rival of Genoa, the warlike city that had pitched battles and naval encounters, was now asleep and dreaming by the Arno. We saw the Grand Duke's carriage driving through wide lonely streets, two shops of alabaster goods, and the Academy. In dreary shut-up rooms, unlocked for us by a custode, we found, like so many captives, fine, very fine pictures of the early Florentine painters. We admired them so much that our custode's heart warmed towards us. These pictures were his children, his delight, and his pride. He took them down; he pointed out this and that; he made us stand in the right places to look at them; he was ardent, enthusiastic, and angry; he deplored that the pictures were not better cared for and better known. No one thought any thing of the gallery of Pisa. He was convinced that travellers came to Pisa and left it without knowing that there was a gallery. Would we—here he became pathetic and entreating—would we surprise our friends that the Pisan Academy did exist? I promised to do so. On the door-step he reminded me to keep my word. He spoke with a wistful eagerness and a wounded tenderness for his darlings that were touching in their way. But alas! they were also tokens—where are these not found?—of man's ambition and discontent.

It may be that the Pisan Academy would be better known to

strangers if it were to be found on the spot where the other Pisan lions are gathered. These are the famous Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campo-Santo. This is a green enclosure, with an arched Gothic gallery going round it. The cloisters of Florence were beautiful, but the Campo-Santo had a charm beyond them. Never shall I forget it as we saw it then. The gallery was lonely, and, save when the wind rose, and brought us the keeper's monotonous voice,—he was reading aloud to himself somewhere,—very still. Beyond it, through the arches, we saw the grass-grown earth where the dead are laid to sleep no more, one or two melancholy yews, the opposite arches, and, above all, rainy clouds passing fast in a gray sky; a quiet, melancholy mediæval picture never to be erased from the tablets of memory.

Sienna, our next resting-place, also has its lions. The chief is the Duomo of black and white stone, like that of Pisa. How strange to the unaccustomed look these streaked Italian cathedrals! Other marvels there were besides this, but we did not linger to see them.

The railway, which had been our means of conveyance till then, having dropped us, we now entered that useful but inconvenient box called a diligence. Our only companion was a civil German, who combed out his yellow mustaches, munched apples, and knew this much of Italian: "Mi rincresce," "I am sorry," for us; and "Non più," "no more," for the beggars. Conversation soon came to a dead stop. The scenery looked pretty, but it rained all the way. At night we crossed the most brigand-looking places. In Switzerland, in the heights of the Simplon, I never saw any thing so bleak and desolate as these Italian moors: the sense of loneliness they gave was painful and oppressive. Towards midnight we went down to take some refreshment. We entered a sort of barn, where very bad fare fetched a very high price. We remonstrated in our simplicity, but our host thought himself the injured one. "Look at the fire!" he said, desperately (there was a fire, certainly); "Look at the light!" (a tallow-candle flared dimly in the night wind); "Look at the table set out; look at the meat, and no one, no one will come down to eat!" Poor fellow; he too was pathetic in his way. Ay, there they were, the gaunt mutton-chops, each on its plate waiting for eaters that came not, like the pre-Raffaellites in the Pisan Academia vainly expecting beholders. We paid our bill in a more resigned spirit, and went on.

The next day took us through grand and wild scenery. One picture I remember well. To our right lay a glassy lake, with yellow-leaved forests sloping down; to the left spread miles of sunlit plain, on which vast clouds cast their blue shadow. This was the

Campagna, the girdle of majesty and desolation which encircles the fallen queen.

I know of no city that has so noble an entrance as Rome by the Piazza del Popolo. We arrived at night. In the gray moonlight I saw statues guarding a circular place; above them rose dark trees; in the centre stood an obelisk, with sphinxes pouring forth water. Two white churches, with columns and porticos, appeared like sentinels at the entrance of the three great streets that pass through the heart of Rome. One we took. In passing we caught a glimpse of the Tiber; but Romulus and Remus would not have charmed me then. It was Rome, wonderful Pagan and Christian Rome, the Rome of old heroes and holy martyrs; but fatigue was strong, and conquered every other feeling.

We came to spend the winter in Rome; apartments were getting scarce, and we lost no time in looking for a place of rest. So we said to Rome what all sensible and methodical travellers should say to these mighty ladies that call themselves renowned cities: "You are a fine place surely, or we would not have come all this way to look at you; but for all that you must not be offended if, before we do look, we seek out some spot of true shelter, some true home, wherein we may collect ourselves and assume a proper degree of composure, and then, my dear lady, we will give you a good five months' look."

This prudent resolve made us begin with Rome social, so to speak, before we caught a glimpse of Saint Peter's, or put a foot in the Vatican. The streets of Rome are not beautiful, and assuredly the houses of Rome are not tidy, to use a mild word. I knew not whether to laugh or cry at all we saw during our search for an apartment. We found palaces, courts, and stairs in a state of dirt that would disgrace a beggar's hovel in some other countries, and we were shown through suites of rooms without a chimney. Of the latter fact I was seldom aware, until some such unlucky remark as "The rooms are very warm, although there is no caminetto," suddenly put me on my guard. At length we found what we wanted, and were at leisure.

It is very hard to set about seeing a city of which common fame justly says that a lifetime could not exhaust it. We spent not five but eight months in Rome; we lingered into that unhealthy season of which it is said that "only the dogs and the English are to be found in Rome then." We made good use of our time, and worked hard; for all that, I have no doubt that we left much unseen, though perhaps few objects of great note. How then could I attempt in these pages to give more than a few glimpses of our labour? Moreover,

so much has been said and written about Rome, that the ancient mistress of the world is familiar to many who have never seen her. I was not yet in my teens when I knew St. Peter's quite well, and I was as intimate with the Coliseum and the Forum as with the Pyramids of Egypt. Concerning these, indeed, I held an obstinate argument with an old French soldier of Napoleon's, who had seen forty centuries looking down at him from the tombs of the Pharaohs, and who made some fruitless endeavours to convince me that each pyramid stood on its apex, and that the basis thereof was that part nearest to the sky. These glimpses of Rome, therefore, will be of a quiet, out-of-the-way cast; now and then may be dealing with the great sights, but oftener loitering by the wayside.

I am bound to confess that, much as I learned to love her, my first impressions of Rome were of the most dismal character. I knew not whether she had got hypochondriacal by thinking over old times; but to me Rome looked a melancholy city. Yet what had she not? Splendid churches, fine palaces, piazzas, obelisks, fountains, ruins! She had too her climate. We experienced a five weeks' deluge, after which the sun shone forth in an azure sky, and winter became but another spring. At Christmas the jasmine was still in bloom. I saw hedges of roses through the whole winter; and the red orange in its dusky leaves, and the yellow lemon in its paler foliage, looked down from over every garden-wall. For there are gardens in Rome, beautiful old-fashioned gardens. Commerce and avarice have not made land so dear or so precious, that the rich man should deny himself this luxury. There was one garden which I saw, but never entered, and which I enjoyed more than its owner, evidently an absentee. It had orange-trees and cypresses, and straight, shady, gravelled walks, that gave close shelter from the sun. It had one little arbour, too, with its fountain all decorated with shells, and its discoloured statue of a fair nymph ever wringing her wet hair. Such flowers as it boasted grew carelessly, for this was an old forsaken garden, where the grass was rather too luxuriant and the gardener's care was wanting.

The spacious courtyards of Roman houses and palaces are also very attractive to all lovers of light and space, and indeed of beauty. The yard at the back of a London house is ugliness itself. The old Paris court, which, if not beautiful, was airy, has become a dismal well. The Roman court, when I saw it, was sufficiently large, and almost always interesting. A nearer view might in many instances have dispelled the charm; but it is a sound precept which may be laid down for the practice of all inquisitive travellers, never to scan picturesque objects too closely. Their very name implies it: they

are pictures, that is to say, meant to be seen from a certain point of view and no other. The point of view of a Roman court is the street. As you pass by, you see standing ever open the arched gateway of some dwelling. You pause and look. In the subdued light of the high house you see a flagged enclosure, with a few green tints near and about the walls that speak of cool and shade, but not unpleasantly so in this warm climate. Facing the entrance, you perceive in the wall a grim lion's head ever pouring forth water into a long stone trough, still adorned with ancient basso-relievos. Alas! this is a sarcophagus. That lion's head may have adorned the temple of Cybele; that trough may have held the dust of a hero. It is propped up at one end—for it is old and rather shattered—by the head of a broken statue. Look at it well! The maiden's-hair which grows from beneath the sarcophagus, and half hides the carved features, does not hide the laurelled brows. This was once the image of an emperor or a warrior. He rode in triumph to the Capitol. The acclaiming shouts of thousands, the spoils of conquered nations, and their captive sovereigns, went with him; and behind him stood the whispering slave, who bade him remember he was no God, but a mere mortal. Ah! if the conqueror could have seen that old trough, in which Roman handmaidens wash the broccoli; if he could have seen that poor scorned head of stone turned back to the meanest uses, little would he have needed the warning of the slave. It would have told him more than the trite truth known to all time, Man must die. It would have told him that insolence and strength have but their brief hour, and inexorably come down to this.

This is but one type of the Roman court. There are other courts more cheerful, and, thank heaven, less historical than this. There is the Renaissance court, where the fountain is sweet modern Greek, with a touch of the mediæval about it. The palace court, where nymphs and water-gods ever pour forth the bright waters. There is also the Rococo court and fountain of a later age. Real rocks are piled in graceful confusion and crowned with some marble cup or shell whence water pours down into the basin below. And through the clear crystal you see the green ferns that have been cunningly set by nature in every cranny of the rocks. But after all, the sarcophagus is the commonest thing. Alas! in this city of ruins it was decidedly the most economical.

Her gardens and her courts seemed to me pleasant features of modern Rome; but beyond all these, beyond any thing of the same kind in any other city that I know, is her only public promenade—the Pincio. It is a very circumscribed drive. If you like, indeed, it is but a small garden with a few pretty bowers and parterres, and

busts of all the great Italians, ancient and modern, who have added to the fame of their country. But if you get out of the noise and dust of the carriages; if, wearying even of those calm intellectual heads which meet you on every side, and are so impartially admitted by Papal Rome—for amongst them are some old enemies; if you long for a wide or a grand prospect that shall give you the sense of infinite and almost of solitude,—for where the eye wanders far, the spirit is apt to feel lonely,—where can you find this as from the Roman Pincio? You are in a city, but these are more than city sights which lie and spread away beneath you. The sun is near its setting, and it lights up the domes and towers of three hundred churches and convents. Wooded hills look warm and mellow in the western light. Mountains white with snow partly bound the prospect. Saint Peter stands in solitary greatness and skirts the wide desolate-looking Campagna, ending in a soft purple line like the sea horizon. Above all rises a vast vault, pale and pure, that deepens into blue at the zenith. There reigns the crescent moon, fair ship ever floating away on that fair sea.

Amongst the glimpses of Rome which, I confess it, attracted me much more than some of her grand sights, was the variety of ecclesiastic and monastic costume which is to be found in her streets. Every religious order, I believe, is represented in Rome, and every religious order has its wonderful story. I never looked without emotion at the monks of that once-celebrated order which devoted itself to the redemption of Christian captives. Now, so far at least as Europe is concerned, its work is almost done. Algerine pirates no longer scour the seas to sink and plunder ships and sell men into slavery. But in the days when such things were frequent, when the shores of Italy and Spain were never safe, how blessed was the monk who went begging for captive brethren, and who cheerfully travelled a thousand miles and more to redeem one poor heart-broken wretch! And think what it was to the slave to know in all his misery and desolation that he had this friend! Whatever his poverty or his lowliness might be, he had that chance of deliverance and liberty which before that blessed order was instituted was the boon of the wealthy and the great.

At first sight Rome seems to swarm with monks and priests. Their number in reality is not so considerable. After a while you begin to perceive that you see the same faces again and again, and that there is no proportion between the reality and the seeming. Rome, moreover, has colleges of every class and nation, and each of these has an ecclesiastic costume, which adds to the impression received by the stranger. The Germans are clad in scarlet, like so

many young Cardinals. The Propagandisti wear black gowns with red bands. The Scotch are attired in black, red, and purple. The Irish in black, lined with red. The English and the Jesuit pupils wear all black. The college attached to Saint Peter is clad in violet. The Orfanelli are all white. And then there are charity-schools of girls in black gown, white veil, and kerchief, all perpetually moving about the streets, and crossing one another in bands, as if their lives were one endless pilgrimage.

This religious character which pervades her is, indeed, the grand character of Rome. The ruins, the heathen relics, the very works of art themselves, were weak in their hold upon me, as I now feel when I compare them with the sacred memorials or the imposing festivals of the Church. Christmas-time in Rome I never can forget.

We went on Christmas-day to hear the Pope say High Mass in St. Peter's. No chairs, no benches, are allowed to disfigure this noble temple of God; but tribunes are erected on either side of the confession for ladies. They must be dressed in black, and wear caps or veils, and—alas that the admonition, drawn forth, we are assured, by the indecorous attire of foreigners, should ever have been needed!—they must be modestly attired. So says the order of admission to the reserved seats. There is no describing the magnificence of a Pontifical Mass. The vastness of the church, the splendour of the procession that sweeps up to the great altar, the angel sweetness of the singing, defy language. I knew before this day that our ceremonies were beautiful. I confess I did not know they were so majestic. Fine voices are common in Italy; but few voices that I have heard there can compare with the Holy Father's. It is clear, mellow, and full. It filled the whole church; and there were moments when even that vast church was wrapped in breathless listening silence. As Pio Nono sang High Mass in his magnificent pontifical robes, standing before an altar sparkling with jewelled church vessels; as I looked on this noble shrine, erected by all Christendom to God's glory, my heart, I confess it, was a little moved with all this pomp and grandeur. I felt this outward state; but—I confess it too—I felt it not so much as other things which I saw and heard, and for which I had not come. There are, I believe, in St. Peter's forty-six altars, beneath which rest the dust and bones of happy saints and martyrs. Wherever I looked I beheld priests saying Low Mass, with their congregations kneeling around them. Whenever there occurred a pause in the chanting of the invisible choir, I heard bells ringing for the elevation. In the same church, at the same hour, the most solemn and the most simple rites were performed together; and the poor priest's Mass was as good as that of this successor of St.

Peter's; and truly it seemed as if all around me were worship and adoration.

Christmas is a time of great devotion to the child Jesus in Rome; his waxen image, gaily adorned, is over every altar. In the church of Aracœli a pretty and curious ceremony takes place daily from Christmas-day to the Epiphany. A chapel is fitted up like a grotto. Behind and above painted angels look down from the clouds. The Blessed Virgin sits by the crib where the divine Child is sleeping. St. Joseph stands behind, and the Eastern kings offer their gifts. The figures are life-size, gaudily dressed in the Italian taste, and by no means handsome. Facing this grotto, on the other side of the church, is a stand. This is the pulpit whence little children preach. Christmas is held as the festival of childhood, and in memory of the Babe of Bethlehem, boys and girls, the younger the better, preach daily in the church of Aracœli. Two little girls of five or six were so engaged when we went. They wore smart pink bonnets and blue frocks, and preached alternately. They were seconded by an older one, who delivered her sermon with much grace and propriety, and, what I liked still better, with evident indifference to effect or to the listening crowd. This little creature was in great trouble. She was looking for the beautiful child Jesus, and she could find him nowhere. She looked to Heaven, but the child Jesus had left Heaven; she appealed to every one present, and no one answered her. At length, in the lowly stable of Bethlehem she found him, and kneeling, she concluded with a grateful hymn. The next preacher was a little rosy-faced, blue-eyed thing of three. She lisped the beginning of an unintelligible oration, then broke down in the middle, and hung her head ashamed.

After the Christmas festivals came those of the Epiphany. I went to the chapel of the Propaganda, which is not usually open to ladies, but which admits them on that day of salvation even to the Gentiles. I went there to hear the various Masses said according to the Eastern rites in communion with the Church. To my great sorrow, I was unwell, and could hear but one. The ceremonial, the language, the attire, were both singular and impressive. The priest, an Eastern-looking man, came out in a white silk gold-embroidered cloak, and a broad gold-cloth cap on his head. The chalice which he carried had a pink gauze veil, spangled with silver thrown over it. His two acolytes, dark young men, with black eyes and beards, were clad in light-green silk tunics embroidered with silver, and in long pale pink-silk robes. I felt miles away; far down into the past, and deep into the ancient East.

I need scarcely say what the Propaganda is; the love of its

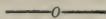
friends, the hatred of its enemies, have combined to make it world-known. It is a grand and noble institution for the education of future missionaries. A few days after the Epiphany, we were admitted, with other ladies, to hear the annual discourses delivered by the pupils in the various languages taught in the college. The ceremony took place in the chapel fitted up for that purpose. We—the ladies who had orders—made our way to the organ-gallery, whence we looked down from seats rising in rows one above the other. A polite Abbate, in silk stockings and short cloak, did the honours; helped us up and down, and handed us a little pamphlet, in which we found the names of the speakers, and, what was more useful, of the languages in which they were to speak. I looked below. A green-baize table divided the male audience from the collegians. Amongst the Propagandisti it was very curious to see bearded men and mere children. Every complexion, too, was here. Black, brown, and white were mingled. Rome knows no distinction of race. From my pamphlet I learned that this organ-loft, where we were perched, looked down into a miniature Babel. We were to be treated to sixteen Asiatic languages, twenty-three European, five African; the whole to conclude with thanks in French, English, African, &c. I missed the American dialects; and indeed I heard the Abbate confidentially inform a French lady that this exhibition was not one of the best. Whatever were its shortcomings, it impressed me greatly. After the Latin introduction came a soft Hebrew poem, charmingly delivered by a young Irishman. I know not whether the merit lay in his voice or in the language, but it sounded most beautiful and harmonious. Indeed all these Eastern languages have a full sonorous music in them. After Chaldean, Syrian, Armenian, both learned and vulgar, and free open Arabic, came an abominable thing called a Chinese prose. What a misery it must be to live in China, and hear that twang all the day long! With the European languages came a little French boy, who delivered a long poem with so much fire, spirit, and vivacity, that at the conclusion he was rewarded with a loud burst of applause, the first and the most genuine of all that were given that day. We had Gaelic too, and Irish, which sounded very like Hebrew; and a little fair-haired fellow delivered a hymn in lowland Scotch, concerning “The Bairnie and his Mither;” and a Dutch gentleman gave us some Dutch poetry. Alas, which sounds worst, Dutch or Chinese? Indeed, almost all the Northern languages, English included, had a sharp icy sound, which was a pain to the ear. The ceremony concluded with a few African discourses, delivered in deep-chest voices by dark youths.

It was over. I looked at them again: the pale Scandinavian,

the dark Asiatic, the black African, the freeborn, and the descendant of the slave, mingled without distinction. Amongst them there was not one Italian. Foreign birth is a condition of admission. Rome gathers to her bosom her farthest children, then scatters them forth like seed upon the vastness of the earth. I reckoned that little band, little for so great a work. I thought of the labours, of the martyrdom perhaps of these future missionaries; and seeing before me but a handful of young men, I felt that if man is weak, God is mighty.

Years have passed by since then. Of those whom I saw, few now remain within the four walls of the Propaganda. The men soon went forth to their labour. The youths ripened into manhood, and went forth too. The boys are priests now, and if they are not gone yet, they are going. The ship that will bear them to their vineyard may be waiting for them as I write. The band I saw is broken, and on earth at least will meet no more. In African deserts, in New-World solitudes, in crowded heathen cities, the members of that band are now each at his work. Death, danger, great hardships at least, are their fate. They bear it willingly, cheerfully. It is the lot they have chosen. But they are human. There are nooks and corners, if not for regret, at least for fond memory, in their brave hearts. And who can doubt that, as they look back, they do not linger with sorrowing tenderness on those days when their mother Rome held them to her heart, and gave them a noble peaceful home of study and prayer?

The Pourtales Gallery of Art.



SINCE the Fonthill sale, no dispersion of an Art Collection has been invested with such interest as most justly attends that which has continuously occupied the amateurs not only of Paris but of all Europe from the beginning of the month just elapsed, and which for a month longer will give exercise to the hammer of a *commis-saire-priseur*. For variety as well as value the Art Museum of the Count Pourtales-Gorgier has been unique. Its catalogue was chiefly rich in antique sculpture, marble, and bronze, and of purest Greek type. To these were added a rich store of terra-cotta figures, of tinted Greek vases, and a curious profusion of rings and other carvings in stone and metal. Some Egyptian and Chinese rarities ranged after these. *Chefs-d'œuvre* from the time of the Renaissance supported, in comparison, the repute of modern art. Amongst these were Byzantine enamels, the sculpture of Lucca Robbia, the majolica of Italy, the relievo of Bernan Palissy, and a crowded miscellany of sculptured bronzes, Venice glass, and Flemish carving. The whole was well brought up by a choice collection of pictures from the *cinque-cento* period down to the choice productions of the modern French school. In a word, the array of this collection might be considered to offer a catalogue *raisonné* of art-examples, as they came from the Phidian Greeks, down to what may be deemed master-pieces of our own times.

The residence of the late Count Pourtales-Gorgier would not have led the uninformed passer-by to deem it so rich a treasury as it of a verity was. Yet was its aspect strikingly contrasted with the collateral edifices in the spacious Rue Tronchet, and to the appreciative eye it disclosed a very felicitous combination of architectural simplicity and beauty. Unlike its neighbours, it piled not story upon story. Its basement seemed to emulate the fortress-like strength of the Italian mediæval palace. Over this a line of small but symmetrical windows intimated apartments for ordinary domestic use. Midway up, a range of lofty windows with a balcony of richly-wrought iron indicated the stately suite within and above this; a carved frieze of considerable breadth and most artistic execution crowned the whole front. It would be a notable omission not to mark that the massive gate which gave entrance to this *palazzo* bore, characteristically, a knocker of bronze designed in strongest

alto rilievo and presenting the figure of Hercules placidly leaning on his club, while at either side a lion appears bounding down rampantly towards his feet.

The moderate size of this façade would by no means prepare one for the extensive development of structure which it masks—for the series of saloons, spacious without excess, in which the varied collection of every kind of artistic creation has been ranged. Immediately upon passing through the gates, an arched passage leading to a spacious court attracts the eye to its walls, on either side, by several inserted *basso-relievo* fragments of rare beauty and pure Attic mould. Here also stands a noble statue of Augustus Cæsar, which, to its classic interest, superadds that of having been a favourite of the first Napoleon in his Malmaison collection. It need scarcely be remarked that there was a considerable degree of resemblance between the physiognomies of the two emperors. Opposite this statue a hall opens, from which a spacious staircase winds up to the state saloons. In it many choice specimens of sculpture are mounted on pedestals, or encrusted into the walls. And now it would require a folio to give adequate notion of the treasures which attract attention as we advance onward. We can therefore but touch generally upon them, with only a few special selections for remark.

In the hall, then, the eye is at once arrested by a duplicate of the well-known statue of Cupid bending his bow, the original of which—a model of graceful form—is attributed either to Lysippus or Praxiteles—a Faun sporting with a panther, and an Apollo in repose. The most precious marble relic in the whole collection is, we may remark, a head of Apollo—the fragment of some lost rival of the Belvedere—upon the features of which an expression of deep melancholy has been most delicately impressed by its sculptor, who must have belonged to the golden era of the art. The singularity of this feeling of sadness thus given to the God of Light has been noted by Madame de Staël in her *Corinne*. The head was once the glory of the celebrated Giustiniani collection.

Many well-preserved busts of Emperors and Empresses of Rome are also to be found here. Amongst these is the head of a youth, to which a special interest attaches as being a probable presentation of him whose name has been enshrined in the ominous lines of the poet:

“Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.”

This department of the collection contains altogether 128 articles, over each one of which the amateur might linger in admiration more

or less modified. Indifference he could not feel while engaged in his banquet of contemplation.

The bronzes of this collection, and they are for the most part miniature, are close upon 300 in number, and wondrously rich in quality. It may be safely affirmed that the majority of those who attended the sale of these objects were persons who had devoted the greater part of their lives to the study of their distinctive peculiarities; and it was not a little exciting and amusing to the less learned spectators to note with what eagerness they grasped each morsel of precious metal, as it was sent round for inspection, scanning not only its artistic merit, but jealously estimating its metallic texture, nay, even the very tint of verdigris. First of these exquisite antiques was a statuette of Minerva, discovered at Besançon, not *quite seven inches in height*, and destitute of its arms, which had been modelled separately, and had been unfortunately lost. So perfect was this marvellous miniature in all the characteristics of perfect art, that it at once became the subject of most animated biddings, which advanced and advanced amid an intense excitement of the crowded attendance, until it was at length won for the sum of 19,000fr., or close upon 800*l.* sterling!

A statuette of a seated Jupiter, only eight inches in height, was recognised as of similar excellence, and bought for 12,000fr.

An Apollo, six inches high, brought 1000fr. for every inch. It proved, however, to be a thorough celebrity. Its creation is made contemporaneous with the tyrant Polycrates of Samos; and it has been a fertile subject of discussion amongst the antiquaries of art. A small statue of a stag brought 4350fr.; a tripod of great beauty, 10,000fr.; and two vases, 16,000fr.

Amongst this great collection of bronzes, one of the most remarkable was a suit of armour for a gladiator. It was purchased for the Emperor for 13,000fr.

An interest almost equally great will attend, it is anticipated, each other sale of the various departments to which we have alluded. The whole will close, beyond doubt, with great *éclat*, when the contents of the picture-gallery are brought to the hammer, and some admirably-selected works of Titian, Da Vinci, Murillo, Velasquez, Rembrandt, and an élite of the French modern school are made the objects of competition.

Amongst the rare pictures which illustrate this noble Pourtales collection, there is one which, to the English eye, has an especial attraction, inasmuch as, while of extraordinary power, it is from the pencil of an artist but little known in our galleries. It is a portrait, with these words inscribed on its canvas, "1475. Antonellus Messa-

neus me pinxit." Whom it represents is untold in tale or history. The painter, Antonello of Messina, was one of the earliest masters of the Venetian school, to which he zealously affiliated himself. This work might be considered his masterpiece. It represents, with a sympathetic vigour, a head of singularly-striking idiosyncrasy. We give our readers a woodcut of it, which may convey some notion of



its merits in that respect. Such must have been, observe some critical speculators, a *condottiero* leader in the turbulent mediæval days of Venice. In the cool, sinister, and concentrated energy which it presents, one might, perhaps, be permitted to find an ideal of Richard III. It is thought that the Louvre will aim at the acquisition of this unique work. Might we anticipate a chivalrous contest for it from Trafalgar Square?

It was the wish of the Count Pourtales-Gorgier that this great collection, the pride and pleasure of his life, should not be sold and dispersed until ten years after his death had elapsed. His directions have been rigidly observed; but the ten have gone by; and before the close of the month of March the museum of art which did such honour to his name will be no more.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XV.

THEN methought was witnessed (I speak of the time when Sir Hammond l'Estrange made the savage speech which caused his lady and me to exchange affrighted looks) a rare instance of the true womanly courage which doth sometimes lie at the core of a timid heart. The meek wife, which dared not so much as to lift up her eyes to her lord if he did only frown, or to oppose his will in any trifling matter; whose colour I had seen fly from her cheek if he raised his voice, albeit not in anger against herself, now in the presence of those at table, with a face as pale as ashes, but a steady voice, and eyes fixed on him, thus addressed her husband:

"Sir, since we married I have never opposed your will, or in any thing I wot of offended you, or ever would if I could help it. Do not therefore displeasure me so much, I beseech you, in this grave instance as to make me an instrument in the capture. And God knoweth what should follow of one which came to me for help, and to whom the service I rendered him would prove the means of his ruin if you persist therein."

"Go to, madam, go to," cries Sir Hammond; "your business doth lie with poor people, mine with criminals. Go your way, and intrude not yourself in weightier matters than belong to your sex."

"Sir," she answers, braving his frowning looks, albeit her limbs began to tremble, "I humbly crave your patience; but I will not leave you, neither desist from my suit, except thereunto compelled by force. I would to God my tongue had been plucked out rather than that it should utter words which should betray to prison, yea, perhaps to death, the poor man whose wounds I tended."

The cloud on Sir Hammond's brow waxed darker as she spoke. He glanced at me, and methinks perceived my countenance to be as much disturbed as his lady's. A sudden thought, I ween, then passed through his mind; and with a terrible oath he swore that he misliked this strenuous urging in favour of a vile popish priest, and yet more the manner of this intercession.

"Heaven shield, madam," he cried, "you have not companied with recusants so as to become infected with a lack of zeal for Protestant religion!"

The colour returned for a moment into Lady l'Estrange's cheeks as she answered:

"Sir, I have never, from the time my mother did teach me my prayers, been of any other way of thinking than that wherein she then instructed me, or so much as allowed myself one thought contrary to true Protestant religion; or ever lent an ear, and with God's help never will, to what Papists do advance; but nevertheless, if this priest do fall into any grievous trouble through my speeches, I shall be a most unhappy woman all my life."

And then the poor soul, rising from her seat, went round to her husband's side, and kneeling, sought to take his hands, beseeching him in such moving and piteous terms to change his purpose as I could see did visibly affect some present. But I also noticed in Sir Hammond's face so resolved an intent as if nothing in earth or Heaven should alter it. A drowning wretch would as soon have moved a rock to advance towards him as she succeeded in swerving his will by her entreaties.

A sudden thought inspired me to approach her where she had sunk down on her knees at her husband's feet, he seeking angrily to push her away. I took her by the hand and said:

"I pray you, dear lady, come with me. These be indeed matters wherein, as Sir Hammond saith, women's words do not avail."

Both looked at me surprised; and she, loosing her hold of him, suffered me to lead her away. We went into the parlour, Mrs. l'Estrange following us. But as I did try to whisper in her ear that I desired to speak with her alone, the bell in the dining-room began to ring violently; upon which she shuddered and cried out:

"Let me go back to him, Mistress Sherwood. I'll warrant you he is about to send for the constables; but beshrew me if I die not first at his feet; for if this man should be hung, peace will be a stranger to me all my life."

Mistress l'Estrange essayed to comfort her, but failing therein, said she was very foolish to be so discomposed at what was no fault of hers, and she should think no more thereon; for in her condition to fret should be dangerous; and if people would be priests and Papists none could help if they should suffer for it. And then she left the parlour somewhat ruffled, like good people sometimes feel when they perceive their words to have no effect. When we were alone, "Lady l'Estrange," I quickly said, "where is Master Rugeley's house?"

"One mile, or thereabouts, across the heath," she answered.

"And the way to it direct?" I asked.

"Yea, by the footpath," she replied; "but much longer by the high road."

I went to the window and opened the shutter, and the lattice also. The moon was shining very brightly.

"Is it that cottage near to the wood?" I inquired, pointing to a thatched roof nigh unto the darksome line of trees against the sky.

"Yea," she answered, "how near it doth seem seen in this light! Constance, what think you to do?" she exclaimed, when I went to her cupboard and took out the keys she had showed me that morning opened the doors of the kitchen garden and the orchard.

"Did you not say," I answered, "that the gentleman now in so great peril did lodge with Master Rugeley?"

"Would you go there?" she said, looking aghast. "Not alone; you durst not do it!"

"Twenty times over," I answered, "for to save a man's life, and he—he a—" But there I stopped; for it was her fellow-creature she desired to save. Her heart bled not like mine for the flock which should be left without a shepherd; and albeit our fears were the same, we felt not alike. I went into the hall, and she pursued me—one half striving to stay me from my purpose, one half urging me to fulfil it; yet retracting her words as soon as uttered.

"When I issue from the door of the orchard unto the heath," I said, the while wrapping round me a cloak with a hood to it, "and pursue the path in front, by what token may I find Master Rugeley's house if the moon should be obscured?"

"Where two roads do meet," she said, "at the edge of the heath, a tall oak doth stand near to a gate; a few steps to the right should then lead to it. But verily, Mistress Constance, I be frightened to let you go; and oh, I do fear my husband's anger."

"Would you then have a man die by your means?" I asked, thinking for to cure one terror by another, as indeed it did; for she cried,

"Nay, I will speed you on your way, good Constance; and show so brave a face during your absence as God shall help me to do; yea, and open the door for you myself, if my husband should kill me for it!"

Then she took the keys in her hand, and glided like unto a pale ghost before me through the passage into the hall, so noiselessly that I should have doubted if aught of flesh and blood could have moved so lightly, and undid the bars of the back door without so much as a sound. Then she would fetch some thick shoes for me to wear, which I did entreat her not to stay me for; but nothing else would content the poor soul, and, as she had the keys in her hand, I was

forced to wait her return with so much impatience as may be guessed. I heard the voices of the gentlemen still carousing after supper; and then a servant's below in the hall, who said the constables had been sent for, and a warrant issued for the apprehension of a black Papist at Master Rugeley's. Then Milicent returned, and whilst I put on the shoes she had brought, and she was tying with trembling fingers the hood of my cloak, the rustling of Mrs. l'Estrange's silk gown was heard on the stairs above our heads, from whence we were like to be seen; and, fear awakening contrivance, I said aloud,

"Oh, what a rare pastime it should be to dress as a ghost, and frighten the good lady your sister-in-law! I pray you get me some white powder to pale my face. Methinks we need some kind of sport to drive away too much thinking on that dismal business in hand."

The steps over our heads sounded more hurried, and we heard the door of the parlour close with a bang, and the lattice also violently shut.

"Now," I whispered, "give me the keys, good Lady l'Estrange, and go to your sister yourself. Say I was ashamed to have been overheard to plan so rank a piece of folly (and verily you will be speaking no other than the truth), and that you expect I shall not so much as show my face in the parlour this evening; and lock also my chamber-door, that none may for a surety know me for to be absent."

"Yea," answered the poor lady, with so deep a sigh as seemed to rend her heart; "but, God forgive me, I never did think to hide any thing from my husband! And who shall tell me if I be doing right or wrong?"

I could not stay, though I grieved for her; and the sound of her voice haunted me as I went through the garden, and then the orchard, unto the common, locking the doors behind me. When this was done, I did breathe somewhat more freely, and began to run along the straight path amidst the heath. I wot not if my speed was great—the time seemed long; yet methinks I did not slacken my pace once, but rather increased it till, perceiving the oak, and near it the gate Lady l'Estrange had mentioned, I stopped to consider where to turn; and after I had walked a little to the right I saw a cottage and a light gleaming inside. Then my heart beat very fast; and when I knocked at the door I felt scarce able to stand. I did so three times, and no answer came. Then I cried as loudly as I could, "Master Rugeley, I beseech you, open the door." I heard some one stirring within, but no one came. Then I again cried out, "Oh, for our Blessed Lady's sake, some one come!" At last the lattice opened, and a man's head appeared.

"Who are you?" he said, in a low voice.

"A friend," I answered, in a whisper; "a Catholic. Are you Master Rugeley?"

"Yea," he answered.

"Oh, then, if Mr. Tunstall is here, hide him quickly, or send him away. I am a friend of Lady l'Estrange's, and staying in her house. Sir Hammond hath received tidings that a priest is in this neighbourhood, and a warrant is issued for to apprehend him. His lady unwittingly, and sorely troubled she is thereat, showed by her speeches touching your guest, that he is like to be Mr. Tunstall; and the constables will soon be here."

"Thank you," he replied whom I was addressing; "but Mr. Tunstall is not the name of my friend."

Then I feared he did take me for a spy, and I cried out, greatly moved, "As I do hope to go to heaven one day, and not to hell, Master Rugeley, I speak the truth, and my warning is an urgent one."

Then I heard some one within the house, who said, "Open the door, Master Rugeley. I should know that voice. Let the speaker in."

Methought I too knew the voice of the person who thus spoke. The door was opened, and I entered a room dimly lighted by one candle.

"Oh, for God's sake," I cried, "if a priest is here, hide him forthwith."

"Are you a Catholic, my child?"

I looked up to the person who put this question to me, and gave a sudden cry, I know not whether of terror or joy; for great as was the change which the lapse of years, and great inward and outward changes had wrought in his aspect, I saw it was my father.

"I am Constance," I cried; "Constance Sherwood! Oh, my dear father!" and then fell at his feet weeping.

After an instant's astonishment and fixed gazing on my face, he recognised me, who was, I doubt not, more changed than himself, and received me with a great paternal kindness and the tenderest greeting imaginable, yet tempered with reserve and so much of restraint as should befit one who, for Christ's sake, had dissevered himself from the joys, albeit not from the affections, of the natural heart.

"Oh, my good child, my own dear Constance," he said; "hath God in His bounty given thy poor father a miraculous sight of thee before his death, or art thou come verily in flesh and blood to warn him of his danger?"

"My dear and honoured father," I replied, "time presses; peril is indeed at hand, if you and Mr. Tunstall are the same person."

"The wounds in my hands," he answered, "must prove me such, albeit now healed by the care of that good Samaritan Lady l'Estrange. But prithee, my good child, whence comest thou?"

"Alas!" I said; "and yet not alas, if God should be so good to me as by my means to save you, I am Sir Hammond's guest, being a friend of his lady's. I came there yesterday."

"Oh, my good child, I thought not to have seen thee in these thy grown-up years. Master Rugeley," he added, turning to his host, "this is the little girl I forsook four years ago, for to obtain the hundredfold our Lord doth promise."

"My very dear father," I said, "joy is swallowed up in fear. God help me, I came to warn a stranger (if so be any priest in these times should be a stranger to a Catholic), and I find you."

"Oh, but I am mightfully pleased," quoth he, "to see thee, my child, even in this wise, and to hear thee speak like a true daughter of Holy Church. And Lady l'Estrange is then thy friend?"

"Yea, my dear father; but for God and our Lady's sake hide yourself. I warrant you the constables may soon be here. Master Rugeley, where can he be concealed, or whither fly, and I with him?"

"Nay, prithee not so fast," quoth he. "Flight would be useless; and in the matter of hiding, one should be more easily concealed than two; besides that, the hollow of a tree, which Master Rugeley will, I ween, appoint me for a bedchamber to-night, should hardly lodge us both with comfort."

"Oh, sir," said Rugeley, "do not tarry."

"For thy sake, no; not for more than one minute, Thomas; but ere I part from this wench two questions I must needs ask her."

Then he drew me aside, and inquired what facilities I continued to have in London for the exercise of Catholic religion, and if I was punctual in the discharge of my spiritual duties. When I had satisfied him thereon, he asked if the report was true which he heard from a prisoner for recusancy in Wisbeach Castle, concerning my troth-plight with Mr. Rookwood.

"Yea," I said, "it is true, if so be you now do add your consent to it."

He answered he should do so with all his heart, for he knew him to be a good Catholic and a virtuous gentleman; and as we might lack the opportunity to receive his blessing later, he should now give it unto me for both his most dear children. Which he did, laying his hand on my head with many fervent benisons, couched in such words as these, that he prayed for us to be stayed up with the shore of God's grace in this world; and after this transitory life should end,

to ascend to Him, and appear pure and unspotted before His glorious seat. Then he asked me if it was Lady l'Estrange who had detected him; whereupon I briefly related to him what had occurred, and how sore her grief was therein.

"God bless her," he answered; "and tell her I do thank her and pray for her with all mine heart."

And more he would have added, but Master Rugeley opened the door impatiently. So, after kissing once more my father's hand, I went away, compelled thereunto by fears for his safety, if he should not at once conceal himself.

Looking back, I saw him and his guide disappear in the thicket, and then, as I walked on toward Lynn Court, it did almost seem to me as if the whole of that brief but pregnant interview should have been a dream, nor could I verily persuade myself that it was not a half habitant of another world I had seen and spoken with, rather than mine own father; and in first thinking on it I scarcely did fully apprehend the danger he was in, so as to feel as much pain as I did later, when the joy and astonishment of that unexpected meeting had given way to terrifying thoughts. Ever and anon I turned round to gaze on the dark wood wherein his hopes of safety did lie, and once I knelt down on the roadside to pray that the night should be also dark and shield his escape. But still the sense of fear was dulled, and woke not until the sound of horses' feet on the road struck on my ear, and I saw a party of men riding across the common. The light in the cottage was extinguished, but the cruel moon shone out then more brightly than heretofore. Now I felt so sick and faint, that I feared to sink down on the path, and hurried through the orchard-door and the garden to the house. When I had unlocked the back door and stood in the hall where a lately kindled fire made a ruddy light to glow, I tried again to think I had been dreaming, like one in a nightmare strives to shake off an oppressive fancy. I could not remain alone, and composed my countenance for to enter the parlour, when the door thereof opened, and Mrs. l'Estrange came out, who, when she perceived me standing before her, gave a start, but recovering herself, said good-naturedly:

"Marry, if this be not the ghost we have been looking for; now ashamed, I ween, to show itself. I hope, Mistress Sherwood, you do not haunt quiet folks in their beds at night; for I do, I warn you, mislike living ghosts, and should be disposed to throw a jug of water at the head of such a one." And laughing, she took my hand in a kind manner, which when she did, almost a cry broke from her: "How now, Milcent! she is as cold as a stone figure. Where has she been chilling herself?"

Milicent pressed forward and led me to my chamber, wherein a fire had been lighted, and would make me drink a hot posset. But when I thought of the cold hollow of a tree wherein my father was enclosed, if it pleased God no worse mishap had befallen him, little of it could I force myself to swallow, for now tears had come to my relief, and concealing my face in the pillow of the bed whereon for weariness I had stretched myself, I wept very bitterly.

"Is that poor man gone from Rugeley's house?" Milicent whispered.

Alas! she knew not who that poor man was to me, nor with what anguish I answered: "He is not in the cottage, I hope; but God only knoweth if his pursuers shall not discover him." The thought of what would then follow overcame me, and I hid my face with mine hands.

"Oh, Constance," she exclaimed, "was this poor man known to thee, that thy grief is so great, whose conscience doth not reproach thee as mine doeth?"

I held out my hand to her without unshading my face with the other, and said: "dear Milicent! thou shouldst not sorrow so much for thine own part in this sore trial. It was not thy fault. He said so. He blest thee, and prays for thee."

Uncomforted by my words, she cried again, what she had so often exclaimed that night; "if this man should die, my happiness is over."

Then once more she asked me if I knew this priest, and I was froward with her (God forgive me, for the suspense and fear overthrew better feelings for a moment), and I cried angrily, "Who saith he is a priest? Who can prove it?"

"Think you so?" she said joyfully; "then all should be right."

And once more, with some misdoubting, I ween, that I concealed somewhat from her, she inquired touching my knowledge of this stranger. Then I spoke harshly, and bade her leave me, for I had sorrow enough without her intermeddling with it; but then grieving for her, and also afraid to be left alone, I denied my words, and prayed her to stay, which she did, but did not speak much again. The silence of the night seemed so deep as if the rustling of a leaf could be noticed; only now and then the voices of the gentlemen below, and some loud talking and laughter from some of them was discernible through the closed doors. Once Lady l'Estrange said: "They be sitting up very late; I suppose till the constables return. Oh, when will that be?"

The great clock in the hall then struck twelve; and soon after, starting up, I cried, "What should be that noise?"

"I do hear nothing," she answered, trembling as a leaf.

"Hush," I replied, and going to the window, opened the lattice. The sound in the road on the other side of the house was now plain. On that we looked on naught was to be seen save trees and grass, with the ghastly moonlight shining on them. A loud opening and shutting of doors and much stir now took place within the house, and, moved by the same impulse, we both went out into the passage and half way down the stairs. Milicent was first. Suddenly she turned round, and falling down on her knees, with a stifled exclamation, she hid her face against me, whispering: "He is taken!"

We seemed both turned to stone. O ye which have gone through a like trial, judge ye; and you who have never been in such straits, imagine what a daughter should feel who, after long years' absence, beholdeth a beloved father for one instant, and in the next, under the same roof where she is a guest, sees him brought in a prisoner and in jeopardy of his life. Every word which was uttered we could hear where we sat crouching, fearful to advance, she not daring to look on the man she had ruined, and I on the countenance of a dear parent, lest the sight of me should distract him from his defence, if that could be called such which he was called on to make. They asked him touching his name, if it was Tunstall. He answered he was known by that name. Then followed the murtherous question, if he was a Romish priest? To which he at once assented. Then said Sir Hammond:

"How did you presume, sir, to return into England contrary to the laws?"

"Sir," he answered, "as I was lawfully ordained a priest by a Catholic Bishop, by authority derived from the See of Rome" (one person here exclaimed, "Oh, audacious papist! his tongue should be cut out," but Sir Hammond imposed silence), "so likewise," he continued, "am I lawfully sent to preach the word of God, and to administer the sacraments to my Catholic countrymen. As the mission of priests lawfully ordained is from Christ, who did send His apostles even as His Father sent Him, I do humbly conceive no human laws can justly hinder my return to England, or make it criminal; for this should be to prefer the ordinances of man to the commands of the Supreme Legislator, which is Christ Himself."

Loud murmurs were here raised by some present, which Sir Hammond again silencing, he then inquired if he would take the oath of allegiance to the Queen? He answered (my straining ears taking note of every word he uttered) that he would gladly pay most willing obedience to her Majesty in all civil matters; but the oath of allegiance, as it was worded, he could not take, or hold her

Majesty to possess any supremacy in spiritual matters. He was beginning to state the reasons thereof, but was not suffered to proceed, for Sir Hammond interrupting him, said he was an escaped prisoner, and by his own confession condemned, so he should straightway commit him to the gaol in Norwich. Then I lost my senses almost, and seizing Lady l'Estrange's arm, I cried, "Save him! he is mine own father, Mr. Sherwood!" She uttered a sort of cry, and said, "Oh, I have feared this, since I saw his face!" and running forward, I following her, affrighted at what should happen, she called out, "It shall not be! He shall not do it!" and with a face as white as any smock, runs to her husband, and perceiving the constables to be putting chains on my father's hands and feet, which I likewise beheld with what feelings you who read this may think, she falls on her knees and gasps out these words in such a mournful tone, that I shuddered to hear her, "Oh, sir! if this man leaves this house a chained prisoner, I shall never be the like of myself again. There shall be no more joy for me in life." And then faints right away, and Sir Hammond carries her in his arms out of the hall. Mine eyes, the while, met my father's; who smiled on me with kind cheer, but signed for me to keep away. I stretched my arms towards him, and with his chained hand he contrived yet once more for to bless me; then was hurried out of my sight. Far more time than I ever did perceive or could remember the length of, I remained in that now deserted hall, motionless, alone, near to the dying embers, the darkness still increasing, too much confused to recall at once the comforts which sacred thoughts do yield in such mishaps, only able to clasp my hands and utter broken sentences of prayer, such as "God, ha' mercy on us," and the like; till, about the middle of the night, Sir Hammond comes down the stairs, with a lamp in his hand, and a strange look in his face.

"Mistress Sherwood," he says, "come to my lady. She is very ill and hath been in labour for some time. She doth nothing but call for you, and rave about that accursed priest she will have it she hath murdered. Come and feign to her he hath escaped."

"O God!" I cried, "my words may fall on her ear, Sir Hammond, but my face cannot deceive her."

He looked at me amazed and angry. "What meaneth this passion of grief? What is this old man to you, that his misfortunes should thus disorder you?" And, as I could not stay my weeping, he asked in a scornful manner, "Do Papists so dote on their priests as to die of sorrow when they get their deserts?" This insulting speech did so goad me, that, unable to restrain myself, I exclaimed, "Sir Hammond, he whom you have sent to a dungeon, and perhaps

to death also (God pardon you for it!), is my true father!—the best parent and the noblest gentleman that ever breathed, which for many years I had not seen; and here, under your roof, myself your guest, I have beheld him loaded with chains, and dared not to speak for fear to injure him yet further, which I pray God I have not now done, moved thereunto by your cruel scoffs.”

“Your father!” he said amazed; “Mr. Sherwood! These cursed feignings do work strange mishaps. But he did own himself a priest?”

Before I had time to answer, a serving-woman ran into the hall, crying out, “Oh, sir, I pray you come to my lady. She is much worse; and the nurse says, if her mind is not eased, she is like to die before the child is born.”

“Oh, Milicent! sweet Milicent!” I cried, wringing my hands; and when I looked at that unhappy husband’s face, anger vanished and pity took its place. He turned to me with an imploring countenance as if he should wish to say, “None but you can save her.” I prayed to our Lady, who stood and fainted not beneath the Rood, to get me strength for to do my part in that sick chamber whither I signed to him to lead the way. “God will help me,” I whispered in his ear, “to comfort her.”

“God bless you!” he answered, in a hoarse voice, and opened the door of the room in which his sweet lady was sitting in her bed, with a wild look in her pale blue eyes, which seemed to start out of her head.

“Sir,” I heard her say, as he approached, “what hath befallen the poor man you would not dismiss?”

I took a light in my hand, so that she should see my face, and smiled on her with such good cheer, as God in His mercy gave me strength to do, even amidst the twofold anguish of that moment. Then she threw her arms convulsively round my neck, and her pale lips gasped the same question as before. I bent over her, and said, “Trouble yourself no longer, dear lady, touching this prisoner. He is safe (in God’s keeping, I added, internally). He is where he is carefully tended (by God’s angels, I mentally subjoined); he hath no occasion to be afraid (for God is his strength), and I warrant you is as peaceful as his nearest friends should wish him to be.”

“Is this the truth?” she murmured in my ear.

“Yea,” I said, “the truth, the very truth,” and kissed her flushed cheek. Then feeling like to faint, I went away, Sir Hammond leading me to my chamber, for I could scarce stand.

“God bless you!” he again said, when he left me, and I think he was weeping.

I fell into a heavy, albeit troubled sleep, and when I woke it was broad daylight. When the waiting-maid came in, she told me Lady l'Estrange had been delivered of a dead child, and Sir Hammond almost beside himself with grief. My lady's mind had wandered ever since; but she was more tranquil than in the night. Soon after he sent to ask if he could see me, and I went down to him into the parlour. A more changed man, in a few hours, I ween could not be seen, than this poor gentleman. He spoke not of his lady; but briefly told me he had sent in the night a messenger on horseback to Norwich, with a letter to the governor of the gaol, praying him to show as much consideration, and allow so much liberty as should consist with prudence, to the prisoner in his custody, sent by him a few hours before, for that he had discovered him not to be one of the common sort, nor a lewd person, albeit by his own confession amenable to the laws, and escaped from another prison. Then he added, that if I wished to go to Norwich and visit this prisoner, he would give me a letter to the governor, and one to a lady, who would conveniently harbour me for a while in that city, and his coach should take me there, or he would lend me a horse and a servant to attend me. I answered, I should be glad to go, and then said somewhat of his lady, hoping she should now do well. He made no reply for a moment, and then only said,

“God knoweth! she is not like herself at the present.”

The words she had so mournfully spoken the day before came into my mind, “I shall never be like myself again, and there shall be no more joy in this house.” And, methinks, they did haunt him also.

I sat for some time by her bedside that day. She seemed not ill at ease, but there was something changed in her aspect, and her words when she spoke had no sense or connection. And here I will set down, before I relate the events which followed my brief sojourn under their roof, what I have heard touching the sequel of Sir Hammond and his wife's lives.

In that perilous and sorely troubled childbirth her understanding was alienated, and the art of the best physicians in England could never restore it. She was not frantic; but had such a pretty delirium, that in her ravings there was oftentimes more attractiveness than in many sane persons' conversation. They mostly ran on pious themes, and she was wont to sing psalms, and talk of Heaven, and that she hoped to see God there; and in many things she showed her old ability, such as fine embroidery and the making of preserves. One day, her waiting-woman asked her to dress a person's wounds, which did greatly need it, and she set herself to do it in her accus-

tomed manner; but at the sight of the wounds, she was seized with convulsions, and became violently delirious, so that Sir Hammond sharply reprehended the imprudent attendant, and forbade the like to be ever proposed to her again. He gave himself up to live retired with her, and ceased to be a magistrate; nor ever, that I could hear of, took any part again in the persecution of Catholics. The distemper which had estranged her mind in all things else, had left her love and obedience entire to her husband; and he entertained a more visible fondness, and evinced a greater respect for her after she was distempered, than he had ever done in the early days of their marriage. Methinks, the gentleness of her heart, and delicacy of her conscience, which till that misfortune had never, I ween, been burdened by any, even the least, self-reproach, and the lack of strength in her mind to endure an unusual stress, made the stroke of that accidental harm done to another through her means too heavy for her suffrance, and as the poet saith, unsettled reason on her throne. For mine own part, but let others consider of it as they list, I think that had she been a Catholic by early training and distinct belief, as verily I hope she was in rightful intention, albeit unconsciously to herself (as I make no doubt many are in these days, wherein persons are growing up with no knowledge of religion except what Protestant parents do instil into them), that she would have had a greater courage for to bear this singular trial; which to a feeling natural heart did prove unbearable, but which to one accustomed to look on suffering as not the greatest of evils, and to hold such as are borne for conscience sake as great and glorious, would not have been so overwhelming. But herein I write, methinks, mine own condemnation, for that in the anguish of filial grief I failed to point out to her during those cruel moments of suspense that which in retrospection I do so clearly see. And so, may God accept the blighting of her young life, and the many sufferings of mine which I have still to record, as pawns of His intended mercies to both her and to me in His everlasting kingdom !

When I was about to set out for Norwich, late in the afternoon of that same day, Sir Hammond's messenger returned from thence with a letter from the governor of the gaol; wherein he wrote that the prisoner he had sent the night before was to proceed to London in a few hours with some other priests and recusants which the government had ordered to be conveyed thither and committed to divers prisons. He added, that he had complied with Sir Hammond's request, and shown so much favour to Mr. Tunstall as to transfer him, as soon as he received his letter, from the common dungeon to a private cell, and to allow him to speak with another

Catholic prisoner, who had desired to see him. Upon this I prayed Sir Hammond to forward me on my journey to London, as now I desired nothing so much as to go there forthwith; which he did with no small alacrity and good disposition. Then, with so much speed as was possible, and so much suffering from the lapse of each hour, that it seemed to me the journey should never end, I proceeded to what was now the object of my most impatient pinings,—the place where I should hear tidings of my father, and, if it should be possible, minister assistance to him in his great straits. At last I reached Holborn; and, to the no small amazement of my uncle, Mrs. Ward, and Muriel, revealed to them who Mr. Tunstall was, whose arrival at the prison of Bridewell Mrs. Ward had had notice of that morning, when she had been to visit Mr. Watson, which she had contrived to do for some time past in the manner I will soon relate.

CHAPTER XVI.

ONE of the first persons I saw in London was Hubert Rookwood, who, when he heard (for being Basil's brother I would not conceal it from him) that my father was in prison at Bridewell, expressed so much concern therein and resentment of my grief, that I was thereby moved to more kindly feelings towards him than I had of late entertained. He said that in the houses of the law which he frequented he had made friends which he hoped would intercede in his behalf, and thereby obtain, if not his release, yet so much alleviation of the hardships of a common prison as should render his condition more tolerable, and that he would lose no time in seeking to move them thereunto. But that our chief hope would lie in Sir Francis Walsingham, who, albeit much opposed to Papists, had always showed himself willing to assist his friends of that way of thinking, and often procured for them some relief, which indeed none had more experienced than Mr. Congleton himself. Hubert commended the secrecy which had been observed touching my father's real name; for if he should be publicly known to be possessed of lands and related to noble families, it should be harder for any one to get him released than an obscure person; but nevertheless he craved license to intimate so much of the truth to Sir Francis as should appear convenient, for he had always observed that gentlemen are more compassionate to those of their own rank than to others of meaner birth. Mr. Congleton prayed him to use his own discretion therein, and said he should acquaint no one himself of it except his very good friend the Portuguese ambassador, who, if all other resources failed,

might yet obtain of the Queen herself some mitigation of his sentence. Thereupon followed some days of weary watching and waiting, in which my only comfort was Mistress Ward, who, by means of the gaoler's wife, who had obliged her in the like manner before, did get access from time to time to Mr. Watson, and brought him necessaries. From him she discovered that the prisoner in the nearest cell to his own was the so-called Mr. Tunstall, and that by knocks against the wall, ingeniously numbered so as to express the letters of the alphabet, as one for *a*, two for *b*, and so to the end thereof, they did communicate. So she straightway began to practise this management; but time allowed not of many speeches to pass between them. Yet in this way he sent me his blessing, and that he was of very good cheer; but that none should try for to visit him, for he had only one fear, which was to bring others into trouble; and, for himself, he was much beholden to her Majesty, which had provided him with a quiet lodging and time to look to his soul's welfare; which evidence of his cheerful and pious spirit comforted me not a little. Then that dear friend which had brought me this good comfort spoke of Mr. Watson, and said she desired to procure his escape from prison more than that of any other person in the same plight, not excepting my father. "For, good Constance," quoth she, "when a man is blest with a stout heart and a cheerful mind, except it be for the sake of others, I pray you what kind of service do you think we render him by delaying the victory he is about to gain, and peradventure depriving him of the long-desired crown of martyrdom? But this good Mr. Watson, who as you well know was a zealous priest and pious missionary, nevertheless, some time after his apprehension and confinement in Bridewell, by force of torments and other miseries of that place, was prevailed upon to deny his faith so far as to go once to the Protestant Service. Not dragged there by force as some have been, but compelled thereunto by fear of intolerable sufferings, and was then set at liberty. But the poor man did not thus better his condition; for the torments of his mind, looking on himself as an apostate and traitor to the Church, he found to be more insupportable than any sufferings his gaolers put upon him. So, after some miserable weeks, he went to one of the prisons where some other priests were confined for to seek comfort and counsel from them; and, having confessed his fault with great and sincere sorrow, he received absolution, and straightway repaired to that church in Bridewell wherein he had in a manner denied his faith, and before all the people at that time therein assembled, declared himself a Catholic, and willing to go to prison and to death sooner than to join again in Protestant worship. Whereupon he

was laid hold of, dragged to prison, and thrown into a dungeon so low and so strait that he could neither stand up in it nor lay himself down at his full length to sleep. They loaded him with irons, and kept him one whole month on bread and water; nor would suffer any one to come near him to comfort or speak with him."

"Alas!" I cried, "and is this then the place where my father is confined?"

"No," she answered; "after the space of a month Mr. Watson was translated to a lodging at the top of the house, wherein the prisoners are leastways able to stretch their limbs and to see the light; but he having been before prevailed on to yield against his conscience touching that point of going to Protestant worship, no peace is left to him by his persecutors, which never cease to urge on him some sort of conformity to their religion. And, Constance, when a man hath once been weak, what security can there be, albeit I deny not hope, that he shall always after stand firm?"

"But by what means," I eagerly asked, "do you forecast to procure his escape?"

"I have permission," she answered, "to bring him necessaries, which I do in a basket, on condition I be searched at going in and going out, for to make sure I convey not any letter unto him or from him; and this was so strictly observed the first month that they must needs break open the loaves or pies I take to him lest any paper should be conveyed inside. But they begin now to weary of this strict search, and do not care always to hearken when I speak with him; so he could tell me the last time I did visit him that he had found a way by which if he had but a cord long enough for his purpose, he could let himself down from the top of the house, and so make his escape in the night."

"Oh," I cried, "dear Mistress Ward; but this is a perilous venture, to aid a prisoner's escape. One which a daughter might run for her father, oh, how willingly, but for a stranger—"

"A stranger!" she answered. "Is he a stranger for whom Christ died, and whose precious soul is in danger, even if not a priest, and being so, is he not entitled to more than common reverence, chiefly in these days when God's servants minister to us in the midst of such great straits to both soul and body?"

"I cry God mercy," I said, "I did term him a stranger who gave ghostly comfort to my dear mother on her deathbed; but oh, dear Mistress Ward, I thought on your peril, who, He knoweth, hath been as a mother to me for these many years. And then—if you are resolved to run this danger, should it not be possible to save my father also by the same means? Two cords should not

be more difficult to convey, methinks, than one, and the peril not greater."

"If I could speak with him," she replied, "it would not be impossible. I will tell Muriel to make two instead of one of these cords, which she doth twine in some way she learnt from a Frenchman, so strong as, albeit slight, to have the strength of a cable. But without we do procure two men with a boat for to fetch the prisoners when they descend, 'tis little use to make the attempt. And it be easier, I warrant thee, Constance, to run oneself into a manifest danger than to entice others to the like."

"Should it be safe," I asked, "to speak thereon to Hubert Rookwood? He did exhibit this morning much zeal in my father's behalf, and promised to move Sir Francis Walsingham to procure his release."

"How is he disposed touching religion?" she asked in a doubtful manner.

"Alas!" I answered, "there is a secrecy in his nature which in more ways than one doth prove unvestigable, leastways to me; but when he comes this evening I will sound him thereon. Would his brother were in London! Then we should not lack counsel and aid in this matter."

"We do sorely need both," she answered; "for your good uncle, than which a better man never lived, wanes feeble in body, and hence easily overcome by the fears such enterprises involve. Mr. Wells is not in London at this time, or he should have been a very palladium of strength in this necessity. Hubert Rookwood hath, I think, a good head."

"What we do want is a brave heart," I replied, thinking on Basil.

"But wits also," she said.

"Basil hath them too," I answered, forgetting that only in mine own thinking had he been named.

"Yea," she cried, "who doth doubt it? but alas! he is not here."

Then I prayed her not to be too rash in the prosecution of her design. "Touching my father," I said, "I have yet some hope of his release; and as long as any remaineth, flight should be methinks a too desperate attempt to be thought of."

"Yea," she answered, "in most cases it would be so." But Mr. Watson's disposition she perceived to be such as would meet a present danger and death itself, she thought, with courage, but not of that stamp which could endure prolonged fears or infliction of torments.

Since my coming to London I had been too much engaged in

these weighty cares to go abroad; but on that day I resolved, if it were possible, to see my Lady Surrey. A report had reached me that the breach between her and her husband had so much deepened that a separation had ensued, which if true, I, which knew her as well almost as mine own self, could judge what her grief must be. I was also moved to this endeavour by the hope that if my Lord Arundel was not too sick to be spoken with, she should perhaps obtain some help through his means for that dear prisoner whose captivity did weigh so heavily on my heart.

So, with a servant to attend on me, I went through the City to the Charterhouse, and with a misgiving mind heard from the porter that Lady Surrey lodged not there, but at Arundel House, whither she had removed soon after her coming to London. Methought that in the telling of it, this man exhibited a sorrowful countenance; but not choosing to question one of his sort on so weighty a matter, I went on to Arundel House, where, after some delay, I succeeded in gaining admittance to Lady Surrey's chamber, whose manner, when she first saw me, lacked the warmth which I was used to in her greetings. There seemed some fear in her lest I should speak unadvisedly that which she would be loth to hear; and her strangeness and reserve methinks arose from reluctance to have the wound in her heart probed,—too sore a one, I ween, even for the tender handling of a friend. I inquired of her if my Lord Arundel's health had improved. She said he was better, and like soon to be as well as could be hoped for nowadays, when his infirmities had much increased.

"Then you will return to Kenninghall?" I said, letting my speech outrun discretion.

"No," she replied; "I purpose never more to leave my Lord Arundel or my Lady Lumley as long as they do live, which I pray God may be many years."

And then she sat without speaking, biting her lips and wringing the kerchief she held in her hands, as if to keep her grief from outbursting. I dared not to comment on her resolve, for I foresaw that the least word which should express some partaking of her sorrow, or any question relating to it, would let loose a torrent weakly stayed by a mightful effort, not like to be of long avail. So I spoke of mine own troubles, and the events which had occasioned my sudden departure from Lynn Court. She had heard of Lady l'Estrange's mishap, and that the following day I had journeyed to London; but naught of the causes thereof, or of the apprehension of any priest by Sir Hammond's orders. Which, when she learnt the manner of this misfortune, and the poor lady's share therein, and that it was my

father she had thus unwittingly discovered, her countenance softened, and throwing her arms round my neck, she bitterly wept, which at that moment methinks did her more good than any thing else.

"Oh, mine own good Constance," she said; "I doubt not nature raiseth many passionate workings in your soul at this time; but, my dear wench, when good men are in trouble our grief for them should be as noble as their virtues. Bethink thee what a worst sorrow it should be to have a vile father, one that thou must needs love,—for who can tear out of his heart affections strong as life?—and he should then prove unworthy. Believe me, Constance, God gives to each, even in this world, a portion of their deserts. Such griefs as thy present one I take to be rare instances of His favour. Other sorts of trials are meet for cowardly souls which refuse to set their lips to a chalice of suffering, and presently find themselves submerged in a sea of woes. But can I help thee, sweet one? Is there aught I can do to lighten thy affliction? Hast thou license for to see thy father?"

"No, dear lady," I answered; "and his name being concealed, I may not petition as his daughter for this permission; but if my Lord Arundel should be so good a lord to me as to obtain leave for me to visit this prisoner, without revealing his name and condition, he should do me the greatest benefit in the world."

"I will move him thereunto," my lady said. "But he who had formerly no equal in the Queen's favour, and to whom she doth partly owe her crown, is now in his sickness and old age of so little account in her eyes, that trifling favours are often denied him to whom she would once have said: 'Ask of me what thou wilt, and I will give it unto thee.' But what my poor endeavours can effect through him or others shall not be lacking in this thy need. But I am not in that condition I was once like to have enjoyed." Then with her eyes cast on the ground, she seemed for to doubt if she should speak plainly, or still shut up her griefs in silence. As I sat painfully expecting her next words, the door opened, and two ladies were announced, which she whispered in mine ear she would fain not have admitted at that time, but that Lord Arundel's desire did oblige her to entertain them. One was Mistress Bellamy, and the other her daughter, Mistress Frances, a young gentlewoman of great beauty and very lively parts, which I had once before seen at Lady Ingoldsby's house. She was her parents' sole daughter, and so idolised by them that they seemed to live only to minister to her fancies. Lord Arundel was much bounden to this family by ancient ties of friendship, which made him urgent with his granddaughter that she should admit them to her privacy. I admired in this instance how suddenly

those which have been used to exercise such self-command as high breeding doth teach can school their exterior to seem at ease, and even of good cheer, when most ill at ease interiorly, and with hearts very heavy. Lady Surrey greeted these visitors with as much courtesy, and listened to their discourse with as much civility and smiles when called for, as if no burthensome thoughts did then oppress her.

Many and various themes were touched upon in the random talk which ensued. First, that wonted one of the Queen's marriage, which some opined should verily now take place with Monsieur d'Alençon; for that, since his stealthy visits to England, she did wear in her bosom a brooch of jewels in a frog's shape.

"Ay," quoth Mistress Frances, "that stolen visit which awoke the ire of the poor soul Stubbs, who styled it 'an unmanlike, unprincelike, French kind of wooing,' and endeth his book of *The Gaping Gulph* in a loyal rage: 'Here is therefore an imp of the crown of France, to marry the crowned nymph of England,'—a nymph indeed well stricken in years. My brother was standing by when Stubbs' hand was cut off; for nothing else would content that sweet royal nymph, albeit the lawyers stoutly contended the statute under which he suffered to be null and void. As soon as his right hand is off, the man takes his hat off with the left, and cries 'God bless the Queen!'"

"Here is a wonder," I exclaimed; "I pray you, what is the art this queen doth possess by which she holdeth the hearts of her subjects in so great thrall, albeit so cruel to them which do offend her?"

"Lady Harrington hath told me her majesty's own opinion thereon," said Mrs. Bellamy; "for one day she did ask her in a merry sort, 'How she kept her husband's goodwill and love?' To which she made reply that she persuaded her husband of her affection, and in so doing did command his. Upon which the queen cries out, 'Go to, go to, Mistress Moll! you are wisely bent, I find. After such sort do I keep the good wills of all my husbands, my good people; for if they did not rest assured of some special love towards them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience.'"

"Tut, tut!" cried Mistress Frances; "all be not such fools as John Stubbs; and she knoweth how to take rebukes from such as she doth not dare to offend. By the same token that Sir Philip Sydney hath written to dissuade her from this French match, and likewise Sir Francis Walsingham, which last did hint at her advancing years; and her highness never so much as thought of striking off their hands. But I warrant you a rebellion shall arise if this queen doth issue such prohibitions as she hath lately done."

"Of what sort?" asked Lady Surrey.

"First, to forbid," Mrs. Bellamy said, "any new building to be raised within three thousand paces of the gates of London on pain of imprisonment, and sundry other penalties; or for more than one family to inhabit in one house. For her majesty holds it should be an impossible thing to govern or maintain order in a city larger than this London at the present time."

Mistress Frances declared this law to be more tolerable than the one against the size of ladies' ruffs, which were forsooth not to exceed a certain measure; and officers appointed for to stand at the corners of streets and to clip such as overpassed the permitted dimensions, which sooner than submit to she should die.

Lady Surrey smiled, and said she should have judged so from the size of her fine ruff.

"But her majesty is impartial," quoth Mrs. Bellamy; "for the gentlemen's rapiers are served in the same manner. And verily this law hath nearly procured a war with France; for in Smithfield Lane some clownish constables stayed M. de Castelnau, and laid hands on his sword for to shorten it to the required length. I leave you to judge, Lady Surrey, of this ambassador's fury. Sir Henry Seymour, who was taking the air in Smithfield at the time, perceived him standing with the drawn weapon in his hand threatening to kill whosoever should approach him, and destruction on this realm of England if the officers should dare to touch his sword again; and this with such frenzy of speech in French mixed with English none could understand, that God knoweth what should have ensued if Sir Henry had not interfered. Her majesty was forced to make an apology to this mounseer for that her officers had ignorantly attempted to clip the sword of her good brother's envoy."

"Why doth she not clip," Mistress Frances said, "if such be her present humour, the orange manes of her gray Dutch horses, which are the frightfullest things in the world?"

"'Tis said," quoth Mrs. Bellamy, "that a new French embassy is soon expected, with the Dauphin of Auvergne at its head."

"Yea," cried her daughter, "and four handsome English noblemen to meet them at the Tower stairs, and conduct them to the new banqueting-house at Westminster,—my Lord Surrey, Lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sydney, and Sir Fulke Greville. Methinks this should be a very fine sight, if rain doth not fall to spoil it."

I saw my Lady Surrey's countenance change when her husband was mentioned; and Mrs. Bellamy looked at her daughter forasmuch as to check her thoughtless speeches, which caused this young lady to glance round the room, seeking, as it seemed, for some other topic of conversation.

Methinks I should not have preserved so lively a recollection of the circumstances of this visit if some dismal tidings which reached me afterwards touching this gentlewoman, then so thoughtless and innocent, had not revived in me the memory of her gay prattle, bright unabashed eyes, and audacious dealing with subjects so weighty and dangerous, that any one less bold should have feared to handle them. After the pause which ensued on the mention of Lord Surrey's name, she took for her text what had been said touching the prohibitions lately issued concerning ruffs and rapiers, and began to mock at her majesty's favourites; yea, and to mimic her majesty herself with so much humour, that her well-acted satire must have needs constrained any one to laugh. Then, not contented with these dangerous jests, she talked such direct treason against her highness as to say she hoped to see her dethroned, and a fair Catholic sovereign to reign in her stead, who would be less shrewish to young and handsome ladies. Then her mother cried her, for mercy's sake to restrain her mad speech, which would serve one day to bring them all into trouble, for all she meant it in jest.

"Marry, good mother," she answered, "not in jest at all; for I do verily hold myself bound to no allegiance to this queen, and would gladly see her get her deserts."

Then Lady Surrey prayed her not to speak so rashly; but methought in her heart, and somewhat I could perceive of this in her eyes, she misliked not wholly this young lady's words, who then spoke of religion; and oh, how zealous therein did she appear, how boldly affirmed (craving Lady Surrey's pardon, albeit she would warrant, she said, there was no need to do so, her ladyship she had heard being half a Papist herself) that she had as lief be racked twenty times over and die also, or her face to be so disfigured that none should call her ever after any thing but a fright—which martyrdom she held would exceed any yet thought of—than so much as hold her tongue concerning her faith, or stay from telling her Majesty to her face, if she should have the chance to get speech with her, that she was a foul heretic, and some other truths besides, which but once to utter in her presence, come of it what would, should be a delicious pleasure. Then she railed at the Catholics which blessed the Queen before they suffered for their religion, proving them wrong with ingenious reasons and fallacious arguments, mixed with pleasantries not wholly becoming such grave themes. But it should have seemed as reasonable to be angry with a child babbling at random of life and death in the midst of its play, as with this creature, the lightest of heart, the fairest in face, the most winsome in manner, and most careless of danger that ever did set sail on life's stream.

Oh, how all this rose before me again, when I heard, two years afterwards, that for her bold recusancy—alas! more bold, as the sequel proved, than deep, more passionate than fervent—this only cherished daughter, this innocent maiden, the mirror of whose fame no breath had sullied, and on whose name no shadow had rested, was torn by the pursuivants from her parents' home, and cast into a prison with companions at the very aspect of which virtue did shudder. And the unvaliant courage, the weak bravery of this indulged and wayward young lady had no strength wherewith to resist the surging tides of adversity. No voice of parent, friend, or ghostly father reached her in that abode of despair. No visible angel visited her, but a fiend in human form haunted her dungeon. Liberty and pleasure he offered in exchange for virtue, honour, and faith. She fell; sudden and great was that fall.

There is a man the name of which hath blenched the cheeks and riven the hearts of Catholics, one who hath caused many amongst them to lose their lands and to part from their homes, to die on gibbets and their limbs to be torn asunder—one Richard Topcliffe. But, methinks, of all the voices which shall be raised for to accuse him at Christ's judgment-seat, the loudest will be Frances Belamy's. Her ruin was his work; one of those works which, when a man is dead, do follow him; whither, God knoweth!

Oh, you who saw her, as I did, in her young and innocent years, can you read this without shuddering? Can you think on it without weeping? As her fall was sudden, so was the change it wrought. With it vanished affections, hopes, womanly feelings, memory of the past; nay methinks therein I err. Memory did yet abide, but linked with hatred; Satan's memory of heaven. From depths to depths she hath sunk, and is now wedded to a mean wretch, the gaoler of her old prison. So rank a hatred hath grown in her against recusants and mostly priests, that it rages like a madness in her soul, which thirsts for their blood. Some months back, about the time I did begin to write this history, news reached me that she had sold the life of that meek saint, that sweet poet, Father Southwell, of which even an enemy, Lord Mountjoy, did say, when he had seen him suffer, "I pray God, where that man's soul now is, mine may one day be." Her father had concealed him in that house where she had dwelt in her innocent days. None but the family knew the secret of its hiding-place. She did reveal it, and took gold for her wages! What shall be that woman's death-bed? What trace doth remain on her soul of what was once a share in the Divine nature? May one of God's ministers be nigh unto her in that hour for to bid her not despair! If Judas had repented, Jesus would have

pardoned him. Peradventure, misery without hope of relief overthrew her brain. I do pray for her always. 'Tis a vain thought perhaps, but I sometimes wish I might, though I see not how to compass it, yet once speak with her before she or I die. Methinks I could say such words as should touch some old chord in her dead heart. God knoweth ! That day I write of, little did I ween what her end would be. But yet it feared me to hear one so young and of so frail an aspect speak so boastfully ; and it seemed even then to my inexperienced mind, that my Lady Surrey, who had so humbly erewhile accused herself of cowardice and lamented her weakness, should be in a safer plight, albeit as yet unreconciled.

The visit I have described had lasted some time, when a servant came with a message to her ladyship from Mr. Hubert Rookwood, who craved to be admitted on an urgent matter. She glanced at me somewhat surprised, upon which I made her a sign that she should condescend to his request ; for I supposed he had seen Sir Francis Walsingham, and was in haste to confer with me touching that interview ; and she ordered him to be admitted. Mrs. Bellamy and her daughter rose to go soon after his entrance ; and whilst Lady Surrey conducted them to the door he asked me if her ladyship was privy to the matter in hand. When I had satisfied him thereof, he related what had passed in an interview he had with Sir Francis, whom he found ill-disposed at first to stir in the matter, for he said his frequent remonstrances in favour of recusants had been like to bring him into odium with some of the more zealous Protestants, and that he must needs, in every case of that sort, prove it to be his sole object to bring such persons more surely, albeit slowly, by means of toleration, to a rightful conformity ; and that with regard to priests, he was very loth to interfere.

"I was compelled," quoth Hubert, "to use such arguments as fell in with the scope of his discourse, and to flatter him with the hope of good results in that which he most desired, if he would procure Mr. Sherwood's release, which I doubt not he hath power to effect. And in the end he consented to lend his aid therein, on condition he should prove on his side so far conformable as to suffer a minister to visit and confer with him touching religion, which would then be a pretext for his release, as if it were supposed he was well disposed towards Protestant religion, and a man more like to embrace the truth when at liberty than if driven to it by stress of confinement. Then he would procure," he added, "an order for his passage to France, if he promised not to return, except he should be willing to obey the laws."

"I fear me much," I answered, "my father will not accept these

terms which Sir Francis doth offer. Methinks he will consider they do involve some lack of the open profession of his faith."

"It would be madness for one in his plight to refuse them," Hubert exclaimed, and appealed thereon to Lady Surrey, who said she did indeed think as he did, for it was not like any better could be obtained.

It pained me he should refer to her, who from conformity to the times could not well conceive how tender a Catholic conscience should feel at the least approach to dissembling on this point.

"Wherein," he continued, "is the harm for to confer with a minister, or how can it be construed into a denial of a man's faith to listen to his arguments, unless, indeed, he feels himself to be in danger of being shaken by them?"

"You very well know," I exclaimed with some warmth, "that not to be my meaning, or what I suppose his should be. Our priests do constantly crave for public disputations touching religion, albeit they eschew secret ones, which their adversaries make a pretext of to spread reports of their inability to defend their faith, or willingness to abandon it. But Heaven forbid I should anyways prejudge this question; and if with a safe conscience—and with no other I am assured will he do it—my father doth subscribe to this condition, then God be praised for it!"

"But you will move him to it, Mistress Constance?" he said.

"If I am so happy," I answered, "as to get speech with him, verily I will entreat him not to throw away his life so precious to others, if so be he can save it without detriment to his conscience."

"Conscience!" Hubert exclaimed. "Methinks that word is often misapplied in these days."

"How so?" I asked, investigating his countenance, for I misdoubted his meaning. Lady Surrey likewise seemed desirous to hear what he should say on that matter.

"Conscience," he answered, "should make persons, and mostly women, careful how they injure others, and cause needless suffering, by a too great stiffness in refusing conformity to the outward practices which the laws of the country enforce, when it affects not the weightier points of faith, which God forbid any Catholic should deny. There is often as much of pride as of virtue in such rash obstinacy touching small yieldings as doth involve the ruin of a family, separation of parents and children, and more evils than can be thought of."

"Hubert," I said, fixing mine eyes on him with a searching look he cared not, I ween, to meet, for he cast his on a paper he had in his hand, and raised them not while I spoke, "it is by such reasonings first, and then by such small yieldings as you commend, that

some have been led two or three times in their lives, yea, oftener perhaps, to profess different religions, and to take such contradictory oaths as have been by turns prescribed to them under different sovereigns, and God each time called on to witness their perjuries, whereby truth and falsehood in matters of faith shall come in time to be words without any meaning."

Then he: "You do misapprehend me, Mistress Constance, if you think I would counsel a man to utter a falsehood, or feign to believe that which in his heart he thinketh to be false. But, in Heaven's name, I pray you, what harm will your father do if he listens to a minister's discourse, and suffers it to be set forth he doth ponder thereon, and in the meantime escapes to France? whereas, if he refuses the loophole now offered him, he causeth not to himself alone, but to you and his other friends, more pain and sorrow than can be thought of, and deprives the Church of one of her servants, when her need of them is greatest."

I made no reply to this last speech; for albeit I thought my father would not accede to these terms, I did not so far trust mine own judgment thereon as to predict with certainty what his answer should be. And then Hubert said he had an order from Sir Francis that would admit me on the morrow to see my father; and he offered to go with me, and Mistress Ward too, if I listed, to present it, albeit I alone should enter his cell. I thanked him, and fixed the time of our going.

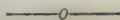
When he had left us, Lady Surrey commended his zeal, and also his moderate spirit, which did charitably allow, she said, for such as conformed to the times for the sake of others which their reconciliation would very much injure.

Before I could reply she changed this discourse, and, putting her hands on my shoulders and kissing my forehead, said,

"My Lady Lumley hath heard so much from her poor niece of one Mistress Constance Sherwood, that she doth greatly wish to see this young gentlewoman and very resolved Papist." And then, taking me by the arm, she led me to that lady's chamber, where I had as kind a welcome as ever I received from any one from her ladyship, who said, "her dear Nan's friends should be always as dear to her as her own," and added many fine commendations greatly exceeding my deserts.



Saints of the Desert.



No. VI.

1. A sportsman fell in with Abbot Antony, when pleasantly conversing with his brethren, and was scandalised.

The old man said: "Put an arrow on the string, and bend your bow." He did so.

Then Antony said: "Bend it more;" and he bent it more.

Antony said: "More still." He answered: "I shall break it."

Then said Antony: This will befall the brethren, if their minds are always on the stretch.

2. It is told of Abbot Arsenius, how he was used to remain all night without sleep.

Then, when morning broke, and he needed rest, he used to say to sleep: Come, you good-for-nothing.

Then he took a nap, as he sat; and soon woke up again.

3. A brother said to Abbot Theodore, "Say some good word to me, for I am perishing."

He answered: I am in jeopardy myself, and what can I say to thee?

4. A brother said to Abbot Pastor: "I have done a great sin; give me a three years' penance." The Abbot answered: "It is too much."

The brother said, "Give me a year." The old man said again, "It is too much."

The brothers round him asked, "Should it be forty days?" Still he answered, "It is too much."

For, said he, whoso doth penance with his whole heart, and never does the sin again, is received by God even on the penance of three days.

5. A brother had sinned, and the priest bade him leave the church.

Bessarion rose, and went out with him, saying: And I too am a sinner.

6. Abbot Macarius said: Never chide an erring brother angrily; for you are not bid save another's soul at the loss of your own.

7. Abbot Nilus said: If you would pray as you ought, beware of sadness; else, you will run in vain.

J. H. N.

A lost Chapter of Church History recovered.

IF we set before a skilful professor of comparative anatomy a few bones dug out of the bowels of the earth, he will re-construct for us the whole form of the animal to which they belonged; and it sometimes happens that these theoretical constructions are singularly justified by later discoveries. It is the province of an archæologist to attempt something of the same kind. An historian transcribes for our use annals more or less fully composed and faithfully transmitted by his predecessors. He may have to gather his materials from various sources; he must distinguish the true from the false; and he gives shape, consistency, and life to the whole; but, for the most part at least, he has little to supply that is new from any resources of his own. The archæologist, on the contrary, if he be really a man of learning and science, and not a mere collector of old curiosities, aims at discovering and restoring annals that are lost, by means of a careful and intelligent use of every fragment of most heterogeneous materials that happens to come across him. And there is certainly nobody in the present age whose talent and industry in this branch of learning, so far at least as *Christian* archæology is concerned, can at all compare with that of Cavaliere G. B. de Rossi. For more than twenty years he has devoted himself to the study of the Roman Catacombs, and at length we begin to enter upon the fruit of his labours. He has just published (by order of the Pope, and at the expense, we believe, of the Commission of Sacred Archæology, instituted by his Holiness in 1851) the first volume of *Roma Sotterranea*; a magnificent volume, splendidly illustrated, and full of new and varied information. An abstract of its contents would hardly be suitable to our pages; but none, we think, can fail to be interested in what we may venture to call *the first chapter* of the History of the Catacombs—a chapter that had certainly never before been written, even if it had been attempted.

All earlier authors upon subterranean Rome, so far as our experience goes, whilst describing fully, and it may be illustrating with considerable learning, the Catacombs as they now exist, and all the monuments they contain, have been content to pass over with a few words of apology and conjecture the question of their origin and early history. They have told us that the Jewish residents in Rome had

burial-places of a similar character; and they have shown how natural and probable it was that the first Roman Christians, unwilling to burn their dead in Pagan fashion, should have imitated the practices of the ancient people of God. When pressed to explain how so gigantic a work, as the Roman Catacombs undoubtedly are, could have been carried on by the Christians under the very feet of their bitter persecutors, yet without their knowledge, they have pointed to the rare instance of a cemetery entered by a staircase hidden within the recesses of a sand-pit; they have guessed that here or there some Christian patrician, some senator or his wife, may have given up a garden or a vineyard for use as a burial-ground; and then they have passed on to the much easier task of enumerating the subterranean chapels, tracing the intricacies of the galleries, or describing the paintings, sculptures, and inscriptions. The work of De Rossi is of a very different character. It begins *ab ovo*, and proceeds scientifically. It shows, not only how these wonderful cemeteries *may* have been made, but also—as far as is practicable, and a great deal further than nine-tenths even of the most learned archæologists ever supposed to be practicable—how and when each cemetery really *was* made. From the few scattered bones, so to speak, which lay buried, and for the most part *broken*, partly in the depths of the Catacombs themselves, partly in the Acts of the Martyrs, the Liber Pontificalis, and a few other records of ecclesiastical history, he has reconstructed with consummate skill the complete skeleton, if we should not rather say, has reproduced the whole body, and set it full of life and vigour before us. Not that he has indulged in hasty conjectures, or given unlimited scope to a lively imagination; far from it. On the contrary, we fear many of his less learned readers will be disposed to find fault with the slow and deliberate, almost ponderous, method of his progress, and to grow impatient under the mass of minute criticisms with which some of his pages are filled, and by which he insists upon justifying each step that he takes. Indeed, we have some scruple at presenting our readers with the sum and substance of his argument, divested of all these *pièces justificatives*, as our neighbours would call them, lest they should suspect us of inventing rather than describing. However, we think it is too precious a page of Church History to be lost, and we therefore proceed to publish it, only premising that nobody must pretend to judge of its truth merely from the naked abstract of it which we propose to give, but that all who are really interested in the study should examine for themselves in detail the whole mass of evidence by which, in De Rossi's pages, it is supported, most of which is new, and all newly applied.

To tell our story correctly, it is necessary we should step back

into Pagan times, and first take a peep at their laws and usages in the matter of burials. No classical scholar need be told how strictly prohibited by old Roman law was all intra-mural interment. Indeed every traveller knows that all the great roads leading into Rome were once lined on either side with sepulchral monuments, many of which still remain; and the letters inscribed upon them tell us how many feet of frontage, and how many feet at the back (into the field), belonged to each monument. [IN. FR. P. so many. IN. AG. P. so many. *In fronte, pedum* —. *In agro, pedum* —.] M. de Rossi (the brother of our author) has published a very interesting plan of one of these monuments with all its dependencies, as represented on an ancient marble slab dug up on the Via Laviniana. On this slab, not only are the usual measurements of frontage and depth carefully recorded, but also the private or public roads which crossed the property, the gardens and vineyards of which it consisted, the swampy land on which grew nothing but reeds (it is called *Harundinetum*), and the ditch by which, on one side at least, it was bounded. Unfortunately the slab is not perfect, so that we cannot tell the exact measurement of the whole. Enough, however, remains to show that the property altogether was not less than twelve Roman *jugera*, or nearly 350,000 square feet; and other inscriptions are extant, specifying an amount of property almost equal to this, as belonging to a single monument (e.g. *Huic monumento cedunt agri puri jugera decem*). The necessity for so large an assignment of property to a single tomb was not so much the vastness of the mausoleum to be erected, as because certain funeral rites were to be celebrated there year by year, on the anniversary of the death, and at other times; sacrifices to be offered, feasts to be given, &c.; and for these purposes *exedrae* were provided, or semi-circular recesses, furnished with sofas and all things necessary for the convenience of guests. A house also (*custodia*) was often added, in which a person should always live to look after the monument, for whose support these gardens, vineyards, or other hereditaments were set apart as a perpetual endowment. It only remains to add, that upon all these ancient monuments may be found these letters, or something equivalent to them, H.M.H.EX.T.N.S. (*Hoc monumentum hæredes ex testamento ne sequatur*); in other words, "This tomb and all that belongs to it is sacred; henceforth it can neither be bought nor sold; it does not descend to my heirs with the rest of my property; but must ever be retained inviolate for the purpose to which I have destined it, viz., as a place of sepulchre for myself and my family," or certain specified members only of the family; or, in some rare instances, others also extern to the family. The same sacred character which attached to the monuments themselves

belonged also to the *area* in which they stood, the *hypogeum* or subterranean chamber, which not unfrequently was formed beneath them; but it is a question whether it extended to the houses or other possessions attached to them.

Nor were these monuments confined to the noblest and wealthiest citizens. Even in the absence of all direct evidence upon the subject, we should have found it hard to believe that any but the very meanest of the slaves were buried (or rather were thrown without any burial at all) into those open pits (*puticoli*) of which Horace and others have told us. And in fact, a multitude of testimonies have come down to us of the existence, both in republican and imperial Rome, of a number of colleges, as they were called, or corporations (clubs or confraternities, as we should more probably call them), whose members were associated, partly in honour of some particular deity, but far more with a view to mutual assistance for the performance of the just funeral rites. Inscriptions which are still extant testify to nearly fourscore of these *collegia*, each consisting of the members of a different trade or profession. There are the masons and carpenters, soldiers and sailors, bakers and cooks, corn-merchants and wine-merchants, hunters and fishermen, goldsmiths and blacksmiths, dealers in drugs and carders of wool, boatmen and divers, doctors and bankers, scribes and musicians—in a word, it would be hard to say what trade or employment is not here represented. Not, however, that this is the only bond of fellowship upon which such confraternities were built; sometimes, indeed generally, the members were united, as we have already said, in the worship of some deity; they were *cultores Jovis*, or *Herculis*, or *Apollinis et Dianæ*; sometimes they merely took the title of some deceased benefactor whose memory they desired to honour; e.g. *cultores statuarum et clipeorum L. Abulli Dextri*; and sometimes the only bond of union seems to have been service in the same house or family. A long and curious inscription belonging to one of these colleges, consisting mainly of slaves, and erected in honour of Diana and Antinous, and for the burial of the dead, in the year 133 of our era, reveals a number of most interesting particulars as to its internal organisation, which are worth repeating in this place. So much was to be paid at entrance, and a keg of good wine besides, and then so much a month afterwards; for every member who has regularly paid-up his contribution, so much to be allowed for his funeral, of which a certain proportion to be distributed amongst those who assist; if a member dies at a distance of more than twenty miles from Rome, three members are to be sent to fetch the body, and so much is to be allowed them for travelling expenses; if the master (of the slave)

will not give up the body, he is nevertheless to receive all the funeral rites; he is to be buried in effigy; if any of the members, being a slave, receives his freedom, he owes the college an amphora of good wine; he who is elected president (*magister*), must inaugurate his accession to office by giving a supper to all the members; six times a year the members dine together in honour of Diana, Antinous, and the patron of the college, and the allowance of bread and of wine on these occasions is specified; so much to every *mess* of four; no complaints or disputed questions may be mooted at these festivals, "to the end that our feasts may be merry and glad:" finally, whoever wishes to enter this confraternity is requested to study all the rules first before he enters, lest he afterwards grumble or leave a dispute as a legacy to his heir.

We are afraid we have gone into the details of this ancient Burial-Club more than was strictly necessary for our purpose; but we have been insensibly drawn on by their extremely interesting character, reminding us (as the Count de Champagny, from whom we have taken them, most justly remarks) both of the ancient Christian *Agapai* or love-feasts, and (we may add) the mediæval guilds. This, however, suggests a train of thought which we must not be tempted to pursue. De Rossi has been more self-denying on the subject; he confines himself to a brief mention of the existence of the clubs, refers us to other authors for an account of them, and then calls our attention to this very singular, and for our purpose most important fact concerning them: viz., that at a time when institutions of this kind had been made a cover for political combinations and conspiracies, or at least when the emperors suspected and feared such an abuse of them, and therefore rigorously suppressed them, nevertheless an exception was expressly made in favour of those which consisted of "poorer members of society, who met together *every month* to make a small contribution towards the expenses of their *funeral*;" and then he puts side by side with this law the words of Tertullian in his *Apology*, written about the very same time, where he speaks of the Christians contributing *every month*, or when and as each can and chooses, a certain sum to be spent on feeding, and *burying* the poor. The identity of language in the two passages, when thus brought into juxtaposition, is very striking; and we suppose that most of our readers will now recognise the bearing of all we have hitherto been saying upon the history of the Christian catacombs, from which we have seemed to be wandering so far.

We have already said that one of the first questions which persons are inclined to ask when they either visit, or begin to study, the catacombs is this: How was so vast a work ever accomplished with-

out the knowledge and against the will of the local authorities? And we answer (in part at least), as the Royal Scientific Society *should* have answered King Charles the Second's famous question about the live fish and the dead fish in the tub of water, "Are you quite sure of your facts?" "Don't call upon us to find the reason of a problem which, after all, only exists perhaps in your own imagination." And so in truth it is. The arguments of the Cavaliere de Rossi have satisfied us that the Christians of the first ages were under no necessity of having recourse to extraordinary means of secrecy with reference to the burial of their dead; it was quite possible for them to have cemeteries on every side of Rome, under the protection of the ordinary laws and practices of their pagan neighbours.

But is not this to revolutionise the whole history of these wonderful excavations? We cannot help it, if it be so; it is at least one of those revolutions which are generally accepted as justifiable, and certainly are approved in their consequences; for when it is complete, every thing finds its proper place; books and grave-stones, the cemeteries and their ancient historians, every witness concerned gives its own independent testimony, all in harmony with one another, and with the presumed facts of the case. Let us see how the early history of the catacombs runs, when reconstructed according to this new theory. The first Christian cemeteries were made in ground given for that very purpose by some wealthier member of the community, and secured to it in perpetuity in accordance with the laws of the country. There was nothing to prevent the erection of a public monument in the *area* thus secured, and the excavation of chambers and galleries beneath. And history tells us of several of the most ancient catacombs that they had their origin from this very circumstance, that some pious Christian, generally a Roman matron of noble rank, buried the relics of some famous martyr on her own property (*in prædium suo*).

The oldest memorial we have about the tomb of St. Peter himself is this, that Anacletus "*memoriam construxit B. Petri*, and places where the Bishops (of Rome) should be buried;" and this language is far more intelligible and correct, if spoken of some public tomb, than of an obscure subterranean grave; *memoria*, or *cella memoriae*, being the classical designation of such tombs. How much more appropriate also does the language of Caius the presbyter, preserved to us by Eusebius, now appear, wherein he speaks (in the days of Zephyrinus) of the *trophies* of the Apostles being *to be seen* at the Vatican and on the Ostian way? Tertullian, too, speaks of the bodies of the martyrs lying in *mausoleums and monuments*, awaiting the general resurrection. From the same writer we learn

that the *areæ* of the Christian burials were known to, and were sacrilegiously attacked by the enraged heathens in the very first years of the third century; and quite recently there has reached us from this same writer's country a most valuable inscription, discovered amid the ruins of a Roman building, not far from the walls of the ancient Cæsarea of Mauritania, which runs in this wise: "Euelpius, a worshipper of the Word (*cultor Verbi*; mark the word, and call to mind the *cultores Jovis*, &c.) has given this *area* for sepulchres, and has built a *cella* at his own cost. He left this *memoria* to the holy Church. Hail, brethren: Euelpius, with a pure and simple heart salutes you, born of the Holy Spirit." It is true that this inscription, as we now have it, is not the original stone; it is expressly added at the foot of the tablet, that *Ecclesia fratrum* has restored this *titulus* at a period subsequent to the persecution during which the original had been destroyed; but both the sense and the words forbid us to suppose that any change had been made in the language of the epitaph, to which we cannot assign a date later than the middle of the third century. But, finally, and above all, let us descend into the catacombs themselves, and put them to the question. Michael Stephen de Rossi, the-constant companion of his brother's studies, having invented some new mechanical contrivance for taking plans of subterranean excavations,* has made exact plans of several catacombs, not only of each level (or *floor*, so to speak) within itself, but also in its relations to the superficial soil, and in the relations of the several floors one with another. A specimen of these is set before us by means of different colours or tints, representing the galleries of the different levels, in the map of the cemetery of St. Callixtus, which accompanies this volume; and a careful study of this map is sufficient to demonstrate that the vast net-work of paths in this famous cemetery originally consisted of several smaller cemeteries, confined each within strict and narrow limits, and that they were only united at some later, though still very ancient period. For it cannot have been without reason that the subterranean galleries should have doubled and re-doubled upon themselves within the limits of a certain well-defined area; that they should never have overstepped a certain boundary-line in this or that direction, though the nature of the soil and every other consideration would have seemed to invite them to proceed; that they should have been suddenly interrupted by a flight of steps, penetrating more deeply into the bowels of the earth, and there been reproduced exactly upon the same scale

* It was highly commended and received a prize at the International Exhibition of 1862.

and within the same limits. These facts can only be fully appreciated by an actual examination of the map, where they speak for themselves; but even those who have not this advantage will scarcely call in question the conclusion that is drawn from them, when they call to mind how exactly it coincides with all the ancient testimonies we have already adduced on the subject, and when they learn the singular and most interesting fact, that the Cav. de Rossi has been able in more than one instance, by means of the sepulchral inscriptions, to identify the noble family by whom the site of the cemetery was originally granted.

It will be of course understood that we have been speaking of the earliest ages of the Church's history, and that we are far from denying that there were other periods during which secrecy was an essential condition of the Christian cemeteries; on the contrary, did our space allow, we could show what parts of the catacombs belonged to the one period, and what to the other, and what are the essential characteristics of each. We might unfold also, with considerable minuteness, the *economy* of these cemeteries, even during the ages of persecution; under whose management they were administered, whether they were parochial or otherwise, together with many other highly interesting particulars. But we have already exceeded the limits assigned us, and we hope that those of our readers who wish to know more on the subject will take care to possess themselves of the book from which we have drawn our information, that so funds may not be wanting for the completion of so useful a work. Nothing but a deficiency of funds, in the present condition of the Pontifical treasury, hinders the immediate issue of other volumes of this and its kindred work, the *Inscriptiones Christianæ* by the same author. He announces his intention to bring out the volumes of *Roma Sotterranea* and of the *Inscriptions* alternately, for they mutually explain and illustrate one another, and are in fact parts of the same whole; and the public has been long impatient for the volume which is promised next, viz., the ancient inscriptions which illustrate Christian dogma.

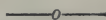
S. N.





Lays of Harymane.

BY ELLEN FITZSIMON.



PART I. THE SILVER STRAND.

THREE sisters strayed by the sounding sea,
 Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore;
 Tall, fair, and stately those sisters three,
 But the eldest the stateliest bearing bore.

A storm had been raging the long night through
 (Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
 And shrewd signs of its wrath did their pathway strew,
 As they strayed by the loud resounding shore.

For ocean weeds, crested with flakes of foam
 (Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
 Lay in masses wherever their footsteps might roam,
 And star-fish and sea-jellies studded the shore.

And fruits lay there to this climate unknown
 (Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
 Such as close to the Mexican gulf are strewn
 By autumn winds on that distant shore.

Yet on passed they still; not a word they spoke
 (Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
 Till rocks bending forward their pathway broke,
 Which to reach it again must be clambered o'er:

And lo! there lay in a sheltered nook
 (Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
 And out from the cliffs wells a little brook,
 A mast that the tempest had tossed on the shore.

And the youngest—she numbered but fifteen years—
 (Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
 By a sighing shudder confessed her fears
 As she said, "Some brave vessel that broken mast bore,

And lost in the storm that last night raged wild !"
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore):
But the second said smiling, "Thou simple child,
That mast has been drifting from shore to shore

For many long months, nay, perchance for long years
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore);
See how worn by the waters its surface appears,
And the many-hued barnacles crusting it o'er !"

With azure shells gleaming around that worn mast
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
Those barnacles' flame-coloured myriads held fast,
While a strange weird-like aspect they gave to the shore.

And that fair girl felt as encircled by spells
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
While fear filled her heart as though funeral knells
Struck her ear from the old Abbey Isle pealing o'er.

But the second—of lighter spirit was she—
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
To the elder said, "Sister, you poor trembler, see,
Bid her yield to such fanciful terrors no more !"

And that elder sister, so stately and grave
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
One sad stern glance of reproof gave
As she crossed o'er the sands to that islet's shore.

She reached it; she turned to her sisters twain
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
Saying, "Long last night had I sleepless lain,
When the wail of the Banshee mine ear came o'er.

A long low moan seemed to rise from the wave"
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
"And a voice said, *Thy brother hath found a grave*
This night mid the billows that beat on this shore.

And borne in on my mind as with brand of flame
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
Was to seek the old abbey when morning's light came,
And pray there for who perished last night on this shore."

Days passed; news came. That night in a wreck
(Where the silver strand stretches towards Aghavore),
Their brother was swept by wild winds from the deck,
Not far from Cape Clear, on his native shore.

PART II. THE WAKE OF THE DROWNED.

'Neath his father's roof-tree they held the Wake,
Though no corpse the pall-covered couch did hold;
But all forms were fulfilled for the lost one's sake,
O'er whose body the ocean-billows rolled.

The torches shone forth upon every side,
The psalms were chanted soft and low;
While guests, collected far and wide,
Kept revel in the halls below.

By that corpseless couch knelt the mother pale,—
No word of woe from her lips there broke;
But by tremulous motion far sadder than wail
The sorrow deep-seated within her spoke.

The father—an aged man was he,
And the world was fading fast from his eye—
He knelt there sadly but patiently,
As he thought "It will soon be my turn to die."

Like statues the sisters stood silent there,
That in marble sculptured we sometimes see;
While the KEEN from below, through the midnight air,
In measured cadence rose mournfully.

The Keen.

"O, woe for thee, Connal! the dearest of all
The brothers that clustered around this old hearth,
When Christmas assembled ye here in this hall,
Your parents to cheer with your light-hearted mirth!

O, that thou didst remain in thy father's old home,
In the cares of thy wise elder brother to share;
Or to France with our dauntless young Donald didst roam,
And with him proud laurels of victory wear!

O, why wert thou whelmed in the wild weltering wave,
Where no eye save the sea-birds' can view thy long rest?
Why, Dunkerron, deny him the gift of a grave,
And leave him to rock upon ocean's rude breast?"

But now from the lips of Eleanore—
The eldest sister—a faint cry broke,
As she flung herself wildly upon the floor,
"O woe, O woe!" the first words she spoke.

"O woe, woe! if from hirelings alone
The wail for my brother this night should rise!
Yet how can I speak forth by word or groan
The anguish that banisheth tears from mine eyes?"

Like a mother I loved thee—so fair, so young—
I was older than thee by a few short years;
And oft o'er thy fevered cradle had hung,
And watched for thy coming with anxious fears.

Ah, little I thought that amid the brine,
Where thou lovedst to sport, thou shouldst find a grave,
Our fair-haired Connal! All hearts were thine—
Thou so manly, so gentle, so playful, so brave.

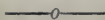
Hadst thou fallen in fight, the thought of thy fame
To our aching hearts might some comfort be;
But, alas! no glory can gild his name
Who perished unknown on the midnight sea.

O Virgin Mother! look down to-night
On the scarce-parted spirit we mourn for here;
Obtain that he stand in THE SAVIOUR'S sight
Washed clean of all sin through His Ransom dear."





Sketches from the History of Christendom.



I. THE PAPACY IN EXILE.

THE long exile of the Papacy from Italy, which began almost with the dawn of the fourteenth century, and continued for seventy years, during which time six Pontiffs died at Avignon in Provence, has always been considered one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of the papal power, and has been differently represented, either as a fatal and calamitous degradation, or as a sagacious, or at least a necessary stroke of policy, according to the principles or the passions of the writers who have dealt with its annals. The Italian writers call it the Babylonian captivity. It would have been well if some of them had not let their disapproval or dislike of the measure taken by Clement V. and persevered in by his successors, carry them on into every kind of misrepresentation of the characters and actions of those Pontiffs. The general stream of historical literature has followed the direction given it by the Italian authors; the personal charges of which we speak have been repeated over and over again; and the general impression as to the lamentable results of the exile has also been retained. In our time a good deal has been done both to vindicate the characters of the Pontiffs thus assailed and to defend also the general policy that kept the papal court for so long a time away from its natural home. Two French writers, the Abbés Christophe and Magnan—the former in a history of the Papacy during the fourteenth century, the latter in the life of an individual Pope, the saintly Urban V.—have done a great deal towards redressing the balance of opinion. It was not unnatural that French authors should be foremost in such a work, nor, on the other hand, would it be surprising if national feeling should be found to have carried them somewhat too far in the vindication of their countrymen. M. Christophe is certainly too indulgent to the French Cardinals, who, after the election of Urban VI. at Rome, inaugurated the great schism of the West by the election of an anti-Pope: he is severe upon the character of Urban, and sees too little the connection between the sojourn of the real Popes at Avignon and the divisions that followed the desertion of that city. M. Magnan in like manner seems to think that there was no connection between the exile and

the subsequent schism; and not content with defending the French Popes, he claims for them titles on the gratitude of the Church and of Christendom which appear to us somewhat chimerical. But both writers have done good service to the cause of truth.

We shall not attempt more than a slight sketch of the history on which these questions have been raised: and we shall leave aside almost entirely the personal matters to which we have alluded. Any great institution, and certainly, if any, the Papacy, can be considered in its general working and dominant ideas without reference to the men who have from time to time managed its operations. This is true in a merely historical view; far more true, of course, when the Papacy is considered as the divinely ordained instrument of the government of the Church. Even Protestant historians must allow that if there ever were a power in the world that was governed by traditions and instincts, and that has moulded its successive possessors into one and the same type, and made them pursue an uniform policy notwithstanding every conceivable variety of temper, character, and circumstance, that power is the Papacy. Of course it cannot be forgotten that its needs and aims have varied with changes in its own position and that of the powers with which it has been brought in contact: at one time it has required a Leo, at another a Hildebrand, at another a Pius VII.; and one feature of its providential history is the marvellous fitness of such instruments for the times at which they were employed. So far the personal character of the Popes enters into the general history of the Papacy; and in other respects also the two are closely connected. But we are at liberty to direct our attention, in a sketch like the present, rather to the latter than to the former.

We may state the prevalent opinion with regard to the Avignon Popes in the words of an author of our own time. The English historian of Latin Christianity, when he comes to that part of his work in which he has to treat of the reigns of these Pontiffs, has expressed in strong terms his sense of the greatness of the injury done to the Papacy by its exile. "It is, perhaps," writes Dr. Milman, "the most marvellous part of its history that the Papacy, having sunk so low, sank no lower; that it recovered its degradation; that from a satellite, almost a slave, of the King of France, the Pontiff ever emerged again to be an independent potentate; and although the great line of mediæval Popes, of Gregory, of Alexander III., and the Innocents, expired in Boniface VIII., he could resume even his modified supremacy. There is no proof of the vitality of the Papacy so strong as that it could establish the law, that wherever the Pope is, there is the throne of St. Peter—that he could cease to be Bishop

of Rome in all but name, and then take back again the abdicated bishopric.”*

There is a surprising confusion of ideas and considerable inaccuracy of language in this sentence; but it is not our present purpose to correct, except indirectly, either the one or the other. We may share to a certain extent in the wonder expressed by Dr. Milman, though we recognise other principles of vitality in the Papacy than those which alone meet his eye. We may admit, also, that the effects of the exile at Avignon were in many respects disastrous, though we should not quite agree with the historian in specifying the particular results that were so calamitous. The whole subject is worthy of attention and study. Certainly there is a great contrast between the Papacy at the beginning of the thirteenth century under Innocent III. and the same power at the end of the fourteenth century, in the midst of the so-called “schism of the West.” That miserable quarrel itself was in no distant way connected with the previous sojourn of the Pontiffs at Avignon. But even putting that aside, if we take the reigns of two saintly Popes,—Gregory X. in the middle of the thirteenth century, and Urban V., whom we have already mentioned, in the later half of the fourteenth, the last of the true Popes who died at Avignon, though he had returned for a time to Rome,—the points of resemblance are many; but they are balanced by remarkable differences. The history of the Church has few brighter pages than that which records the position of Gregory X. at the second Council of Lyons, uniting the Eastern and Western Churches in one of the most brilliant assemblies that Christendom has ever seen. Both Emperors were represented; and they were Rudolph of Hapsburg and Michael Palæologus. Urban V. had his day of triumph and joy; and the Emperor of the West served him as deacon in his Mass in St. Peter’s; and soon after the Greek Emperor came himself to Rome and made his abjuration. But Urban’s great designs for Christendom failed, and he found his own position in Italy so precarious as to be fain, after having rejoiced the whole Church by returning from Avignon, once more to seek shelter and a quiet death within its walls.

But it is a great exaggeration to say that the Avignon Popes were the satellites or slaves of the kings of France. The anti-Popes who sat at Avignon during the time of the schism were often, of necessity, subservient to the monarchs who were their chief support. But we find a contrast to this state of things, rather than a resemblance to it, in the history of the undisputed successors of St. Peter

* Latin Christianity, book xii. chap. 1.

who preceded them. Dr. Milman's own pages do not bear out the assertion that he has so rhetorically made. If it were true of any of these Popes, it would be certainly true of Clement V., the first of the series. Clement, as Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bourdeaux, was not a subject of Philip the Fair, but of Edward of England, at the time of his election; but he was for some time in the power of Philip, and greatly under his influence. But let his relations to the French monarch have been such as Dr. Milman and other historians have represented them, it is more just to set them down as personal than as fairly the result of the position of the Papacy;* nor is that position justly to be credited with the inconveniences that were experienced before the seat of the Pontifical court had been fixed at Avignon,—a city not belonging to France, but to Provence,—and while Clement was almost a prisoner at Poitiers. We shall speak presently of the two great matters in which he is supposed to have done the will of his master, rather than to have sought simply the interests and honour of the Church. His successors can hardly be even charged with the same subserviency; at least the charge must be made in the general terms to which Dr. Milman has confined himself, and very few particulars can be found by which it can be justified.

The truth is, that Philip the Fair, powerful and unscrupulous as he was, terrible and relentless in his enmities, and successful as he appeared to be in some of his boldest enterprises, seems to have brought a fate upon his family and his country which men might well read as the judgment of Heaven upon the man who had been the Pilate, as Dante calls him, of the attack on Boniface VIII. at

* We state the case much less strongly than we might, because we do not believe the story of the compact between Philip and Clement by means of which the election of the latter to the Papal throne is said to have been secured. Dr. Milman has put it down as if there were no doubt of its authenticity. The real authority for this disgraceful agreement is the Florentine historian Giovanni Villani, from whom it has been copied without question by successive writers, from St. Antoninus downwards. Villani is extremely hostile to the French Popes; and some of his stories about them seem to be worth no more than the scandalous fictions of the *laquais de place* who amuse themselves by cramming credulous visitors at Rome with anecdotes of the worst kind against any Cardinal who may happen to drive by them in the streets. With regard to the election of Bertrand de Got, he is inconsistent with himself, as has been pointed out by Mansi in his note to Raynaldus, of which Dr. Milman might have been aware; and he is also contradicted by other accounts of the same date, as has been shown by the Abbé Christophe. It is astonishing that so little historical criticism should have been applied to his assertions. Dr. Milman himself, however, does not always believe him implicitly.

Anagni,* which was certainly indirectly the cause of his death: who had the credit of having poisoned Benedict XI. at the time that he was preparing a bull of condemnation of the persons concerned in that attack; and at whose door was laid the injustice done to the Templars by their suppression, or, at all events, the cruelty and inhumanity with which their process was carried out. Dr. Milman has himself told us how it was thought that the calamities that befel Philip himself at the end of his life were the result of a Divine visitation.† But he has not remarked on the rapid and unexpected extinction of his family. His three sons succeeded one another on the throne; but before fifteen years had passed, the last of them was

* Purgatorio, xx. 89:

“Veggio in Alagni entrar lo fiordaliso,
E nel Vicario suo Cristo esser catto :
Veggiolo un’ altra volta esser deriso ;
Veggio rinnovellar l’ aceto e ’l fele,
E tra vivi ladroni esser anciso.
Veggio il nuovo *Pilato* sì crudele
Che ciò nol satia,” &c.

† He says (v. 238): “Philip at forty-six was an old and worn-out man. Though he had raised the royal power to such unprecedented height; though he had laid the foundations of free institutions, not to be developed to maturity; though successful in most of his wars; though he had curbed, at least, the rebellious Flemings, added provinces to his realm, above all, the great city of Lyons; though in close alliance, by marriage, with England; though he had crushed the Templars, and obtained much wealth from his share of the spoil; though the Church of France was filled in its highest sees by his creatures; though the Pope was under his tutelage, most of the Cardinals his subjects; yet the last years of his reign were years of difficulty, disaster, and ignominy. His financial embarrassments, notwithstanding his financial iniquities, grew worse and worse. The spoils of the Templars were soon dissipated. His tampering with the coin of the kingdom became more reckless, more directly opposed to all true economy, more burthensome and hateful to his subjects, less lucrative to the crown,” &c. He then goes on to speak of his domestic troubles. “The wives of his three sons, the handsomest men of their day, were at the same time accused of adultery, and with men of low birth.” Two were found guilty in full parliament: the third escaped. “Marguerite and Blanche were shaven and shut-up in Chateau Gaillard. Marguerite was afterwards strangled, that her husband might marry again: Blanche divorced on the plea of parentage.” They were both daughters of Otho IV. “The splendid dowry alone saved the life, if not the honour, of Jane of Burgundy, the wife of the second son, Philip of Poitiers. She brought him the sovereignty of Franche Comté, which he would forfeit by her death or divorce.” Then the same year came Philip’s own end. “Philip had fallen into great languors, yet was able to amuse himself with hunting. A wild boar ran under the legs of his horse and overthrew him. He was carried to Fontainebleau, and died with all outward demonstrations of piety.”

dead, and the crown passed to the son of Charles of Valois, who had been the friend and ally of Boniface VIII. But this was not all. Philip's daughter Isabella, the wife of our Edward the Second, seemed destined to bring calamity after calamity on her adopted as well as on her native country: *Trojæ et patriæ communis Erinnyes*. She too became infamous for her adultery,—she dethroned her husband, and was an accomplice in his murder. The deaths of her three brothers furnished the pretext on which her son Edward the Third claimed the throne of France as an inheritance from her; and this brought on the desolating and unchristian wars between the two countries, in which France suffered so dreadfully, and which laid the foundation of the deadly enmity between French and English, which remains to this day. As the great victories of Crecy and Poitiers happened during the time of the Popes' sojourn at Avignon, the kings of France themselves sank far too low to think of tyrannizing over any other power, much less that of the Popes, to whose intervention they more than once owed a breathing-time in those disastrous wars.

It may be that we unconsciously apply to the fourteenth century the thoughts and ideas of our own time, when we so readily conclude that, because the Popes resided on the banks of the Rhone, they were necessarily the servants of the kings of France. National distinctions and prejudices were not so completely developed in those days; there was nothing like the centralisation of government and police that now exists; and, above all, the Christian bond between different countries and the Catholic reverence for the Supreme Pontiff were far more powerful. When a French Pope sent two Cardinals—one of them bearing the historic name of Talleyrand de Perigord—to prevent the conflict which became the bloody battle of Poitiers, the Black Prince availed himself with full confidence of the proffered mediation, and would have come to terms very advantageous to the French, if they had been themselves willing. The subsequent peace of Bretigny,* made under the mediation of the Pope, is quoted as an instance of the comparative weakness to which his influence had sunk. The conditions imposed by England were exorbitant. But this peace was hailed as a great boon throughout France; and if the Papal power had sunk in such matters, it by no means follows that it had so sunk because its seat was at Avignon. It would be more true to say that the circumstances of the times were adverse to the exercise of that great power which had been wielded by Innocent III. and some of his successors; a power, like all other moral forces, dependent

* Three years later, in 1360.

for the degree of its efficacy very much on the tempers and dispositions of those upon whom it worked, and which, as succeeding centuries have shown us, could be highly appreciated by one generation, and despised and thrown aside by another. All that can be said about the Avignon Pontiffs amounts to this, that some of them were not the men to regain a sceptre like this when it had slipped once from their hands. The exile itself was, to outward appearance, an accident: the Cardinals who elected Clement V. little dreamt that he would summon them to join him at Lyons instead of crossing the Alps himself. The Papacy, as it were, found itself in France; but Pope after Pope in the preceding century had been forced to live out of Rome for the same reason which made the new line of Pontiffs slow to return to it—the incurable turbulence and quarrelsomeness of its inhabitants.

At the time of which we are speaking, Italy, with an immense power of faith and piety penetrating the daily life of its inhabitants, was politically as unsettled and as much a prey to perpetual domestic feuds and partisan warfare as Mexico or some of the South-American Republics in our days. Any one who has travelled about central Italy from town to town must have been struck with the intensity of municipal feeling, the independent air assumed by each petty *città*, and the rivalry and antagonism that exists between the nearest neighbours. We shall hardly do wrong in considering this as the last remains of the spirit that once kept the whole country in perpetual discord; just as the ruined castles that crown every height tell of the time when every little lord set up as an independent chieftain, too often the ruthless tyrant of all his neighbours. In the fourteenth century, as before, it was not merely city against city, but in each little town there were rival factions hating one another with a bitterness that it would take a Thucydides to describe. The life of Dante furnishes us with an illustration of this in the case of Florence. His writings also unfortunately bear witness to the animosity and rancour bred by the great division between Guelfs and Ghibellines, which underlay all the minor feuds of party against party. What the state of Rome itself was, the history of Boniface VIII. alone is enough to tell us. All these things, and other similar causes, were quite sufficient to make it seem a happy thought that the government of the Church should be carried on in the quiet and safe retreat of the Comté Venaissin: and it remains to be proved that their power over Europe declined faster under its new conditions than it might have under the old. We do not speak, of course, of the spiritual power of the Papacy, though Dr. Milman talks not only about the throne of St. Peter, but about the abdicated bishopric! We speak of that peculiar

and unexampled authority of the Popes over the acts and even the persons of kings and emperors, which is so striking a feature in the history of the Middle Ages, and to which it may be that we ourselves owe far more than modern civilisation is willing to acknowledge. In any case, this power depended very much upon external circumstances for its display and development. Its blows might become indecisive and easily evaded by the mere accident of rapid and frequent changes in the Pontifical throne: or it might be held in abeyance during the long intervals that often occurred between the death of one Pope and the election of another; or it might be vigorous or feeble in its action from the different characters of the persons who wielded it. We see but little to lay to the charge of the Avignon Popes in this respect. The long history of Louis of Bavaria is surely no testimony to weakness on their part. But kings and monarchies were then beginning to guide themselves more according to the rules of modern statecraft than the simpler principles of the Middle Ages. The great national kingdoms were beginning to consolidate themselves under the increased power of the crown: education was ceasing to be, as before, exclusively the possession of the clergy. Let all the circumstances of the age be taken into account, and we feel no doubt at all that the decline of the Papal power will be seen to have been attributed in a greatly-exaggerated degree to its sojourn in Provence.

The character of Clement V., the first of the transalpine Popes, will always be a matter of argument and dispute, because we have very strong partisan statements concerning him from Italian writers, whom it is very natural to suspect to the utmost, though we are not able to prove them directly false from contemporary evidence. We have already alluded to the story of the compact that is said to have secured him his election. The great affair of the accusations against the memory of Boniface VIII. was referred by him to the Council of Vienne, and disposed of in a manner not at all in accordance with the hatred of Philip the Fair for the victim of Anagni. The other most conspicuous incident in his pontificate, the condemnation of the Templars, cannot, with any show of justice, be said to have been wrung from him against his conscience by the French monarch. It is an inexplicable mystery: but Clement at first defended the Order, and protested vigorously against the violent measures of Philip—nor did he use his authority against the accused until he had the confessions of a large number of the knights themselves, headed by their grand-master, to act on. At the Council of Vienne the Order was abolished, but not condemned. When the empire became vacant by the murder of Albert of Austria, Clement used his influence to procure the election of Henry VII. of Luxembourg, and thus opposed

the ambitious designs of his supposed master Philip, who wished to secure the crown for his brother Charles of Valois. Clement was at that time not at Avignon, which had not yet been fixed on as the residence of the Popes, but at Poitiers, in the power of Philip. He has been accused of having promised to support Charles, at the time that he was secretly working against him: but this accusation—repeated by Dr. Milman—appears to be without foundation.* We have already spoken of the affair of Boniface VIII. These exhaust the charges with which the memory of Clement V. is loaded as to his subserviency to Philip: charges which, in the theory of those who urge them most strongly, are to be explained by his obligations to that monarch no less than by his exceptional position in France. On the other hand, we find him acting with great vigour and success in the matter of the disputed succession to the crown of Hungary, and in his contest with the Venetians for the possession of Ferrara. Two great projects floated before his mind, which he was unable to accomplish, but in which Pontiff after Pontiff failed as well as he. The one was that perpetual instinct of the rulers of the Church in those ages, in which they alone in Europe seem to have had a thought for the common danger of Christendom and civilisation—a new crusade: the other the pacification of Italy, which would have made the return of the Holy See to Rome feasible and advantageous, and of which there seemed at one time to be a hope during the short expedition of the Emperor Henry, which faded away at his untimely death.

These two ideas meet us continually in the history of the Avignon Popes. The first added a fresh motive for the exertions that it was a part of their office to be for ever making, as the pacificators of Christian princes. The return to Italy was constantly thought of: thwarted by the Cardinals, especially after Avignon had become so delightful and splendid a place of residence, but in reality prevented by the

* Dr. Milman (vol. v. p. 155) says: "He (the Pope) wrote publicly to recommend Charles of Valois to the electors: his secret agents urged them to secure their own liberties and the independence of the Church by any other choice." The fact seems to have been, that one of the Cardinals of the French party wrote to the electors to support Charles: a very different thing from the Pope's writing. In the same page Dr. Milman says, "Charles of Valois visited the Pope with the ostentation of respect, but at the head of six thousand men-at-arms." Villani is the writer on whom this statement is founded: what he says, however, is, that Philip determined to send Charles to *Avignon* with an army, ostensibly to demand the opening of proceedings against Boniface VIII., but really to intimidate Clement into supporting him as a candidate for the empire. Clement was not at Avignon then, and in reality the visit never took place. See *Christophe*, 14^{me} siècle, vol. i. p. 418.

unsettled condition of Italy, and the turbulence of the Romans, who were, however, perpetually sending embassies to entreat the Popes to return. Every one acquainted with Petrarch's life and writings knows how fond he was of harping upon this string. The conclave of Carpentras, after the death of Clement V., was protracted on account of the refusal of the Italian Cardinals to accept any candidate who would not go back to Rome. It was broken up by an attempt of some relatives of the late Pope to intimidate the Sacred College, and by the violence of some of the soldiers they had brought with them towards the fellow-countrymen of the Italian Cardinals. Two years passed before the Cardinals could be got to reassemble at Lyons, and elect John XXII. He went from Lyons to Avignon by water, took up his abode in the Bishop's palace, which he never left during his whole pontificate of eighteen years, except to go to the Cathedral. It was said that he had sworn on his election that he would never mount horse or mule except for the purpose of returning to Rome. The story may be a fiction, and yet it may indicate the real desire of the Pope to get back. However that may have been, John XXII. set himself resolutely to carry on the work of the government of the Church and the care of Christian Europe at Avignon; and he was at least undisturbed personally by any of the troublesome conflicts which might have been his lot at Rome. His great enemy, Louis of Bavaria, went through Italy to that city to be crowned by two excommunicated bishops: he even made himself the judge of heresy, of which he proceeded to convict the Pope, and then he set up a creature of his own as anti-Pope, Pietro di Corvara; who, however, soon afterwards made his submission to John. There were not great encouragements to the latter to return to Italy. His appointments to the Sacred College were chiefly French; but this was a matter of necessity, or at least of policy, under the circumstances, and need not be set down to the influence of the King. It is even thought that his conduct with regard to the imperial throne was guided by a desire to see it filled by a French prince. But it is probable that he saw the necessity of setting up a strong government in the Pontifical States, and obtaining for the Holy See a commanding position in Italy, before taking up his residence by the side of the tombs of the Apostles; and that it was for this purpose, as well as to provide funds for a crusade, that he amassed a large treasure, the amount of which seems to have been greatly exaggerated by some writers of the time. However this may have been, he did not live to carry out either project. There was a great talk of a crusade in the last year of his life; and he gave orders to his legate to prepare a residence for him in Bologna: even at Rome the Pon-

tifical Palace was to be put in order. There was a gleam of peace and triumph then, for the power of Louis of Bavaria was ruined, and the schism at an end. It is likely that it would not have lasted long; and the negotiations about the crusade could be best conducted in France. It was fixed by the Pope for the year 1336; but before that year came he was dead, and another occupied the chair of St. Peter.

Benedict XII., the White Cardinal, as he was called—he was of the Order of Citeaux, and had never laid aside his religious habit—was the last of the Sacred College who was thought of as the probable successor of John XXII. His election was the result of an incident which bears on our subject. The French Cardinals were all-powerful, and they had fixed on one of their own number, the Cardinal of Comminges, as their candidate. He would certainly have been elected, had they not thought it safe to exact from him a pledge that he would not transfer the seat of the government of the Church from France. He indignantly refused the condition; he was convinced that the Papacy was in danger at a distance from its natural home. In the votings that followed this, the Cardinals, to gain time, threw away their votes on persons that were unlikely to be elected; but more than two-thirds nominated in this manner the White Cardinal, Jacques Fournier, who thus attained the required majority. He was a staid, shrewd, and severe man, with much natural prudence and sagacity, but little acquaintance with business. He introduced a number of useful reforms, and sent a whole swarm of bishops, abbots, and other non-resident ecclesiastics back to their benefices from the Papal court. He took up the idea of his predecessor as to returning to Italy: he even promised it in a general way to an embassy from Rome; but he was induced to recall it by the instance of the Cardinals, who now begin to appear perpetually as the opponents of the measure. He fell ill after this, and took his illness as a judgment of Heaven. He ordered that if he died his body should be taken to Rome. On his recovery, he announced his intention of going to Bologna. When the time came, however, the Bolognese were not in a mood to make the plan seem feasible. The crusade that he projected was a failure also. Every thing seemed to promise well. The kings of France, Navarre, Aragon, and Bohemia, with a host of great lords following their example, took the cross from the Pope on the Good Friday of 1336, after hearing him preach on the Passion of our Lord. Froissart tells us of the activity of the French king, Philip of Valois, in making preparations, and in seeking the aid of the kings of Hungary and Cyprus. But he was soon occupied in a war with England. One great victory for the

Cross, however, gladdened the reign of Benedict XII. He had united the kings of Castile, Aragon, and Portugal in a league to resist the invasion of the Moors; and Europe was perhaps saved by the great triumph of Alfonsus XI. under the walls of Tarifa. For wars in Italy, where Guelfs and Ghibellines were in perpetual strife, and where the state of the Pontifical territories made it sufficiently prudent for the Pope to remain at Avignon, Benedict XII. had no taste at all. He made up his mind to remain where he was, and rebuilt on a more magnificent scale the Papal palace that had been raised by his predecessor. The Cardinals followed his example, and provided themselves with splendid residences. Benedict XII. was no vassal or servant of the French king. When the project of the crusade had been abandoned, Philip pressed him for a continuance of the grant of the tenths of ecclesiastical revenues, which had been made to him for the purposes of the Holy War. The Pope refused, telling him that if he had two souls, he would give him one of them with pleasure; but he had only one, and he meant to keep it safe. Another time, when Philip had bought off the incorrigible Louis of Bavaria from his support of England by the hopes of reconciliation with the Holy See, by means of his own intercession, Benedict told the king's ambassadors that he could not think the same person a heretic one day and an orthodox believer the next, to please the King of France.

Benedict died in 1342, and was succeeded by the brilliant and magnificent Clement VI., the first of the Limousin Popes. He was the most French of the Avignon Pontiffs in character, and on one or two occasions he rendered important services to his country: but he was in no sense at all a servant of its sovereign. In his dealings with Louis of Bavaria, still unreconciled to the Holy See, he took the very highest and most imperious line, though Louis had for his advocate Philip of France: the most abject submission could not pacify him, and he insisted on and carried through the election of a new emperor, Charles of Luxembourg. The severity and high claims of the Pope were resented in Germany, and the war between the two rivals was at first unfortunate for Charles: but Louis was suddenly removed from the scene by a stroke of apoplexy in the midst of a hunting-party. Charles had the goodwill of the French king, but he had qualities enough to recommend him to the Pope of his own; and the power of France was just at that time paralysed by the fatal battle of Crecy. Clement VI. had little idea of returning as Pope to Rome. He made his court at Avignon the most splendid and brilliant in Europe, and lavished in a few months the immense treasures so carefully hoarded by his two predecessors. His munificence was inexhaustible; he even published a bull inviting all clerics who had no bene-

fice to come to him and ask for one within a certain fixed time. But it can hardly be said that, if he had wished it ever so much, the times were propitious to a restoration of the government of the Church to Rome. He too received a suppliant embassy from the Romans at the outset of his reign; but he did not encourage, but evaded their request. The time had not yet come. The greater part of the strange career of Rienzi falls in his pontificate: it shows at all events the turbulent and ever-changeable character of the Roman population, and the little authority possessed by the representatives of the Papal power. It was the same or worse throughout the States of the Church. The conciliatory measures of Benedict XII. had only led to further disorganisation; the country was broken up into small territories, each ruled by its own usurping lord. The north of Italy was kept in perpetual discord, either by the jealousies of the rival republics, or by the ambitious designs of the Visconti at Milan. A further element of confusion was the state of Naples after the death of the good king Robert. The accession of his daughter, the famous Queen Joanna, was soon followed by the murder of her husband, and the invasion and conquest of the kingdom by Louis of Hungary, to avenge his brother's death. Naples was a fief of the Holy See, but Louis did not attend to the remonstrances of the Papal legate. We cannot follow out the chequered history of Joanna's kingdom; but from this time it began to be another source of trouble to the Popes, whether at Avignon or at Rome. Moreover, during two years out of the ten during which Clement VI. occupied the Papal throne, there was one all-absorbing subject of thought and care, which has left, indeed, deep traces on the pages of the contemporary writers, but which we can hardly bring ourselves by any effort to realise as they did. During 1348 and 1349 the black death ravaged Europe, carrying off sometimes a third, sometimes half or more than half of the population of the countries that it visited. It seems, from the accounts given of it, to have been the most terrible scourge of the kind that the history of humanity has recorded. No wonder that all schemes were laid aside, all designs abandoned, the whole world as it were silent in the presence of so mysterious and resistless a calamity. The miserable effects that it brought upon society in general have been described by the historians of the time, and we are all familiar with similar accounts of other great plagues, such as that at Athens in the time of Pericles, or at Milan in the time of St. Charles. By the side of the utter despair, heartlessness, and recklessness into which the approach of the inevitable evil threw so many, we have of course to place the picture of the great devotion and heroic charity which this terrible trial called forth in other instances. But it left behind

it very disastrous consequences to religion and morality. A great corruption of manners accompanied it and survived it. Religious houses in particular were broken up by its ravages, or dissolved by the resistless panic that its approach inspired. The restrictions of the cloister were cast aside at the first alarm; and when the danger was over, the survivors, if they returned at all, came back infected with the spirit of the world, and with many a lesson of license and vice which they had learnt in their absence. It is confessed also that in numerous cases the clergy were too frightened to perform their duties to the dying or to the dead. The Mendicant Friars came to the rescue, and in many parts supplied the place of the pastors who had abandoned their parishes. But it was at a terrible cost to themselves.

"In this year (1548)," writes the chronicler of the Order of St. Francis, "there was a general pestilence, so great that scarce the third part of the friars of this order remained alive; and, on account of the extreme contagiousness of the disease, it was difficult to find any one to take care of the sick, or even administer to them the sacraments of Holy Church; and the evil was of that kind, that whoever caught it became frenzied, and died furiously mad. On account of this great pestilence, the Mendicant religious, who up to this time had flourished in Holy Church, began to relax and to lose much of their past fervour. On account of this great calamity the Order was left without any men of note, or any Fathers who could keep it up by their example and doctrine, and so it became relaxed. Also there had been so much sickness, that the rigour and strictness of discipline, as to regularity of life and other things also, were given up; and when the slaughter caused by the pestilence ceased, those who survived, both superiors and subjects, were so wanting in fervour that the laudable severity of old times could not be restored."* If such was the state of those who had been most fervent and self-devoted in the midst of the evil itself, it may easily be imagined what the effects of the calamity were upon others. We meet with frequent intimations of a general corruption of manners among the survivors. These effects of great visitations do not strike us at first sight in the pages of history, where we are attracted by incidents and characters that stand out in strong relief, rather than by what is ordinary or universal.†

* Marco di Lisbona, p. 1, lib. ix. c. 10.

† As to the state of Rome itself, we have much curious contemporary evidence in the life of St. Bridget. The year after the cessation of the plague (1350) was the year of Jubilee, granted by Clement VI. at the prayer of the Romans. (Boniface VIII. had made it only once a century.) The

It is no wonder that, in a state of things such as that left behind it by the black death, a great enterprise such as the restoration of the Papacy to Rome could not be undertaken. It may be that Clement VI., the magnificent French seigneur, was not the man to conceive such a plan. But he held his own with the kings and princes of Europe; his policy was generally vigorous and successful, and the charge of truckling to the king of France cannot be made to rest upon him. His successor, Innocent VI., was fortunate or skilful enough to discern the merit of a man who made the return to Rome possible, and who became the real founder of the Pontifical States. This was the celebrated Spaniard, Ægidius Albornoz, whose life deserves a far more lengthened treatment than we shall be able to bestow upon it. He was as much the right man for his day as Cardinal Consalvi for the time of Pius VII. He came to Avignon from Spain, a fugitive from the anger of one of the worst princes of his time, Peter the Cruel of Castile, whom he had provoked by some bold remonstrances against his shameless profligacy. Though he was Archbishop of Toledo, he brought with him the reputation of a skilful captain and dexterous statesman. He had been, in fact, the minister of Alphonso XI., had brought about the peace between Castile and Portugal, which enabled the two powers to league their arms together against the invasion of the Moors, and had contributed greatly by his courage and skill to the decisive victory of Tarifa. He had also had the command at the siege of Algesiras. Clement VI. had received him with open arms, and made him Cardinal. Innocent VI., who succeeded Clement soon after this, made him Bishop of Sabina, and determined to send him as legate into Italy, to reduce the Pontifical States to obedience and tranquillity. Albornoz had but a small force, and the Pope was not able to supply him largely with money. Money in those days was all-powerful in the hands of a skilful commander. Italy, like other countries at that time, was full of adventurers, soldiers of fortune, organised often into

influx of pilgrims was so great, that it is said that at the end of the year they averaged a million a day! But they were exposed to every kind of ill-treatment from the inhabitants: murder was common in the face of day, the shrines were robbed, and women carried off by violence as they visited the basilicas. St. Catharine of Sweden, daughter of St. Bridget, though forbidden by her mother to go unescorted, was twice saved only by a sort of miracle. A few years later, when Urban V. went back to Rome,—the population of which could hardly have been more than 50,000 or 60,000—some put it much lower,—the exertions made by the Pope for the spiritual renovation of the inhabitants brought 20,000 persons to the sacraments who had never approached them before in their lives, though they were of full age. This was only a few years after the great plague.

large bands—one of the most famous was commanded by our countryman John Hawkwood—and these would flock to any standard on the certainty of pay. The legate's career deserves to be told at length, but our space will not permit of it. He was received courteously at Milan by John Visconti—in heart one of the greatest enemies of the power of the Church—but prevented by him from passing on to Bologna. Albornozy understood his man, and determined to bide his time. Florence and Siena received him with joy, and enabled him to augment his little army. The first place in the Pontifical territory that he reached was Montefiascone, which had remained faithful to the Popes amidst the almost universal defection of the other towns. Thence he was invited to Perugia, then a prey to civil strife; and his presence restored peace as well as the Papal authority.

His first war was with John de Vico, a noble who had established himself as master of Viterbo, Orvieto, and some neighbouring places. Albornozy succeeded in bringing over to his own standard a part of the forces of his enemy, and after some less important successes, defeated him in a battle near Acquapendente. Various other engagements followed, and the legate had at last the satisfaction of receiving the submission of Vico under the walls of Orvieto. He left him the vicarate of Civita Vecchia, Corneto, and Respampano for twelve years; an act of policy for which he was reprimanded by Innocent VI.; who was, however, wise enough to yield to the representations of Albornozy, who had to fight at the great disadvantage of being very poorly supplied with forces or money, and, what was worse, having hostile critics at work at Avignon to fetter his discretion. But he reduced the rest of Umbria with little difficulty. He took Civita Castellana after a siege; Narni, Nocera, Assisi, and other places, submitted gladly; Spoleto, among others, which he fortified strongly. He was soon in a condition to cross the Apennines, and carry his arms into the March of Ancona. Meanwhile he had received ambassadors from the Roman people, wearied for the moment of their continual intestine strife, and had sent them Rienzi, who had joined him from Perugia, with the title of Senator. It was the last exaltation of that unfortunate adventurer: he soon made himself intolerable by his excesses, and was put to death by the people. The subjugation of the Marches and the Æmilia by Albornozy was perhaps the greatest feat in his military career; he had to deal with some of the best warriors in Italy, who had made themselves independent despots of the various towns; the Malatestas, lords of Rimini, Manfredi, the tyrant of Faenza; Ordelaffi, who possessed Forli and Cesena; they tried, moreover, to bring over to their side the "great company," as it was called—the most famous of the bands of adven-

turers of which we have spoken. It was at that time in the Abruzzi, and engaged to attack the Pontifical army from the south, by the way of Ascoli. But Albornozy found means to detach a large force to confront this terrible band on the Tronto, all the fords of which he had carefully guarded. It crossed, however, near the sea; but was met with so determined a front by the lieutenant of Albornozy, that its leader was easily persuaded to let himself be bought off, and so retired without doing any damage. Now, again, Albornozy was fettered by instructions from Avignon. He was told to consolidate former conquests before proceeding further in his career. His patience and skill triumphed over all obstacles. Faenza surrendered: Cesena, defended very gallantly by the wife of Ordelaaffi, was carried by assault, and its citadel at last taken: Forli, too, ultimately capitulated. After a short recall to Avignon, which was in danger from the wandering companies that ravaged France—*routiers*, as they were called—Albornozy returned to Italy, and had the satisfaction of completing his work by the acquisition of Bologna from Barnabo Visconti, and the brilliant victory of San Raffello, which rescued the Church in the possession of that important place, when every thing seemed to promise Visconti a speedy recovery of what he had lost. This was in 1361.

The next year brought on a fresh vacancy in the Pontifical throne by the death of Innocent VI. Albornozy is said to have refused to become his successor. The reign of Urban V.—Guillaume de Grimoard—gave him the opportunity of showing his greatness of character and sagacious statesmanship even more strikingly than before. He organised a general league against Visconti, the indefatigable disturber of the peace of Italy; and had almost reduced him to extremities, when the Pope himself made proposals of peace to his enemy. Urban had rejected a peace that had been urged upon him by the mediation of the French king—much to that monarch's displeasure—and had himself publicly and solemnly excommunicated Barnabo as a heretic and a schismatic; and had enhanced the terrors of his sentence by falling on his knees after it had been given, and calling on the great Head of the Church, and the Apostles Peter and Paul, with all the Saints, that what he had decreed on earth might be ratified in Heaven. Success waited on his prayer. The war that followed had been, as we have said, most disastrous to Barnabo. But Urban had at heart that other great design, entertained by Pope after Pope at Avignon as at Rome. This was the Crusade. The king of Cyprus, prevailed on by the holy legate Pierre Thomas, of whom we may hear more, had come to Europe to implore the aid of the Pope and the princes of Christendom.

Urban had taken up the cause warmly; and as nothing could be done so long as there was war in Italy, he was ready to sacrifice any thing for peace. Pierre Thomas himself was sent, with other ambassadors, to Barnabo: he represented the king of Cyprus, one of the mediators. Barnabo was struck with him, and undertook to be guided by him; but he demanded that he should not have to negotiate with Alborno. Another Cardinal, Androuin de la Roche, who had been employed to bring about the treaty of Bretigny between France and England, was sent to Milan. Androuin was won over or deceived by the flattery or the subtlety of Barnabo. He made peace on terms which secured Bologna to the Holy See, though at the cost of the payment of a large sum as compensation to Barnabo; and one of the articles of the treaty provided that Alborno should not govern in the Romagna. He was sacrificed, in fact, after all that he had done, to the man who only hated and feared him because he was so good a servant of the Holy See. But he retired calmly from the scene, and set himself to govern the rest of the Pontifical States. He had lost one of his nephews, a brave and skilful captain, in the war.

The great and most lasting work of Alborno was his organisation of the Ecclesiastical States, to which he now devoted himself, after a year spent as legate in Naples. The *Ægidian* Constitutions, as they were called from him, remained for a long course of centuries the fundamental laws of the States, and in many respects have never been repealed. They were drawn up in a very remarkable spirit of moderation and mildness. The great troubles to the Pontifical government had come from the nobles; and Alborno seems to have been inclined to give the people as much liberty as possible, and to rely on their attachment to the government. Very large concessions were made to the municipal spirit of local self-government. No taxes were to be imposed by any one without the consent of the people in parliament; no one was to build a castle or fortress without leave from the governor of the province. The power of exiling citizens was taken from the towns. The governors, *gonfalonieri* or *conservatori*, of towns were elected by them; but they were to choose a native of another place. No one but the governors and judges could put a citizen into prison. Alborno is severe against usurers and slanderers; those who cut down fruit-trees and vines, as was so often done in the barbarous feuds of the time, are rigorously punished. He is indulgent in many cases. Accomplices in a murder, if numerous, are not to be all executed; a person who confesses his crime before trial receives a lighter punishment than if he had been judicially convicted. Altogether, with many pecu-

liarities of the age in which they were drawn up, these laws seem to have been extremely wise and gentle. They began at once to have a most beneficial influence in delivering the Pontifical States from the perpetual tyranny of the barons and the chronic state of anarchy and revolution into which they had fallen, and preserving them in allegiance to the Holy See.

Albornoz lived to see the return of the Pope to the dominions which he won back for him. We may say more of Urban V., who was the first of the Avignon Popes to revisit Rome; and the history of his return to Italy, notwithstanding the vigorous resistance of the French Cardinals, hardly falls within the scope of the present paper. The premature peace that his envoy had concluded with Visconti bore bitter fruits under the reign of his successor. Urban landed at Corneto, June 3, 1367; Albornoz met him at Viterbo. It is said that his enemies had succeeded in infusing suspicions against him into the mind of the Pope. He asked him for an account of his administration of the ecclesiastical revenues. Albornoz said that he could give it in on the morrow. He led the Pope to a window of the palace, and showed him a wagon dragged by four oxen laden with the keys of the cities and fortresses that he had recovered. The Pope understood him, and thanked him heartily for his services.

But this great minister was soon to fail him. At the end of July he had just brought about the conclusion of a great offensive and defensive league, in which the Emperor, the Queen of Naples, many great lords and republics of Italy, united themselves to counterbalance the still formidable power of the lords of Milan. Florence alone refused to join. Albornoz was still necessary to the Holy See; but in the month of August he fell ill, and died on the 24th. Great as his loss would have been under any circumstances at such a time, it is probable that it was peculiarly disastrous to the best interests of the Papacy with a man of Urban's character on the throne of St. Peter. With Albornoz to lean on and to give him confidence, he might have felt courage enough to persevere in the course that he had entered on. As it was, we shall see that he abandoned it after a while,—not, certainly, without much to justify him in so doing,—and thus left to his successor the difficulty of beginning it afresh, as well as the glory of having his name for ever connected with the final restoration of the Papacy to its proper seat.

H. J. C.

Too Late.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"TAKE care, Minnie," exclaimed Rose Carsdale, as she watched her sister jumping lightly from rock to rock on the sands at Newcombe; "those rocks are more slippery than you think for, and if you fall, there is nobody within reach to pick you up again."

"I am taking care," the merry voice answered; "and if I fall, I'll pick myself up. Oh, you have no idea how pretty it is round this point," as a few steps farther took her out of sight, but not out of hearing of her sister; "there's quite a new view here, Rose; can't you get on?"

"No, I'm quite done for," said Rose, as she seated herself on the sand and leant against a rock; the pink glow on her cheeks caused by the exertion of climbing, faded away, and the pale thin face, with its sharply-cut features, spoke of sickness and suffering, to which the buoyant health of the younger sister formed a curious contrast.

Newcombe is one of the most lovely places on the English coast. There are a succession of long points jutting out into the sea of irregular shape and form; between these points lie great patches of sand and deep caves, while rocks of every fantastic shape and arrangement are scattered about in all directions. Here the tall cliffs rise up from the sand, and there the ground slopes down to the beach, the sea recedes a long distance, and the ebbing tide leaves behind it a vast expanse of firm white sands, and the flowing tide covers it all up again, and hides the long points of land, leaving the most tempting-looking nooks between the cliffs. At all times, at high-water or low, in fine weather or foul, Newcombe has its own peculiar beauties. Then, also, fortunately as I think, but unfortunately as the inhabitants consider, no railroad reaches within many miles of the place. It is nothing more than a fishing village still. If the crowd of worthy pleasure and health-seekers who spread themselves over the English coast in the yearly migration come there, they will find neither bed nor board. The best room at the village inn is of small dimensions, and reeks with the fumes of tobacco; one irregular straggling street makes up the town; there is *the shop*, and one or two other of the inhabitants sell various small commodities. Amusement there is none save what is to be found by the lovers of nature. There is no parsonage-house even, in Newcombe. The "Church town" to which the little village belongs "by law esta-

blished," lies two miles inland. A pert-looking Wesleyan chapel obtrudes itself uncomfortably on your notice, so that your eye is glad to rest on the only other building of importance in the place, popularly known as the "Gray House."

A house not easily forgotten, built of gray stone, with creepers growing up it, with roses falling in thick clusters on the old-fashioned porch, with long windows opening out into the garden, with a view from garden and windows of sea and cliff to delight the heart. Such was the house that a certain Mr. Henry Beauchamp had built some twenty years back to satisfy the whim of an idolised wife, who had fallen in love with Newcombe while spending her honeymoon at Beauchamp Court, her cousin's residence, which stands five miles inland. The house was built, finished, and furnished; no care was wanting, no expense spared. The perfecting touches were just given, when she for whom it had been planned faded away like a blossom and died. The bills for the furniture and ornaments came in to Mr. Beauchamp at the same time as his letters of condolence. It was indeed a "gray house" to him. Years passed on, and he married again; but he never could bear to revisit the spot so full of memories of his early love. His man of business occasionally let the house to people who wanted to spend a few months in complete retirement, and at the very period at which our tale opens, it has been let for three months to Mr. Carsdale, the rich London banker, whose daughters I have already introduced to the reader. Minnie grew tired of scrambling and slipping among the rocks, and came back laden with wet seaweed, loads of shells, and other marine curiosities, and threw herself on the sand by Rose's side.

"Rose, I cannot imagine why Arthur objected to our coming here. I am sure no sea-side place I ever saw comes near it for beauty, and the air is delicious. I never saw mama enjoy any thing more; it is doing you good; and it is so quiet—no bothering people to stare at one. Why *did* he try and prevent it?"

"How can I penetrate into the mysteries of Arthur's actions?" said Rose, smiling; "you know as much as I do about it."

"No, I don't, Rose," replied Minnie; "of course he confides in you as he does not in me. You are the eldest and his favourite, and you *do* know; I can see it in your face; there now, you are blushing. I will have it out of you."

"I assure you he never said a word to me, but I guess—"

"Yes, guess. I thought so. Guess what?"

"It is hardly fair to tell such guesses, I think; but I did imagine Arthur thought that being so near, and in a house belonging to their relations, the Beauchamps would feel obliged to call on us."

"And what then?" said Minnie, in a tone of astonishment; "are the Beauchamps part of the royal family, that such a condescension will be derogatory to them? Really, I think, considering who the people are who call on us in Eaton Square, it won't hurt the Beauchamps if they do leave a card."

"Oh, Minnie! I wish I hadn't spoken," said Rose, "if you're going to take it in that spirit. Mr. Beauchamp is a very peculiar man,—exceedingly proud and reserved. They are one of the oldest families of the kingdom really. Arthur got to know the sons at school, and came once to the court in his holidays: that time, don't you remember, when we had the scarlet fever, and he could not come home. Then Mr. Beauchamp had some business with papa, which made them acquainted; and I think Arthur felt as if by coming here we were forcing ourselves on them for more than a mere interchange of morning calls. You know we shall have to go to Mass on Sundays at their private chapel: there is no Catholic church but that for twenty miles."

"It's very easy to avoid being intimate," said Minnie. "We can refuse their invitations, I suppose. I'm sure I don't want to go any where away from this lovely place. You and mama are not strong enough, which is sufficient excuse. How many are there of the race? Seven tall daughters, all with red hair, and nine sons, I suppose."

Rose laughed heartily. "One daughter, Minnie, who is said to be very beautiful. When I admired Lady Maria Broughton this spring, I remember Mrs. Forester saying, 'If Ida Beauchamp would condescend to show herself, she would eclipse Lady Maria and every body else;' and then she showed me her picture; and she was lovely indeed."

"And are there nine sons?"

"No," said Rose smiling; "there are only two. Oh, I would tell you the whole story about them—it is most romantic—but I'm so tired now."

"What a selfish wretch I am," cried Minnie, "to let you go on talking away like this! Mama said you were not to stay out too long. Here's Arthur, I declare, come to fetch us," as she saw her brother's figure rapidly advancing over the sand.

"My mother is in a pretty state about you," said Arthur as he came up, and putting his strong arm round Rose, made her lean her full weight on him. "It's a most extraordinary thing that I cannot turn my back without you two girls getting into mischief. I believe, Minnie, you've been out in the boat with Jack Tarver."

"Of course," said Minnie, hanging on his other arm and pinching

him as hard as she could; "right out to the headland, and it did Rose so much good."

"What do you think Jack confided to me this morning?" said Arthur. "He said 'that's a fine young lassie of your'n, sir. It's a main pity she warn't a lad; she'd a taken to a seafaring life bright and easy, I'se reckon.'"

"I don't believe a word of it," declared Minnie, now busily employed in coiling the wet sea-weed round Arthur's hat. "Jack is much too chivalrous to say any thing of the kind. But, Arthur," added she mischievously, "who are these grand people who live at a castle not far distant, who are supposed to be collaterally descended from Adam and Eve, and who may be expected to honour us with their august presence at any moment?"

The mischievous blue eyes, however, did not detect any change on Arthur's face as she spoke. He joined heartily in the joke, and thus talking and laughing, the merry trio reached the Gray House. Mrs. Carsdale was looking out for them from the garden-gate with the nervous impatience of an invalid. She was a pale thin careworn-looking person, with an expression of winning softness in her face, and with a sweet low voice which attracted people to her side. Sickness and suffering had well-nigh blotted out all traces of the beauty which her daughters had inherited from her. Brought up in youth amid the affluence and refinement to which her good birth had entitled her, Grace Harcourt suddenly found herself an orphan and penniless, and in some measure disgraced by the unpaid "debts of honour" which the extravagant Colonel Harcourt had left behind him. Grace was ready to go out as a governess, and would infinitely have preferred that fate to a marriage with Richard Carsdale, a rising banker's clerk, who was attracted by her fair face, and whose ambition it was to marry a woman of good family. But Grace Harcourt's friends thought it an excellent opportunity of providing for her for life, and the poor girl was worried into the marriage. An uncongenial husband, much ill-health, and the loss of four of her seven children, had made Mrs. Carsdale's a sad life. There was brightness mingled with the shadows; her life was bound up in her three remaining children, and any mother's heart might have bounded with joyful pride as she saw the trio climbing the hill; Minnie with her mass of golden curls, her bright glowing face; Rose with her more spiritual and delicate loveliness; and Arthur with his tall strong figure and fine intellectual face; and to know, as she did, that noble generous characters were truly reflected in the bright open faces.

"Rose darling, how could you stay out so long?" said Mrs. Carsdale; "it is really very imprudent."

"All my fault, mother," cried Minnie. "I could not tear myself away from the society of the sea-gulls and the distant view of Jack Tarver's boat; but really she was sitting down on the sands nearly all the time, and now we've come home as hungry as hunters. I hope luncheon's ready;" and stopping her mother's mouth with a kiss, Minnie dragged her across the lawn through the open French windows into the comfortable dining-room of the Gray House.

CHAPTER II.

LUNCHEON went on merrily till a sudden interruption occurred, in the form of Martha, the parlour-maid.

"If you please, Mr. Arthur, coachman says that you must start at nine to-morrow, or the tide won't serve for Mass."

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Carsdale, "have we to cross the sea? Is it not very dangerous?"

"Oh no, mother; no danger. It is such a very much shorter drive to cross Lowenna Bay, and there is no danger of being drowned, even if the tide were in; but it makes it more easy for the horses' feet if it is out; so I told coachman to find out about the time. When did you say Mass was, Rose?"

"Half-past ten."

"We shall have to wait half an hour, then. This is really an uncommon way of getting to church," remarked Minnie. "And does the descendant of kings actually permit his ignoble neighbours access to his private chapel?"

"It is well for us that he does," said Mrs. Carsdale; "for there's no church nearer than Ingoven, I believe; and I fear Rose and I would never get there and back alive. One of the few places I have a curiosity to see is the chapel of Beauchamp Court. There is a tradition that Campion said Mass there; and there must be memories of dozens of martyrs and confessors attached to the old walls."

"Mama dear, I'm dying to know the history of these Beauchamps, and neither Arthur or Rose will tell me; won't you, like a darling?"

"I remember old Mr. Beauchamp, the father of the present man perfectly, when I was a child," said her mother; "I never saw a more stern, forbidding countenance. I used to hide myself to get out of his way. The present owner, Hugh, was then a fine young man about twenty. I remember so well what a nice fellow he was when he came to Travers Park to see Lady Mary Travers, whom his father had determined he should marry. Yes, it is a romantic story, Minnie. Old Mr. Beauchamp had arranged the matter with Lord

Havarden when Hugh and Mary were babies, and they were almost brought up together. Mrs. Beauchamp was dead, and Lady Havarden was like a second mother to Hugh. His father never showed him any affection; brothers and sisters he had none; and Travers Park was really his home, and the bevy of boys and girls there brothers and sisters to him. There was the pity; Mary and Blanche and Winifred were all like sisters to him; he loved them all alike. However, as a youth of nineteen he did not show any sort of dislike to the marriage with Mary; and then he was sent abroad for a year, at the end of which he was to return and marry her. He met and fell passionately in love with a young Spanish lady, Donna Beatrice da Cepeda. He came home engaged to her. His father was furious; but the will of the son was as strong as that of the father. Then comes the sad part of the business. Somehow or other Hugh was taken in; a letter purporting to be from Beatrice came, telling him she was already the wife of another man. Hugh, in wrath and pique, professed himself willing to comply with his father's wishes, and married Lady Mary, who had been kept in ignorance of the whole affair. Three days afterwards Hugh found out that the letter was a forgery, and Beatrice's heart was nearly broken."

"What a dreadful horrid story!" said Minnie, shuddering; "what became of the unfortunate Lady Mary?"

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Carsdale, "she slowly faded away. She just lived to see her child, the son and heir that old Mr. Beauchamp thought so much of, and then she went where the weary are at rest. Hugh enraged his father beyond measure by naming the boy Reginald, after Lord Havarden, instead of Hugh, which the heirs of the Beauchamps had always been called. A year after Lady Mary's death he married Beatrice."

"Well, and is she there now?" said Minnie, eagerly.

"Oh no," said Arthur, who saw his mother was tired of speaking; "she only lived two years. It is said she was nearly dying when Mr. Beauchamp went to find her after Lady Mary's death, and that his passionate love, as it were, kept her alive. She left two children, twins,—a boy and a girl, Ida and Ferdinand. And now you know the history of the Beauchamps, Minnie."

"Scarcely, Arthur," said Rose; "I think you ought to tell her how cold and hard Mr. Beauchamp had always been to Reginald, evidently wishing with all his heart that Ferdinand was the heir; and when Reginald came of age, of his own accord he gave up his rights to his brother, and went to study for the priesthood. He is a priest now at Shelburne, and Ferdinand is the heir."

"Now I really am curious to see these people," said Minnie; "where is the wicked old father?"

"Dead long ago," said Arthur. "He died as he had lived, unloved and miserable. And now perhaps, Minnie, if your curiosity is sated, you will come with me and give your opinion as to which will be the most suitable conveyance for our perilous journey to Beauchamp Court to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER III.

A CLOUDLESS summer day, if we may except those tiny fleecy clouds which flitted now and then across the bright blue sky. The sky was intensely blue, the blue waves rippled on the sand, the dancing sunbeams sparkled on the waters, every leaf and flower seemed to display new beauties and rejoice in the sunshine of the first Sunday which the Carsdales spent at Newcombe. It was a day which insensibly revives the spirits and gladdens the heart; for we cannot but help rejoicing in the abundance of the beauties scattered round this fair world of ours; and there was cheerfulness written on every face of the Carsdale family as they stepped into their carriage, and set forth on the drive to Beauchamp. After driving for some distance on the high-road, the road turned sharply down a hill which led on to the cove. The ebbing tide was sparkling in the distance; but the sand was still soft, and the horses' feet sank in it. The sand passed, the horses had to climb a steep hill, and then the road rose smooth enough, leading gradually through wild desolate moorland. The beautiful coast was shut out from view, and the inland scenery was bleak and bare beyond description. On this particular day it was, it is true, lit up by the sunshine, and the purple heath sent forth its perfume; but on a cold dull day nothing could be more dreary than the prospect. Not only did the road for some miles wind amid the wild moors, but the wide expanse of country which was spread as a map before the travellers bore the same aspect. A solitary tree here and there caught the eye,—a tuft of trees was hardly to be seen; and the change therefore was more wonderful when the party reached the brow of the hill, which they had to descend into the valley of Beauchamp. There Nature's hand had been prodigal: looking down, it seemed one mass of foliage; and when the travellers penetrated into the valley they thought themselves in a miniature forest, so thickly grew the trees, so closely did they keep guard round the few buildings that had risen among them. Nothing but the very summit of the old church-tower could be seen from the hill above; it was not till they had entered the churchyard that they saw its grand proportions, and how those who raised it had poured out the wealth of the carver's art upon it. Instead of a simple village-church, it would have been an admired object in a

large town amidst a host of fine buildings. It had been built by the Beauchamp family long centuries before, and they had spared no cost to embellish it, little foreseeing the time when their descendants should be exiled from its doors, and the large wainscoted dining-hall on the left side of the quadrangle should form the domestic chapel of the court, and be the resting spot of Catholics for a circle of fourteen miles.

The trees had been trained into a long avenue leading to the court; the great gates were thrown open for the convenience of any one who liked to drive up to the door; but the Carsdales chose to alight, leave the carriage at the village inn, and walk up the avenue. There were no marks of exclusiveness nor of repellent pride in the arrangements of the house; evidently on Sundays, at least, all comers were welcome. On the stone seat of the old gray mullioned porch sat several wayfarers,—a weather-beaten sailor, whose ship was lying off Redcroft Bay; two sturdy fishermen from Kerrier; stout farmer Macarthy from Ripples, greatly heated by the exertion of driving his wife and daughter in the taxed-cart; there they were discussing the weather till the sweet chimes rang out from the church-tower hard by, and served to call them also to worship according to the ancient faith.

But the Carsdales passed quickly through the hall, and took their places in the chapel. It was very simple, for much decoration would have been out of place; but the altar was richly adorned, and a few of the choicest paintings hung on the walls. The choir was formed of very rustic voices; but the music was well chosen, and the organ was touched by one who evidently possessed great skill and taste, and the sweet rich tones of an admirable contralto voice swelled in the chorus.

Mass over, the Carsdales hastened down the avenue in the hope of regaining their carriage unobserved; a hope that proved fallacious, for a servant ran after them to recall them; and as they stood half way down the avenue hesitating what to do, Mr. Beauchamp, with a quick firm step, came hastening down to them, and Minnie found herself, to her astonishment, warmly shaken by the hand by the "descendant of kings," and thinking that the tall stately old man, with his white hair and eagle-eye, was one of the most magnificent people, even according to her own standard of magnificence, she had ever looked on. There was no gainsaying the invitation for luncheon; nobody could truthfully say they wished to stay away from Vespers; and it was impossible to tell Mr. Beauchamp they preferred mutton-chops at the village inn to his gracious hospitality. Beauchamp Court was full of romance; all the rooms were wainscoted with wood which looked the colour of ebony; and the old-fashioned furniture and the

deep mullioned windows made you fancy yourself transported far away from the din of modern times. There was no lack of taste; flowers were in all directions—vases filled with deep-red roses, wire baskets full of rare plants; pictures chosen and arranged by a connoisseur, landscapes which led you far away into glens at the foot of deep purple mountains, or by the side of some smiling lake; or grave portraits of great men who had achieved great deeds looked grandly on you as you sat. Books, too, in profusion were scattered about; and in the midst of all stood Ida Beauchamp, ready to second her father's welcome. She was very beautiful—a tall, lithe, slender form, with grace in every movement; a pale, thoughtful, pensive face; her rich dark hair was gathered back and coiled round the small graceful head, and her eyes were dark gray, almost black, large and soft and bright. She welcomed them cordially, and met Arthur as if he had been an old acquaintance.

"Would you believe it, Ida," said Mr. Beauchamp, "that Mrs. Carsdale and her party were running away from us as fast as they could?"

"Now I call that very shabby of you, Mr. Carsdale," said Ida; "you need not have forgotten your way about the court. I assure you, Mrs. Carsdale, you have no idea of the tricks my brothers and your son played here some years ago—how many is it?" said she, as she looked at Arthur. "I am afraid to count, for I used to think myself a young woman *then*. Oh, Mr. Carsdale, do you remember how you frightened poor Madame Cellina by darting over the wall and jumping in at the study window? I believe it was not you actually though, but Ferdinand; only, you know, you were helping him all the time."

"And do you remember your brother Reginald, Miss Beauchamp," said Arthur, "when Madame Cellina applied to him for protection?"

"Yes; Reginald was always so very lofty in his contempt for Madame Cellina. Her utter inability to control me gave him a very bad opinion of her," he said.

"I am glad, Miss Beauchamp," said Rose, "to find some one else besides ourselves who falls short of a brother's ideal."

"What! were you tyrannised over?—or *are* you? I should say; for Reginald still lectures me; I believe he takes me by mistake for one of the school children at Shelburne. But come and let us go in to luncheon; I'm sure you must be famishing after that drive from Newcombe."

Before the bells rang out for Vespers, Rose and Minnie were feeling almost intimate with Ida Beauchamp; they had discovered tastes in common in reading and music; and the London-bred girls,

with country longings seldom gratified, listened eagerly to Ida's tales of sails and drives, of climbing cliffs and penetrating into caves, and visiting all the romantic spots with which the coast abounded. An invitation warmly given by Mrs. Carsdale was frankly accepted by Ida to spend a day at the Gray House; and Mr. Beauchamp and his daughter walked down to the end of the avenue to see the Carsdales off. Then they turned and walked slowly homeward.

"Poor Grace Harcourt," said Mr. Beauchamp; "what a fate hers has been!"

"Why, papa?" asked Ida; "she seems very happy; her children are devoted to her."

"Yes, they are very pleasing young people," he replied; "but I think of Grace in her youth and with her bright prospects, and then of her having been compelled to marry such a parvenu as Carsdale."

"By the by," said Ida, "I remember the man now, and that I thought him odiously vulgar. I wonder how it is that the son and daughters are so different."

"Of course Grace's influence has refined them," said her father; "but it is only on the surface; all those sort of people have an in-born vulgarity about them, which peeps out sooner or later; or is there, if you don't see it."

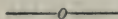
"Papa, how can you say such things!" burst out Ida impetuously; "as if nobility of character, and genius, and true refinement could not be found in every class and rank."

"Young-lady heroics," he answered contemptuously; "no harm in them, my dear, to amuse yourself with. I really wish you to pay attention to these Carsdales, Ida. Ferdinand is a friend of the son, and it is pleasant to be on good terms with a business man like Carsdale;" and so saying Mr. Beauchamp walked into the house, leaving Ida standing on the threshold.

"Always so," she murmured indignantly to herself, "always; no sympathy for any thing really great and noble, but wrapped up in visions of this sham greatness and nobleness, of which I am sick. These people to-day attracted me wonderfully; I wish I could find out whether they are really worth knowing without running the risk of another disappointment. I wonder what is the matter with me to-day; I have such a strange longing to look into the future."

Alas, Ida! if you *had* looked, you would never have rested till you had put land and sea between you and the Carsdales, and besought God on your knees to separate the thread of your lives far and far apart. Had the future been revealed to you, you would have fallen on your knees and veiled your eyes, and cried aloud for mercy: "Save me at least from this ere it be too late!"

The Duchess of Parma.



PARMA boasts an Etruscan origin. It was subjugated by Rome about the year 184 B.C., and became part of Cisalpine Gaul. Under Augustus the town received the name of Julia Augusta. It has known chequered fortunes since then. Independent after the fall of the Roman Empire, Parma was subsequently conquered by the Lombards, from whom Charlemagne wrested it to bestow it on the Holy See. During the wars of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, Parma constituted itself into a republic. Governed by successive seigniors, it fell into the hands of Visconti, lord of Milan, in 1346. Two centuries later, Pope Julius II., on restoring Milan to the family of Sforza, at the Congress of Mantua, kept Parma and Placentia, which had long been united into one state, as a dependency for the Holy See. In 1545, Pope Paul III. gave them in fief to his son, the fruit of a marriage contracted ere his ordination. Paul III. belonged to the princely family of Farnese, and his descendants reigned for two centuries over the Duchy of Parma. One of them, Duke Alexander, was a great general, and distinguished himself at the battle of Lepanto in 1571. By their care Parma was adorned with many beautiful edifices,—churches ornamented in fresco, and a theatre, one of the largest in Europe. The Farnese family also bestowed liberal protection on the fine arts. A beautiful collection of statuary was made under their name; the *Flora*, the *Hercules*, the *Gladiator*, and especially the *Bull of Farnese*, are well known. The last descendant of the ducal house, Elizabeth Farnese, carried Parma to the Spanish branch of Bourbon by her marriage with Philip V. At the death of her grandson Ferdinand, it was united to the French Republic, to be again constituted, by the treaties of Vienna, into a sovereign duchy, with the addition of Guatalla. Maria Louisa, ex-empress of France, reigned over the little state thus newly augmented till her death in 1847, and then it passed to the house of Lucca, whose hereditary prince had married Louisa of Bourbon. The grandniece of Louis XVI. became last Duchess of Parma,—*last* for the present day at least.

It is in connection with her little duchy that the name of this accomplished princess is most known. Her destiny has been full of vicissitude, like, but sadder than, that of the state she was tardily

called to govern. How auspicious seemed her birth on the whole ! for though an heir to the throne of France would have been preferred, yet it was gladsome to have a young scion of royalty in that long-tried family ; and her father fondly declared that at least no one would dispute him the possession of his dear little girl. Only five months later the unconscious infant was hastily carried to the Opera in Paris, that she might receive her parent's dying kiss and blessing, as he lay there weltering in his blood, the victim of a cowardly assassination. A few weeks pass, and contemporaries remarked the widowed Duchess of Berry beginning to walk out for health, and having her little girl, shrouded in a deep veil of black crape, carried before her. Then a brother was born, Henry Dieu-donné. Louisa had a playmate ; there were all the joys of childhood ; an education wisely commenced under the judicious care of Madame de Gontant. The children were not allowed to be flattered ; they were taught to be strictly truthful ; were accustomed to share the studies of others of their own age, that seeing their success they might avoid vanity ; no little disputes were ever permitted between the two ; they became tenderly attached. Louisa, or Mademoiselle, as was her title according to French etiquette, used to play on the terrace of the Tuileries gardens that runs along the quay, while an admiring crowd regularly assembled, expressing by their attitude sympathetic homage. At Dieppe, too, Mademoiselle was well known. The Duchess of Berry seldom appeared any where without her ; there was no political reason why *her* life should be attempted, and the engaging child attracted easy popularity. Happy, careless childhood !

But ere she had completed eleven summers, Louisa was wending on the road of exile. She did not well know what it all meant ; why her grandfather looked so sad, and her aunt shed such tears as bitter memories came trooping. The Duke of Angoulême and her mother both seemed very calm. Louisa and her brother ran about in the gardens of the houses where they stopped, played and picked flowers, a little surprised at the pity for themselves they overheard expressed. Why did the officers at Valogne look so grave when all the ancient bodyguard assembled there ? Why were the colours brought and given up to the old king amid general emotion ? Louisa had some further clue when she reached Cherbourg, and went on board the *Great Britain*, that was to convey the whole party to England. Oh, yes ; it was really an adieu to her native land. Should she ever see it again ? Youth and hope answered *yes* ; they thought not of death and his silent *no*. And this, then, was *exile*,—exile that all there had known before, except herself and her brother. Charles X., the

Dauphin and his wife, the child of the Temple, even the Duchess of Berry, her mother, knew something of exile. And the sadness of separation fell on her young heart as the old bodyguard once more drew up and presented arms for the last time, while the royal party moved on to the boat. Stanch friends of the Bourbon cause had gathered too; La Rochejaquelein and Charette, names of tried fidelity, were there. Louisa had been taught to revere them. She understood much more now than at the beginning of her journey. A cloud had darkened her horizon.

Charles and his family landed at Weymouth. Then they proceeded to Lulworth Castle, and were welcomed with kindly hospitality by its owner, Cardinal Weld; but soon Louisa was domiciled with her relatives at Holyrood in Edinburgh, a name that ever recalls hapless Mary Stuart. Day by day she learned thoroughly what exile was; adversity added her own sharp lessons. Two years were spent in this gloomy, romantic abode, so full of historic association; then she went to another old castle near Prague, which commanded a stern beautiful view; afterwards to Goritz, and finally to Frohsdorff, not far from Hungary. Louisa had expanded from the frolicsome child into a young girl, still full of gaiety and grace, but round whose thoughtful brow had gathered shades of care. The vicissitudes of her youth consisted chiefly in the loss of dear relatives withdrawn by death, or in family sorrows too recent for public scrutiny. So far as outward circumstances went, to her it was necessarily an unjoyous season. Her mirthful disposition, so thoroughly French, lighted it up; but events in themselves were there projecting endless shades. Were not all the dear ones around her sad living pages of history, even down to the young crownless brother she loved so well?

At twenty-six years of age, in 1845, Mademoiselle married the Prince of Lucca. Reasons of *convenance* doubtless actuated the union. In this country we may, without dread of paining relations or friends of the august exiles, say at least that he was wholly unworthy of her; but, whatever the griefs of her wedded life, it had also deep maternal joys; for she gave birth successively to four children, whom she tenderly loved, and who all lived to reward her care during the years vouchsafed to her.

When Napoleon's widow died, the Duke of Lucca, by right of treaty, succeeded to the Duchy of Parma; and Lucca itself reverted to Tuscany. But the events of 1848 forced the new sovereign to retire, and his little duchy passed into the hands of his son. Louisa of Bourbon was reigning Duchess of Parma; but she did not interfere with matters of state: devoted to her children, she occupied

herself solely with them. Political storms, however, looming in the distance, threatened domestic peace. On the 20th of March 1854, the Duke of Parma was brought back to the palace mortally stabbed. His widow could not fail to mark the sad coincidence between the two fates of her father and her husband. She became regent: as if further to assimilate her destiny with that of her own race, five years had scarcely elapsed when she was forced to quit the government and retire into exile. Cherbourg must have risen up again. Two days after she was recalled, and responded to the appeal of army and people; but ere another month foreign invasion obliged her definitely to give up Parma. Five years more, and she died almost suddenly, not having attained beyond full maturity, leaving her children in exile, and her eldest son still a minor. Such were the vicissitudes of events that marked the late Duchess of Parma's career, and which add their interest to the qualities rendering her an object of general sympathy.

As a woman she pleased greatly; not so much from personal beauty, though by no means deficient in that, as from her grace and vivacity of wit. Her countenance was very varying: a profusion of fair hair set off her light complexion and blue eyes, while a ready smile enlivened the pouting Austrian lip; her figure was dignified, but very graceful. Chateaubriand gives a poetic description of her at fourteen. "Mademoiselle's whole person," writes he, "presents a mixture of the infantine, the girlish, and the princess. She looks at you, casts down her eyes, and smiles with naïve coquetry; still one scarcely knows whether to tell her fairy tales, or to treat her as a queen."

Her education had been carefully tended. The Marquise de Nicolay succeeded Madame de Gontant in the task of directing it. The young princess also had frequent recourse to her brother's governor, M. de Montbell, of whom it has been said that his conversation was a repertory of all knowledge, and his head a library. She knew history remarkably well; spoke with equal facility French, German, English, and Italian; understood Spanish and Latin, to which she was about to add the study of Greek, when her marriage intervened. She excelled in drawing, and liked music, without being a performer herself. The nature of these acquirements betrays her turn of mind. It was serious and thoughtful, though she was on the other hand so full of life and spirits. This variety formed one of her greatest charms. Her distinguishing qualities of intelligence were judgment and good sense, with a very remarkable degree of spontaneity joined to equal promptitude of action. Her clear understanding seized the proper thing at once, decided upon it immedi-

ately with ready will, and, sure of being in the right, acted without a moment's hesitation. Strong in her sense of duty, conscience was her unfailling guide through life; she never asked herself what she wished, but what she ought to do: all her powers, moral and intellectual, had been moulded, fostered, and developed by religion.

Her talents for governing were brought into European notice when she became regent of Parma after her husband's death. Up to that period she had kept within her domestic sphere so completely, that state matters might have seemed ignored by her. But she proved herself to have been no unintelligent or unobservant spectatress of events. To the last moment of the duke's existence she attended solely to her duties as a wife. She was at his bedside, stifling her grief and horror at the deed, anxious only to alleviate his sufferings by every tender care. He hoped to recover, but the physician had pronounced otherwise; and the duchess was too pious to leave her husband in ignorance of his approaching end. She brought their children to him for his last blessing; the dying prince thanked her for the happiness he owed her, gave her consolation by asking for a confessor, and made a Christian end.

After a short interval given to prayer beside the dead body of her husband, the Duchess of Parma rose, and taking her eldest boy by the hand, entered the hall where the ministers of state were deliberating. In reply to their offers of continued service, she said, pointing to her son: "Here is your duke; I am regent; you may retire. Your successors shall be named."

Her whole character is revealed in this act of prompt decision. The wife had given place to the ruler of state, to the vigilant guardian of her son's rights. She knew the ministers to be unworthy, and scrupled not at immediate dismissal. Their successors were men of probity and intelligence, who enjoyed general esteem. Her first measure was to write that justly-celebrated letter to Pius IX., thus putting an end at once to the difference that had unhappily so long existed with the Holy See. It ran as follows:

"HOLY FATHER,—In the most sorrowful and solemn moment of my life, I come to ask your Holiness's blessing for the child whom a frightful crime has just loaded with the weight of a crown, and for myself to whom Divine Providence has confided the important mission of taking away its thorns.

"At such a moment I require the special blessing of the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"The infinite mercy of God has granted me an immense consolation in my deep affliction by the Christian courage and resigned piety with which he whom I deplore gave up his soul to his Creator,

blessing the divine will, and putting all his trust in the Cross of our Lord.

"I must now, at the first moment of my administration, implore your Holiness to cast his eyes on this flock without a pastor. They also are my children. Parma requires an energetic and enlightened Bishop; I pray your Holiness now to choose and send him to us. I know a worthy German ecclesiastic has been thought of; but we want an Italian Bishop chosen by yourself.

"It is necessary also to speak of the concordat, for the conclusion of which I desire to send M. Marzolini to Rome as soon as possible. I earnestly wish to show my filial attachment and submission to the holy Roman Catholic Church, and thus to draw down upon my Robert the blessings of God. I count upon the enlightened and paternal generosity of your Holiness for facilitating questions concerning state property in this concordat. I will not hesitate to make any sacrifice to get out of our present financial difficulties; the Church, our mother, will also come to our assistance; and my scrupulous respect for her sacred rights will not be a motive, I trust, for refusing us demands justified by circumstances.

"I ought to thank your Holiness for the too-flattering message transmitted to me by Monseigneur Massoni. Your paternal approbation is the greatest encouragement for me: I pray God to merit it.

"I again ask your Holiness's blessing for my son Robert, my other three children, and for myself also, that I may never act but for the glory of God. Finally, I beg a prayer for that soul so dear, which quitted life with repentance and faith worthy of a son of St. Louis.

"I am, with most entire submission, of your Holiness

"the very affectionate and humble daughter,

"Parma, 29th March 1854.

"LOUISA."

The Pope, responding to this appeal, immediately instituted an Italian Bishop, and all ecclesiastical difficulties were smoothed. The duchess-regent began by suppressing every kind of useless expenditure in her court and household, and then turned her attention towards introducing all reforms possible in the different branches of administration. She ameliorated the system of mortgages, did away with the right of escheat to the crown, defined the separation between administrative and judiciary courts more precisely, lessened the cost of law-proceedings besides hastening their operation; indeed, rendered the general transaction of business both more simple and more rapid. By her wise innovations a fresh impulse was given to study at the university; she also favoured popular education, protected the

arts, and introduced saving-banks. Perceiving that the customs-league established with Austria and Modena was contrary to Parmesan industry, she broke it off, despite the danger of provoking a great power like Austria, and one so near her little state as Modena.

With indefatigable zeal she gave public audience twice a week, admitting the humblest of her subjects to detail their grievances, and listening to them with maternal interest. This was indeed an innovation borrowed from good olden times. She considerably increased communal liberties, which form the keystone of all others; and restored the people their right of indicating three candidates from among whom government should choose the podestate of Parma—a magistrate whose functions correspond with those of our sheriffs, or more exactly with those of mayors in France.

During the short period her regency lasted she had to struggle against three evils,—cholera, inundations, and scarcity. By her vigilance, courage, prudence, and generosity, she was able to overcome them all. She even managed, notwithstanding, to give an increase of pay to the army and public officers; while the poor of both town and country were liberally assisted, besides having work provided for them. With equal care and foresight she caused commodious dwellings for the humbler classes to be erected, and then had the insalubrious abodes they had formerly inhabited demolished. Orphanages were established, at the head of which she placed her own children.

Amid all these improvements and so much wise generosity she found means nevertheless to diminish the state debt, besides establishing an equilibrium between income and expenditure. The Parmesan budget is but a small one; receipts do not much exceed 320,000*l.* (8,000,000 fr.). When her regency began, the public debt amounted to 600,000*l.* (15,000,000 fr.); at the close it had decreased to 440,000*l.* (11,000,000 fr.): thus making 160,000*l.* paid in four years. She had also paid off entirely, in the same interval, 100,000*l.* (2,500,000 fr.) of debt belonging to the crown, and this without alienating the domain or contracting any loan. Before the regency there was a deficit of more than 40,000*l.* (1,000,000 fr.) in the budget; the first year equilibrium was established, the third and fourth years there was a surplus revenue to the amount of more than 8,000*l.*

If it be true that good administration of finances forms one of the principal features among qualities necessary to constitute a great ruler of state, then that title may assuredly be claimed for the Duchess of Parma. Nor was this her only merit, as has been seen. She left no department untouched; each in turn owed some amelioration to

her gentle skilful hand and generous heart, ever guided by her sound judgment. God gave her a small sphere in which to work ; but she performed her task with the same zeal as if worlds had hung upon it instead of one petty state. Yet she failed, after all—if we look above, by one of those inscrutable decrees that we adore without comprehending ; if we seek for human causes, through circumstances beyond the control of any government.

The treaties of Vienna placed Italy under the protectorate of Austria. Without entering into the question of how Austria has discharged her duties, it is obvious to all who know human nature that she cannot have done so *perfectly* ; and likewise that a governed race naturally dislikes the protecting power. Another fact is the revolutionary spirit that has so long prevailed in Europe, which for many years has undermined Italy, and which displays itself most particularly in subverting any constituted authority. All these elements of disorder existed in the little duchy of Parma.

The treaty of 1817, concluded between the six great European powers, gave Austria the right of occupying Placentia, an arrangement considered necessary for the defence of upper Italy, and it left the mode of executing this clause to be settled by the two governments of Austria and Parma.

The treaty of 1822 regulated Austria's military position in Placentia ; that of 1848 determined the mutual relations that should exist between the two states, and the assistance they were to lend each other in certain cases foreseen, according to their respective disproportionate forces. By these latter stipulations, Austria, in case of *attack* from without, might ask the aid of Parma, which she was bound to afford ; and Parma, either in case of foreign aggression, or of insurrection at home, might claim assistance from Austria. Either hypothesis seemed of likely occurrence for Parma, her frontier lying open to the neighbouring Italian states, and thus exposing her equally to attack from without, and to agitation within, caused by foreign revolutionists.

The Duchess of Parma could not annul the European treaty of 1822, had she wished it ; nor could she possibly desire, with Italy around her convulsed by revolution, to break the one of 1848. The policy that best befitted the interests of her little state was the straightforward path she chose. The insurrectionary movement prepared for all Italy in July 1854 had its outbreak in Parma ; blood was shed ; and she was forced to accept Austrian interference. She restrained that, however, within its narrowest limits, resolutely defended Parmesan right against General de Crenneville the Austrian commander, who wished to bring an accused before the council of

war for a crime committed previous to the outbreak; and twice in a few months she did away with the state of siege, so anxiously bent was her mind on abstaining from rigour as soon as political assassinations ceased to be the order of the day.

Her conduct at this time attracted admiration both in England and France. Lord Clarendon praised it in parliament, saying that her administration was characterised by firmness, indulgence, and good sense. When circumstances would allow, namely, in February 1857, she asked and obtained from Austria the evacuation of her territory.

Two years later, her policy was one of neutrality, that alone being consonant with Parmesan interests. Austria, weary of provocation, had declared war against Piedmont; a revolutionary party in each Italian state supported Victor Emmanuel; the duchess stood aloof. As Austria was the attacking, not the attacked, party, she was not bound by treaty to assist her. Piedmont talked of Italian independence; the duchess understood that to mean all the minor states swallowed up in one great monarchy, governed by the house of Savoy. France threw its sword in the balance in favour of Piedmont; revolutionary agents gained over the Parmesan officers, who called upon their duchess to take part with Piedmont—the champion of Italy's freedom. She stood alone in what she considered the cause of right; but she refused to wave her principle. As regent of Parma and mother of Duke Robert, she was bound to maintain the autonomy of her little state, and not merge it in Piedmont; but she would not, to avoid that evil, incur equal danger from Austria.

What was called a popular rising took place; the duchess sent off her children for safety, and was forced the next day, the 1st of May 1859, herself to quit Parma. But when the real inhabitants of Parma and her army saw the victorious party at work, doing every thing for Victor Emmanuel, a violent reaction ensued, and two days later the patriotic duchess was recalled. She reëntered her little state amid universal acclamations; and often declared afterwards that this was the brightest day of her life. Despite her apparently desperate fortunes on the day before, she had again refused Austrian intervention. Her letter to her children on this occasion is very touching. She writes:

“My dear and well-beloved children, God and His holy Mother be praised! What a day has been this 4th of May! No, my treasures, I could not believe there was room in my heart for a greater felicity than that I experienced in giving you my first kiss after your birth; well! this ineffable sentiment has been surpassed by what I felt yesterday in the midst of my faithful Parmesans.”

Then, after describing the enthusiasm, the half-frantic joy with which she had been received by soldiers and peasants, all vociferating *Evviva Roberto primo!* her ovation in the barracks, the prayer repeated in the chapel, she concludes with :

“What thanks are due to the God of justice and mercy! I spoke after a fashion to every one of these good people. They dragged my carriage to the Capuchin convent, and wanted to do the same to the palace; but I just said two words, calling them *my dear children*, and they obeyed directly. This was so much the more meritorious, as for three days they had obeyed no one. I hope the four dear children I brought into the world will be as obedient to me.”

But the ray of sunshine in her political destiny did not last long. A month had scarcely elapsed, when the vanguard of a Piedmontese division crossed the frontier of Parma, and at the same time a body of French troops, under Prince Napoleon, penetrated near Piacentia. What could her little army of 4,000 men do against two great powers? To prevent the useless effusion of blood, the duchess-regent retired from Parma, and this time for ever. But ere taking the last step, she made the energetic protest contained in her proclamation of the 9th of June 1859.

“What my government has been during the regency, I call upon you all, inhabitants of the State, to testify; and I appeal to history.

“Ideas more ardent, full of promise to Italian minds, have come across the peaceful and wisely-liberal progress I was endeavouring to further; to-day’s events place me between two opposite exigencies: either to take part in a war called one of nationality, or to fail in conventions to which Placentia especially, and the whole State, were bound long ere I assumed the government.

“Duty forbids me to oppose the wishes proclaimed by Italy, or yet to act against good faith. Thus neutrality, which the exceptional situation of my territory seemed to require, being no longer possible, I yield to pressing events, recommending the municipal body of Parma to name a Government Commission for the maintenance of order.

“I shall retire to a neutral country with my beloved children, whose rights I reserve full and entire, confiding them to the justice of the great powers and to God’s protection.”

Thus closed the regency and the public life of the Duchess of Parma. Her career was short, but useful to the State, and rendering manifest her many noble qualities.

Much might be said of her private virtues, of her warm family attachments. She was always a devoted daughter to the Duchess

of Berry; and her tender affection for her brother cannot be better expressed than in her reply to some one who was remarking on it. "How should we not love each other!" cried she; "for twenty-six years we have been one soul in two bodies." The great pleasure of her youth was daily intercourse with him, or, while he was travelling, their correspondence. Of the Countess of Chambord she wrote: "The more I see my sister-in-law, the more I love her; she is an angel."

When Charles X. was dying of cholera his malady was deemed contagious, and the physician wished to remove the royal children; but both declared that no consideration would induce them to quit their grandfather. The good old king was affected when it came to the last farewell; he embraced them tenderly, putting his hand on their heads, and saying, with a strong effort, "May God protect you, my children! Walk before Him in the paths of justice. Do not forget; pray sometimes for me."

Her conduct as wife and mother during the nine years of her married life was most exemplary. She devoted herself entirely throughout that period to her husband and children, as if she had not even seen the mismanagement of state affairs, to which she well knew she could then bring no redress.

Her love for France, the land of her birth, but the persecutrix of her family, deserves remembrance; for she could have no special political motive. On the eve of her marriage she sent 12,000 francs to twelve rectors of the principal parishes in Paris, to be distributed among the poor. Afterwards, when regent of Parma, amid her multiplied embarrassments at home, she managed to despatch 1,500 francs for the sufferers from the inundations of the Loire.

After the death of the Duke of Angoulême, it was hoped for a moment that France might be generous, and reopen her territory to the widowed daughter of Louis XVI. and the orphan child of the Duke of Berry, granting these ladies the consolation of prayer in the Expiatory chapel at Paris. But the petition presented to the Chambers for that purpose was dismissed, though M. Crémieux, its *rapporteur*, had expressed a hope that Frenchmen would go bareheaded to welcome back these august exiles, thus proclaiming the respect due to innocence and virtue combined with misfortune.

France was obdurate still. Neither as Mademoiselle nor as Duchess of Parma did the princess ever see again her native land. French families faithful to legitimacy often visited the Bourbon exiles, bringing back fresh accounts of virtues and graces displayed by the two royal scions. A pretty account of Mademoiselle in her

early youth at Prague has been preserved. Her brother was to attain his thirteenth year on the 29th of September 1833, the age of his majority according to the laws of the old French monarchy. Many young Legitimists resolved to make a demonstration on the occasion, and for that purpose to lay their homage at his feet.

Louis Philippe's government, not over-satisfied with the object of this expedition, threw obstacles in the way of their crossing the frontier; and Austria, unwilling to displease France, did not encourage access to Prague. When the pilgrims had finally overcome all difficulties and reached the presence of Charles X., they found the old king embarrassed himself. He was grateful for the feeling actuating his young adherents, but feared the consequences of such a step—for the cause in France, which any imprudence might render more desperate; for the Duke of Bordeaux, whose ideas might be troubled and diverted from study; for himself, who had lost even the wish of reascending a throne. The result was a certain awkwardness on both sides. Mademoiselle stepped in at this critical moment, and quite spontaneously, with her tact and presence of mind, got both parties out of the dilemma. The pilgrims were so enchanted with her grace and ready wit, so occupied with the unceasing attentions she bestowed upon them, that they forgot their disappointment with the king, or stifled it in admiration of her. Chateaubriand formed one of these ardent spirits, and was not behindhand in enthusiasm. At the moment of departure Mademoiselle gave for their device the word *speramus*, which most of them had engraved on a seal. She had distributed all her nick-nacks in souvenirs among her guests, when some poor prisoners, victims of the late rising in Vendée, were mentioned. Immediately she flew to her modest jewel-case, and taking out a necklace, begged it might be sold for their benefit. The young pilgrims bought it themselves, dividing its fragments amongst them.

Many traits of charity are related of the Duchess of Parma. When a child at Prague, she one day met some peasants carrying home a poor old woman who had just broken her leg. Quick as thought the young princess despatched Charles X.'s physician to her assistance; and then hastening to her own bed, seized a mattress, at the same time informing her brother what had happened. He brought another mattress from his bed, and the two children trudged off together with their burdens to the poor cripple. The pleased relatives did not interfere. Charles X., attracted to his window by the little commotion, and learning its cause, shed a few tears.

After her exile from Parma, the ex-regent had fresh leisure for the poor. She rose every morning at six to attend early Mass; and

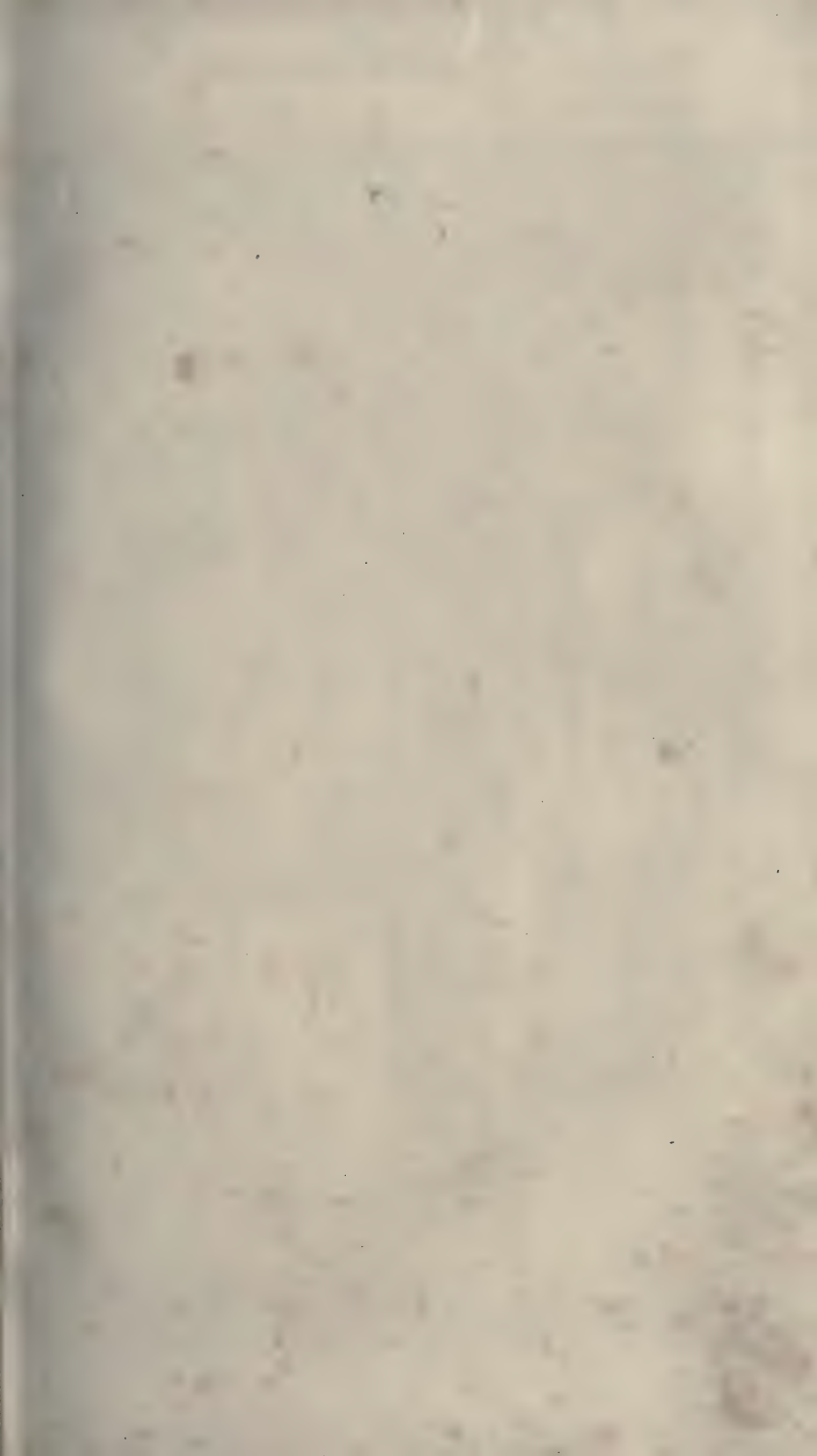
on her way home always talked with the rustic persons she met, noting down their wants, that she might relieve them in the course of the day.

Time did not hang heavily on her when suddenly deprived of her duchy. She again devoted herself to the education of her children. Nor did the change of position affect her gaiety of heart. She considered sadness as enervating. One day a friend wrote, promising to come and weep with her. "Tears are not to my taste," exclaimed the duchess: "I want to keep up courage for the maintenance of my son's rights."

Religion was the mainspring of all her virtues. She communicated every week; the Bishop of St. Gall, in Switzerland, remarked a notable improvement in his diocese from her edifying example. She had bought the castle of Warteg, and there she retired, after leaving Parma in 1859.

Little more than four years longer was she spared to her young children. In January 1864 she left Warteg, taking with her the eldest boy and girl, and went to pass a short time at Venice, where the Count of Chambord was staying. Family annoyances are said to have acted inwardly on her system. The Duchess of Parma caught cold, and typhus fever followed. As soon as she felt her end approaching, she asked to hear Mass and receive the *viaticum*. Then bidding adieu to the dear ones around, her children, the Count and Countess of Chambord, she gave her thoughts to God. Faith in Him made her feel that she did not leave her children orphans. She expired on the 1st of February, while the prayers for the dying were in the act of recital.

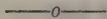
V. V.





Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN I had been a short time in my Lady Lumley's chamber, my Lord Arundel sent for his granddaughter, who was wont, she told me, at that hour to write letters for him; and I stayed alone with her ladyship, who, as soon as Lady Surrey left us, thus broke forth in her praise:

"Hath any one, think you, Mistress Sherwood, ever pictured or imagined a creature more noble, more toward in disposition, more virtuous in all her actions, of greater courage in adversity or patience under ill-usage than this one, which God hath sent to this house to cheer two lonely hearts, whilst her own is well-nigh broken?"

"Oh, my Lady Lumley!" I exclaimed, "I fear some new misfortune hath befallen this dear lady, who is indeed so rare a piece of goodness that none can exceed in describing her deserts. Hitherto she hath condescended to impart her sorrows to her poor friend; but to-day she shut up her griefs in her own bosom, albeit I could read unspoken suffering in every lineament of her sweet countenance."

"God forgive me," her ladyship replied, "if in speaking of her wrongs I should entertain over-resentful feelings towards her ungracious husband, whom once I did love as a mother, and very loath hath my heart been to condemn him; but now, if it were not that I myself received him in my arms what time he was born, whose life was the cause of my sweet young sister's death, I should doubt he could be her son."

"What fresh injury," I timidly asked, "hath driven Lady Surrey from her house?"

"Her house no longer," quoth Lady Lumley. "She hath no house, no home, no husband worthy of the name, and only an old man nigh unto the grave, alas! and a poor feeble woman, such as I am, to raise a voice in her behalf, who is spurned by one who should have loved and cherished her, as twice before God's altar he vowed to do. Oh," cried the poor lady, weeping, "she had borne all things else with a sweet fortitude, which angels looking down on her must needs have wondered at. She would ever be excusing this faithless husband with many pretty wiles and loving subterfuges, making,

sweet sophist, the worst appear the better reason. 'Men must needs be pardoned,' she would say, when my good father waxed wroth at his ill-usage of her, 'for such outward neglect as many practise in these days towards their wives, for that it was the fashion at the Court to appear unhusbandly; but if women would be patient, she would warrant them their love should be requited at last.' And when news came that Phil had sold an estate for to purchase—God save the mark!—a circlet of black pearls for the Queen; and Lord Arundel swore he should leave him none of his lands but what by Act of Parliament he was compelled to do, she smiled winsomely, and said: 'Yea, my lord, I pray you, let my dear Phil be a poor man, as his father wished him to be, and then, if it please God, we may live in a cottage and be happy.' And so turned away his anger by soft words, for he laughed and answered: 'Heaven help thee, Nan! but I fear that cottage must needs be Arundel Castle, for my hands are so tied therein that thy knavish husband cannot fail to inherit it. And, beshrew me, if I would either rob thee of it, mine own good Nan, or its old walls of thy sweet presence when I shall be dead.' And so she always pleaded for him, and never lost heart until . . . Oh, Mistress Sherwood, I shall never forget the day when her uncle, Francis Dacre,—wisely or unwisely I know not, but surely meaning well,—gave her to read in this house, where she was spending a day, a letter which had fallen into his hands, I wot not how, in the which Philip—God forgive him!—expressed some kind of doubt if he was truly married to her or not. Some wily wretch had, I ween, whispered to him, in an evil hour, this accursed thought. When she saw this misdoubt written in his hand, she straightway fell down in a swoon, which recovering from, the first thing she did was to ask for her cloak and hat, and would have walked alone to her house if I had not stayed her almost by force, until Lord Arundel's coach could be got ready for her. In less than two hours she returned with so wan and death-like a countenance that it frightened me to see her, and for some time she would not speak of what had passed between her lord and herself; only she asked for to stay always in this house, if it should please her grandfather, and not to part from us any more. At the which speech I could but kiss her, and with many tears protest that this should be the joyfullest news in the world to Lord Arundel and to me, and what he would most desire, if it were not for her grief, which, like an ill wind, yet did blow us this good. 'Yea,' she answered, with the deepest sigh which can be thought of, 'a cold withering blast which driveth me from the shelter which should be mine! I have heard it said that when Cardinal Wolsey lay a-dying, he cried, "It were well with me now

if I had served my God with the like zeal with which I have served my King," or some words of that sort. Oh, my Lady Lumley! the poor child exclaimed, 'if I had not loved Philip more than God and His Church, methinks I should not thus be cast off!' 'Cast off,' I cried; 'and has my graceless nephew, then, been so wicked?' 'Oh, he is changed,' she answered, — 'he is changed. In his eyes, in his voice, I found not Philip's looks, nor Philip's tones. Nought but harshness and impatience to dismiss me. The Queen, he said, was coming to rest at his house on her way to the City, and he lacked leisure to listen to my complaints. Then I felt grief and anger rise in my breast with such vehemency, that I charged him, maybe too suddenly, with the doubt he had expressed in his letter to my Lord Oxford. His face flushed deeply; but drawing up haughtily, as one aggrieved, he said the manner of our marrying had been so unusual, that there were some, and those persons well qualified to judge, who misdoubted if there did not exist a flaw in its validity. That he should himself be loath to think so; but that to seek at that moment to prove the contrary, when his fortunes hung on a thread, would be to ruin him.'

"There she paused, and clasped her hands together as if scarce able to proceed; but soon raising her head, she related in a passionate manner how her heart had then swelled well-nigh to bursting, pride and tenderness restraining the utterance of such resentful thoughts as rose in her when she remembered his father's last letter, wherein he said his chief prop and stay in his fallen estate should be the wife he had bestowed on him; of her own lands sold for the supply of his prodigal courtiership; of her long patience and pleading for him to others; and this his present treatment of her, which no wife could brook, even if of mean birth and virtue, much less one his equal in condition, as well dowered as any in the land, and as faithful and tender to him as he did prove untoward to her. But none of these reproaches passed her lips; for it was an impossible thing to her, she said, to urge her own deserts, or so much as mention the fortune she had brought him. Only twice she repeated, 'Ruin your fortunes, my lord! ruin your fortunes! God help me, I had thought rather to mend them!' And then, when he tried to answer her in some sort of evading fashion, as if unsaying, and yet not wholly denying his former speech, she broke forth (and in the relation of this scene the passion of her grief renewed itself) in vehement adjurations, which seemed somewhat to move him, not to be so unjust to her or to himself as to leave that in uncertainty which so nearly touched both their honours; and if the thought of a mutual love once existing between them, and a firm bond of marriage relied on with

unshaken security, and his father's dying blessing on it, and the humble duty she had shown him from the time she had borne his name, sufficed not to resolve him thereunto, yet, for the sake of justice to one fatherless and brotherless as herself, she charged him without delay to make that clear which, left uncertain, concerned her more nearly than fortune or state, and without which no, not one day, would she abide in his house. Then the sweet soul said she hoped, from his not ungracious silence and the working of his features, which visibly revealed an inward struggle, that his next words should have been of comfort to her; but when she had drawn nigh to him, and taking his hand called him by his name with so much of reproachful endearment as could be expressed in the utterance of it, a gentleman broke into the room, crying-out: 'My lord, my lord, the trumpets do sound! The Queen's coach is in sight.' Upon which, she said that, with a muttered oath, he started up and almost thrust her from him, saying, 'For God's sake, be gone!' 'And by a back-door,' she added, 'I went out of mine own house into the street, where I had left my Lord Arundel's coach, and crept into it, very faint and giddy, the while the Queen's coach did enter the court, with gay banners waving, and striking-up of music, and the people crying out, 'God bless the Queen!' 'I cry God mercy for it,' she said, 'but I could not say Amen.' Now she is resolved," my Lady Lumley continued, "never to set her foot again in any of her husband's houses, except he doth himself entreat her to it, and makes that matter clear touching his belief in the validity of their marriage; and methinks she is right therein. My Lord Arundel hath written to remonstrate with his grandson touching his ill-usage of his lady, and hath also addressed her majesty thereupon. But all the comment she did make on his letter, I have been told, was this: 'That she had heard my Lord Arundel was in his dotage; and verily she did now hold it to be so, for that she had never received a more foolish letter; and she did pity the old white horse, which was now only fit to be turned out to grass;' and other biting jests, which, when a sovereign doth utter them, carry with them a rare poignancy."

Then my Lady Lumley wiped her eyes, and bade me to be of good cheer, and not to grieve overmuch for Lady Surrey's troubles (but all the while her own tears continued to flow), for that she had so noble and religious a disposition, with germs of so much virtue in it, that she thought her to be one of those souls whom Almighty God draws to Himself by means of such trials as would sink common natures; and that she had already marked how, in much prayer, ever-increasing good works, and reading of books which treat of wholesome doctrine and instruction, she presently recalled the teach-

ings of her childhood, and took occasion, when any Catholics came to the house, to converse with them touching religion. Then, with many kind expressions, she dismissed me; and on the stairs, as I went out, I met Lady Surrey, who noticed mine eyes to be red with weeping, and embracing me, said:

“I ween Lady Lumley hath been no hider of my griefs, good Constance; and, i’ faith, I am obliged to her if she hath told thee that which I would fain not speak of, even to thee, dear wench. There are sorrows best borne in silence; and since the last days we talked together mine have grown to be of that sort. And so farewell for to-day, and may God comfort thee in thy nobler troubles, and send His angels to thine aid.”

When I returned to Holborn, Mistress Ward met me with the news that she had been to the prison, and heard that Mr. Watson was to be strenuously examined on an approaching day,—and it is well known what that doth signify,—touching the names of the persons which had harboured him since his coming to England. And albeit he was now purposed steadily to endure extreme torments sooner than to deny his faith or injure others, she did so much apprehend the weakness of nature should betray him, that her resolve was taken to attempt the next day, or rather on the following night, to further his escape. But how, she asked, could my father be dealt with in time touching that matter? I told her I was to see him on the morrow, by means of an order from Sir Francis Walsingham, and should then lay before him the issues offered unto his election. She said, she was very much contented to hear it; and added, she must now secure boatmen to assist in the escape, who should be reliable Catholic men; and if in this she did succeed, she feared not to fail in her design.

At the hour I had fixed upon with Hubert, on the next day he came to carry me to the prison at Bridewell. Mistress Ward prevailed on Mr. Congleton to go thither with us, for she was loath to be seen there in company with known persons, and added privily in mine ear, “The more so at a time when it may happen I should get into trouble touching the matter I have in hand.” When we reached the place, Hubert presented to the gaoler Sir Francis’s letter, which was also signed by the governor, and I was forthwith conducted to my father’s cell. When I entered it, and advanced towards that dear prisoner, I dared not in the man’s presence to show either the joy or grief I felt at that meeting, but stood by his side like one deprived of the power of speech, and only struggling to restrain my tears. I feared we should not have been left alone, and then this interview should have proved of little use or comfort; but after setting for me

a chair, which he had sent for,—for there was only one small bench in the cell,—this officer withdrew, and locked the door on me and that dear parent, whose face was very white and wan, but who spoke in as cheerful and kind a manner as can be thought of, albeit taxing me with wilfulness for that I had not complied with his behest that none should come to visit him. I would not have the chair which had been set for me,—for I did hold it to be an unbecoming thing for a daughter to sit down in her father's presence (and he a priest), who had only a poor bench to rest his limbs on,—but placed myself on the ground at his feet; which at first he disliked, but afterwards said it should be as I pleased. Then, after some affectionate speeches, wherein his great goodness towards me was shown, and my answers to them, which disburthened my heart of some of the weight which oppressed it, as did likewise the shedding of a few tears on his hand, which was clasped in mine, I spoke, in case time should press, of Sir Francis's offer, and the condition thereunto attached, which I did with a trembling voice, and yet such indifferent tones as I could affect, as if showing no leaning to one way of thinking or the other, touching his acceptance of these terms. In the brief time which did elapse between my speaking and his reply, methinks I had an equal fear lest he should assent or dissent therein. Filial love mightfully prompting me to desire his acceptance of this means of deliverance, yet coupled with an apprehension that in that case he should stand one degree less high in the favour of God and the eyes of men. But I was angered with myself that I should have mine own thoughts therein, or in any way form a judgment forestalling his, which peradventure would see no evil in this concession; and forecasting also the consequences which should ensue if he refused, I resolved to move him thereunto by some such words as these: "My dearly beloved father, if it be possible, I pray you yield this small matter to those that seek to save your life. Let the minister come to satisfy Sir Francis, and all shall be well, yea, without your speaking one word, or by so much as one look assenting to his arguments."

I dared not to meet his eyes, which he fixed on me, but kept kissing his hand whilst he said: "Daughter Constance, labour not to move me in this matter; for far above all other things I may have to suffer, nothing would touch me so near, or be so grievous to me, as to see you, my well-beloved child, try to persuade me unto that which in respect of my soul I will never consent to. For, I pray you, first as regards religion, can I suffer any to think, albeit I should give no cause for it but silence, that my faith is in any wise shaken, which peradventure would prove a stumbling-block to others? or, touching truth and honesty, shall I accept life and free-

dom on some such supposition as that I am like to change my religion, when I should as soon think to cast myself into hell of mine own free will as to deny one point of Catholic belief? No, no, mine own good child; 'tis a narrow path which doth lead to heaven, and maybe it shall prove exceeding narrow for me ere I reach its end, and not over easy to the feet or pleasant to the eye; but God defend I should by so much as one hair's-breadth overpass a narrowness which tendeth to so good a conclusion; and verily, to be short, my good child, tender my thanks to Sir Francis Walsingham—who I doubt not meaneth excellently well by me, and to young Master Rookwood, who hath dealt with him therein; but tell them I am very well pleased with my present abode as long as it shall please God to keep me in this world; and when He willeth me to leave it, believe me, daughter Constance, the quickest road to heaven shall be the most pleasing to me."

His manner was so resolved that I urged him no further, and only heaved a deep sigh. Then he said, kindly: "Come, mine own good child, give me so much comfort as to let me hear that thou art of the same way of thinking in this matter as thy unworthy but very resolved father."

"My dear father," I replied, "methinks I never loved you so well, or honoured you one half so much as now, when you have cast off all human consolations, yea, and a certain hope of deliverance, rather than give occasion to the enemies of our faith to boast they had prevailed on you in ever so small a matter, to falter in the open profession thereof; and I pray God if ever I should be in a like plight, I may not prove myself to be otherwise than your true child in spirit as in nature. As to what shall now follow your refusal, it lieth in God's hands, and I know He can deliver you, if He doth will it, from this great peril you are in."

"There's my brave wench," quoth he then, laying his scarred hand on my head; "thy mother had a prophetic spirit, I ween, when she said of thee when yet a puling girl, 'As her days so shall her strength be.' Verily God is very good, who hath granted us these moments of peaceful converse in a place where we had once little thought for to meet."

As I looked upon him, sitting on a poor bench in that comfortless cell, his noble fair visage oldened by hardships and toils rather than years, his eyes so full of peace, yea of contentment, that joy seemed to beam in them, I thought of the words of Holy Writ, which do foretell what shall be said hereafter of the just by such as have afflicted them and taken away their labours: "There are they whom we had some time in derision and for a parable of reproach.

We fools esteemed their life madness and their end without honour. Behold, how they are numbered with the children of God, and their lot amongst the saints."

At that time a knock against the wall was heard, and my father set his ear against it, counting the number of such knocks; for it was Mr. Watson, he said, beginning to converse with him in their wonted fashion. "I will tell him I am engaged," quoth he, in his turn tapping in the same manner.

"But peradventure he hath somewhat to communicate," I said.

"No," he answered, "for in that case he would have knocked three times at first, for on this signal we have agreed." Smiling, he added, "We do confess to each other in this way. 'Tis somewhat tedious, I do admit; but thanks be to God we lack not leisure here for such duties."

Then I briefly told him of Mistress Ward's intent to procure Mr. Watson's escape.

"Ay," he said, "I am privy to it, and I do pray God it may succeed. It should be to me the greatest joy in the world to hear that good man was set free, or made free by any good means."

"Then," I added, "will you not join in the attempt, if so be she can convey to you a cord? and the same boat should carry you both off."

"Nay," he replied; "for more reasons than one I am resolved against that in mine own case, which in Mr. Watson's I do commend. This enterprise must needs bring that good woman, Mrs. Ward, into some sort of danger, which she doth well to run for his sake, and which he doth not wrong to consent unto, she being of a willing mind to encounter it. For if the extremity of torture should extort the admissions they do seek from him, many should then grievously suffer, and mostly his own soul. But I have that trust in God, who hath given me in all my late perils, what nature had verily not furnished me with,—an undaunted spirit to meet sufferings with somewhat more than fortitude, with a very great joy such as His grace can only bestow,—that He will continue to do so, whatever straits I do find myself in; and being so minded, I am resolved not again by mine own doing to put mine own and others' lives in jeopardy; but to take what He shall send in the ordinary course of things, throwing all my care on Him, without whose knowledge and will not so much as one hair of our heads doth fall to the ground. But I am glad to be privy to the matter in hand for Mr. Watson, so as to pray for him this day and night, and also for that noble soul who doth show herself so true a Christian in her care for his weal and salvation."

Then changing to other themes, he inquired of me at some length touching the passages of my life since he had parted with me, and my dispositions touching the state of life I was about to embrace, concerning which he gave me the most profitable instructions which can be thought of, and rules of virtue, which, albeit imperfectly observed, have proved of so great and wholesome guidance to my inexperienced years, that I do stand more indebted to him for this fine advice there given me, than for all other benefits besides. He then spoke of Edmund Genings, who, by a special dispensation of the Pope, had lately been ordained priest, being but twenty-three years of age, and said the preparation he had made for receiving this holy order was very great, and the impression the greatness of the charge made upon his mind so strong, that it produced a wonderful effect in his very body, affecting for a time his health. He was infirmarian at Rheims, and laboured among the sick students, a very model of piety and humility; but *vivamus in spe* was still, as heretofore, his motto, and that hope in which he lived was to be sent upon the English mission. These my father said were the last tidings he had heard of him. His mother he did believe was dead, and his younger brother had left La Rochelle and was in Paris, leading a more gay life than was desirable. "And now I pray you, mine own dear honoured father," I said, "favour me, I beseech you, with a recital of your own haps since you landed in England, and I ceased to receive letters from you." He condescended to my request, in the words which do follow:

"Well, my good child, I arrived in this country one year and five months back, having by earnest suit and no small difficulty obtained from my superiors to be sent on the English mission; for by reason of the weakness of my health, and some use I was of in the College, owing to my acquaintanceship with the French and the English languages, Dr. Allen was loath to permit my departure. I crossed the seas in a small merchant-vessel, and landed at Lynn. The port-officers searched me to the skin, and found nothing on me; but one Sledd, an informer, which had met me in an inn at Honfleur, where I had lodged for some days before sailing for England, had taken my marks very precisely; and arriving in London some time before I landed in Norfolk, having been stayed by contrary winds in my longer passage, he there presented my name and marks; upon which the Queen's Council sent to the searchers of the ports. These found the said marks very apparent in me; but for the avoiding of charges, the mayor of the place, one Mr. Alcock, and Rawlins the searcher, requested a gentleman which had landed at the same time with me, and who called himself Haward, to carry me as a prisoner

to the lord-lieutenant of the county. He agreed very easily thereunto; but as soon as we were out of the town, 'I cannot,' says this gentleman, 'in conscience, nor will not, being myself a Catholic, deliver you, a Catholic priest, prisoner to the lord-lieutenant. But we will go straight to Norwich, and when we come there shift for yourself, as I will do for myself.' Coming to Norwich, I went immediately to one of the gaols, and conferred with a Catholic, a friend of mine, which by chance I found out to be there imprisoned for recusancy. I recounted to him the order of my apprehension and escape; and he told me that in conscience I could not make that escape, and persuaded me I ought to yield myself prisoner; whereupon I went to my friend Haward, whom, through the aforesaid Catholic prisoner, I found to be no other than Dr. Ely, a Professor of Canon and Civil Law at Douay. I requested him to deliver to me the mayor's letter to the lord-lieutenant. 'Why, what will you do with it?' said he. 'I will go,' I said, 'and carry it to him, and yield myself a prisoner for I am not satisfied I can make this escape in conscience, having had a contrary opinion thereon.' And I told him what that prisoner I had just seen had urged. 'Why,' said Haward, 'this counsel which hath been given you proceedeth, I confess, from a zealous mind; but I doubt whether it carrieth with it the weight of knowledge. You shall not have the letter, nor you may not in conscience yield yourself to the persecutors, having so good means offered to escape their cruelty.' But as I still persisted in my demand: 'Well,' said Mr. Haward, 'seeing you will not be turned by me from this opinion, let us go first and consult with such a man,' and he named one newly come over, who was concealed at the house of a Catholic not very far off. This was a man of singular wit and learning, and of such rare virtues that I honoured and revered him greatly, which Mr. Haward perceiving, he said, with a smile, 'If he be of your opinion, you shall have the letter, and go in God's name!' When we came to him, he utterly disliked of my intention, and dissuaded me from what he said was a fond cogitation. So being assuaged, I went quietly about my business, and travelled for the space of more than a year from one Catholic house to another in Norfolk and Suffolk, ministering the Sacraments to recusants, and reconciling many to the Church, which, from fear or lack of instruction or spiritual counsel, or only indifferency, had conformed to the times. Methinks, daughter Constance, for one such year a man should be willing to lay down a thousand lives, albeit, or rather because, as St. Paul saith, he be 'in journeyings often, in perils from his own nation, in perils from false brethren' (oh, how true and applicable do these words prove to the Catholics of this land!), 'in

perils in the city, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of the sea.' And if it pleases God now to send me labours of another sort, so that I may be in prisons frequently, in stripes above measure, and, finally, in death itself, His true servant;—oh, believe me, my good child, the right fair house I once had, with its library and garden and orchard, and every thing so handsome about us, and the company of thy sweet mother, and thy winsome childish looks of love, never gave me so much heartfelt joy and comfort as the new similitude I experience, and greater I hope to come, to my loved and only Master's sufferings and death!"

At this time of his recital, my tears flowed abundantly; but with an imparted sweetness, which, like a reflected light, shone from his soul on mine. But to stay my weeping, he changed his tone, and said with good cheer:

"Come now, my wench; I will presently make thee merry by the recital of a strait in which I once found myself, and which maketh me laugh to think on it, albeit at the time, I warrant thee, it was like to prove no laughable matter. It happened that year I speak of, that I was once secretly sent for by a courtlike gentleman of good wealth that had lived in much bravery, and was then sick and lying in great pain. He had fallen into a vehement agitation and deep study of the life to come; and thereupon called for a priest,—for in mind and opinion he was Catholic,—that he might learn from him to die well. According to the custom of the Church, I did admonish him, among other things, that if he had any way hurt or injured any man, or unjustly possessed other men's goods, he should go about by and by to make restitution according to his ability. He agreed to do so, and called to mind that he had taken away something from a certain Calvinist, under pretence of law indeed, but not under any good assurance for a Catholic conscience to trust to. Therefore he took order for restitution to be made, and died. The widow, his wife, was very anxious to accomplish her husband's will; but being afraid to commit the matter to any one, her perplexed mind was entangled in briers of doubtfulness. She one day declared her grief unto me, and beseeched me, for God's sake, to help her with my counsel and travail. So, seeing her distress, I proffered to put myself in any peril that might befall in the doing of this thing; but indeed persuaded myself that no man would be so perverse as of a benefit to desire revengement. Therefore committing the matter to God, I mounted on horseback, and away I went on my journey. When I came to the town where the man did dwell to whom the money was to be delivered, I set-up my horse in the next inn, that I might be readier at hand to scape im-

mediately after my business was despatched. I then went to the creditor's house, and called the man forth alone, taking him by the hand and leading him aside from the company of others. Then I declared to him that I had money for him, which I would deliver into his hands with this condition, that he inquired no further either who sent or who brought it unto him, or what the cause and matter was, but only receive the money and use it as his own. The old fellow promised fair, and with a good-will gave his word faithfully so to do, and with many thanks sent me away. With all the speed I was able to make, I hastened to mine host's house, for to catch hold of my horse and fly away. But forthwith the deceitful old fellow betrayed me, and sent men after to apprehend me, not supposing me this time to be a priest, but making the surmise against me that forsooth I was not a man but a devil, which had brought money of mine own making to bewitch him. All the people of the town, when they heard the rumour, confirmed the argument with this proof among others, that I had a black horse, and gave orders for to watch the animal diligently, whether he did eat hay as other horses, or no. As for me, they put a horse-lock about my leg, shut me up close in a strong chamber, and appointed a fellow to be with me continually night and day, which should watch if I did put off my boots at any time, and if my feet were like horse's feet, or that I was cloven-footed, or had feet slit and forked as beasts have; for this they affirmed to be a special mark whereby to know the devil when he lieth lurking under the shape and likeness of a man. Then the people assembled about the house in great numbers, and proffered money largely that they might see this monster with their own eyes; for by this time they were persuaded that I was indeed an ill spirit, or the very devil. 'For what man was ever heard of,' said they, 'which, if he had the mind, understanding, and sense of a man, would, of his own voluntary will and without any respect or consideration at all, give or proffer such a sum of money to a man utterly unknown?' God knoweth what should have ensued if some hours later it had not chanced that Sir Henry Stafford did ride into the town, and seeing a great concourse of people at the door of the inn, he stopped to inquire into the cause; which when it was related to him, he said he was a magistrate, and should himself examine face to face this limb of Satan. So I was taken before him into the parlour; and being alone with him, and knowing him to be well-disposed in religion, albeit conforming to the times, I explained in a general manner what sort of an errand had brought me to that place. Methinks he guessed me to be a priest, although he said nothing thereon, but only licensed me to depart and go away whither

I would, himself letting me out of the house through a back-door. I have heard since that he harangued the people from the balcony, and told them, that whilst he was examining me a strong smell of sulphur had come into the chamber, and a pack of devils carried me off through the window into the air; and he doubted not I had by that time returned to mine own lodging in hell. Which he did, I knew, for to prevent their pursuing me and using such violence as he might not have had means to hinder."

"It was not, then," I asked, "on this occasion you were apprehended and taken to Wisbeach?"

"No," he answered; "nor indeed can I be said to have been apprehended at all, for it happened in this wise that I became a prisoner. I was one day in Norwich, whither I had gone to baptise a child, and as Providence would have it, met with Haward, by whose means I had been set at liberty one year before. After ordinary salutations, he said to me, 'Mr. Tunstall' (for by that name only he knew me), 'the host of the inn where you were taken last year says I have undone him, by suffering the prisoner I had promised to deliver to escape; for he having been my surety with the mayor, he is threatened with eight months' imprisonment, or the payment of a large fine. He hath come to this town for to seek me, and hath seized upon me on this charge; so that I be only at liberty for six hours, for I promised that I would bring you to him by four o'clock (a Catholic merchant yielding him security thereof), or else that I should deliver him my body again. 'I am content,' he said, 'so that I have one of you two.' So either you, Mr. Tunstall, or I, must needs go to prison. You know my state and condition, and may guess how I shall be treated, if once I appear under my right name before them. You know also your own state. Now, it is in your choice whether of us shall go; for one must go: there is no remedy; and to force you I will not, for I had rather sustain any punishment whatsoever.' 'Now God be blessed,' I cried, 'that He hath thrown me in your way at this time, for I should never while I lived have been without scruple if you had gone to prison in my stead. Nothing grieveth me in this but that I have not finished off some business I had in this town touching a person in some distress of mind.' 'Why,' said Haward, 'it is but ten o'clock yet; you may despatch your business by four of the clock, and then you may go to the sign of the Star, and inquire for one Mr. Andrews, the Lord-Lieutenant's deputy, and to him you may surrender yourself.' 'So I will,' I said; and so we parted. At four of the clock I surrendered myself, and was straightway despatched to Wisbeach Castle, where I remained for three months. A message reached me there that a

Catholic which had led a very wicked life, and was lying on his death-bed, was almost beside himself for that he could get no priest to come to him. The person which delivered this advertisement left some ropes with me, by which means I escaped out of the window into the moat, with such damage to my hands that I was like to lose the use of them, and perhaps of my life, if these wounds had mortified before good Lady l'Estrange dressed them. But I reached the poor sinner, which had proved the occasion of my escaping, in time for to give him absolution, and from Mr. Rugeley's house visited many Catholics in that neighbourhood. The rest is well known to thee, my good child. . . . "

As he was speaking these words the door of the cell opened, and the gaoler advertised me I could tarry no longer; so, with many blessings my dear father dismissed me, and I went home with Mr. Congleton and Hubert, who anxiously inquired what his answer had been to the proposal I had carried to him.

"A most resolved denial of the condition attached to it," I said, "joined to many grateful acknowledgments to Sir Francis and to you also for your efforts in his favour."

"'Tis madness!" he exclaimed.

"Yea," I answered, "such madness as the heathen governor did charge St. Paul with."

And so no more passed between us whilst we rode back to Holborn. Mr. Congleton put questions to me touching my father's health and his looks,—if he seemed of good cheer, and spoke merrily as he used to do; and then we all continued silent. When we arrived at Ely Place, Hubert refused to come into the house, but detained me on the outward steps, as if desirous to converse with me alone. Thinking I had spoken to him in the coach in an abrupt manner which savoured of ingratitude, I said more gently, "I am very much beholden to you, Hubert, for your well-meaning towards my father."

"I would fain continue to help you," he answered in an agitated voice. "Constance," he exclaimed, after a pause, "your father is in a very dangerous plight."

"I know it," said I, quickly; "but I know, too, he is resolved and content to die rather than swerve an inch from his duty to God and His Church."

"But," quoth he then, "do you wish to save him?"

I looked at him amazed. "Wish it! God knoweth that to see him in safety I would have my hand cut off,—yea, and my head also."

"What, and rob him of his expectant crown,—the martyr's palm, and all the rest of it?" he said, with a perceptible sneer.

"Hubert!" I passionately exclaimed, "you are investigable to me; you chill my soul with your half-uttered sentences and uncertain meanings! Once, I remember, you could speak nobly,—yea, and feel so too, as much as any one. Heaven shield you be not wholly changed!"

"Changed!" quoth he, in a low voice, "I am changed;" and then abruptly altering his manner, and leaving me in doubt as to the change he did intend to speak of, he pressed me to take no measures touching my father's release till he had spoken with me again; for he said if his real name became known, or others dealt in the matter, all hope on Sir Francis's side should be at an end. He then asked me if I had heard of Basil lately. I told him of the letter I had had from him at Kenninghall some weeks back. He said a report had reached him that he had landed at Dover and was coming to London; but he hoped it was not true, for that Sir Henry Stafford was very urgent he should continue abroad till the expiration of his wardship.

I said, "If he was returned, it must surely be for some sufficient cause, but that I had heard nothing thereof, and had no reason to expect it."

"But you would know it, I presume, if he was in London?" he urged. I disliked his manner, which always put me in mind of one in the dark, which feeleth his way as he advances, and goeth not straight to the point.

"Is Basil in England?" I inquired, fixing mine eyes on him, and with a flutter at my heart from the thought that it should be possible.

"I heard he was," he answered in a careless tone; "but I think it not to be true. If he should come whilst this matter is in hand, I do conjure you, Constance, if you value your father's existence and Basil's also, let him not into this secret."

"Wherefore not?" I quickly answered. "Why should one meet to be trusted, and by me above all other persons in the world, be kept ignorant of what so nearly doth touch me?"

"Because," he said, "there is a rashness in his nature which will assuredly cause him to run headlong into danger if not forcibly withheld from the occasions of it."

"I have seen no tokens of such rashness as you speak of in him," I replied; "only of a boldness such as well becomes a Christian and a gentleman."

"Constance Sherwood!" Hubert exclaimed, and seized hold of my hand with a vehemency which caused me to start, "I do entreat you, yea, on my bended knees, if needs be, I will beseech you to be-

ware of that indomitable and resolved spirit which sets at defiance restraint, prudence, pity even; which leads you to brave your friends, spurn wholesome counsel, rush headlong into perils which I forewarn you do hang thickly about your path. If I can conjure them, I care not by what means, I will do so; but for the sake of all you do hold dear, curb your natural impetuosity, which may prove the undoing of those you most desire to serve."

There was a plausibility in this speech, and in mine own knowledge of myself some sort of a confirmation of what he did charge me with, which inclined me somewhat to diffide of mine own judgment in this matter, and not to turn a wholly deaf ear to his advertisement. He had the most persuasive tongue in the world, and a rare art at representing things under whatever aspect he chose. He dealt so cunningly therein with me that day, and used so many ingenious arguments, that I said I should be very careful how I disclosed any thing to Basil or any one else touching my father's imprisonment, who Mr. Tunstall was, and my near concern in his fate; but would give no promise thereupon: so he was forced to content himself with as much as he could obtain, and withdrew himself for that day, he said; but promised to return on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN at last I entered the house, I sought Mistress Ward; for I desired to hear what assistance she had procured for the escape of the prisoners, and to inform her of my father's resolved purpose not himself to attempt this flight, albeit commending her for moving Mr. Watson to it and assisting him therein. Not finding her in the parlour, nor in her bed-chamber, I opened the door of my aunt's room, who was now very weak, and yet more so in mind than in body. She was lying with her eyes shut, and Mistress Ward standing by her bedside. I marked her intent gaze on the aged placid face of the poor lady, and one tear I saw roll down her cheek. Then she stooped to kiss her forehead. A noise I made with the handle of the door caused her to turn round, and hastening towards me, she took me by the hand and led me to her chamber, where Muriel was folding some biscuits and cakes in paper and stowing them in a basket. The thought came to me of the first day I had arrived in London, and the comfort I had found in this room, when all except her were strangers to me in that house. She sat down betwixt Muriel and me, and smiling, said: "Now, mine own dear children, for such my heart holds you both to be, and ever will whilst I live, I am come here for to tell you that I purpose not to return to

this house to-night, nor can I foresee when, if ever, I shall be free to do so."

"O, what dismal news!" I exclaimed, "and more sad than I did expect."

Muriel said nothing, but lifting her hand to her lips, kissed it.

"You both know," she continued, "that in order to save one in cruel risk and temptation of apostasy, and others perhaps also, whom his possible speaking should imperil, I be about to put myself in some kind of danger, who of all persons in the world possess the best right to do so, as having neither parents, or husband, or children, or any on earth who do depend on my care. Yea, it is true," she added, fixing her eyes on Muriel's composed, but oh, how sorrowful countenance, "none dependent on my care, albeit some very dear to me, and which hang on me, and I on them, in the way of fond affection. God knoweth mine heart, and that it is very closely and tenderly entwined about each one in this house. Good Mr. Congleton and your dear mother, who hath clung to me so long, though I thank God not so much of late by reason of the weakening of her mind, which hath ceased greatly to notice changes about her, and you, Constance, my good child, since your coming hither, a little lass commended to my keeping. . . ." There she stopped, and I felt she could not name Muriel, or then so much as look on her; for if ever two souls were bound together by an unperishable bond of affection, begun on earth, to last in heaven, theirs were so united. I ween Muriel was already acquainted with her purpose, for she asked no questions thereon; whereas I exclaimed, "I do very well know, good Mistress Ward, what perils you do run in this charitable enterprise; but wherefore, I pray you, this final manner of parting? God's providence may shield you from harm in this passage, and, indeed, human probability should lead us to hope for your safety if becoming precautions be observed. Then why, I say, this certain farewell?"

"Because," she answered, "whatever comes of this night's enterprise, I return not to this house."

"And wherefore not?" I cried; "this is indeed a cruel resolve, a hard misfortune."

"Heretofore," she answered, "I had noways offended against the laws of the country, except in respect of recusancy, wherein all here are alike involved; but by mine act to-night I do expose myself to so serious a charge (conscience obliging me to prefer the law of Divine charity to that of human authority), that I may at any time and without the least hope of mercy be exposed to detection and apprehension; and so am resolved not to draw down sorrow and

obloquy on the gray hairs of my closest friends, and on your young years such perils as I do willingly in mine own person incur, but would not have others to be involved in. Therefore I will lodge, leastwise for a time, with one who feareth not any more than I do persecution, who hath no ties and little or nothing on earth to lose and if she had would willingly yield it a thousand times over for to save a soul for whom Christ died. Nor will I have you privy, my dear children, to the place of mine abode, that if questioned on it you may with truth aver yourselves to be ignorant thereof. And now," she said, turning to me, "is Mr. Sherwood willing for to try to escape by the same means as Mr. Watson? for methinks I have found a way to convey to him a cord, and, by means of the management he knoweth of, instructions how to use it."

"Nay," I answered; "he will not himself avail himself of this means, albeit he is much rejoiced you have it in hand for Mr. Watson's deliverance from his tormentors; and he doth pray fervently for it to succeed."

"Every thing promiseth well," she replied; "I dealt this day with an honest Catholic boatman, a servant of Mr. Hodgson, who is willing to assist in it. Two men are needed for to row the boat with so much speed as shall be necessary to carry it quickly beyond reach of pursuers. He knoweth none of his own craft which should be reliable or else disposed to risk the enterprise; but he says, at a house of resort for Catholics which he doth frequent, he chanced to fall in with a young gentleman lately landed from France, whom he doth make sure will lend his aid in it. As dextrous a man," he saith, "to handle an oar, and of as courageous a spirit, as can be found in England."

As soon as she had uttered these words, I thought of what Hubert had said touching a report of Basil being in London and of his rashness in plunging into dangers; a cold shiver ran through me. "Did he tell you this gentleman's name?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "he would not mention it; but only that he was one who could be trusted with the lives of ten thousand persons, and so zealous a Catholic he would any day risk his life to do some good service to a priest."

"And hath this boatman promised," I inquired, "to wait for Mr. Watson and convey him away?"

"Yea, most strictly," she answered; "at twelve o'clock of the night he and his companion shall approach a boat to the side of some scaffolding which lieth under the wall of the prison; and when the clock of the tower striketh, Mr. Watson shall open his window, the bars of which he hath found it possible to remove, and, by means of the cord, which is of the length he measured should be necessary,

he will let himself down on the planks, whence he can step into the boat, and be carried to a place of concealment in a close part of the City till it shall be convenient for him to cross the sea to France."

"Must you go?" I said, seeing her rise, and feeling a dull hard heaviness at my heart which did well-nigh impede my utterance. I was not willing to let her know the fear I had conceived; "of what use should it be," I inwardly argued, "to disturb her in the discharge of her perilous task by a surmise which might prove groundless; and, indeed, were it certainly true, could she, nay, would she, alter her intent, or could I so much as ask her to do it?" Whilst, with Muriel's assistance, she concluded the packing of her basket, wherein the weighty cord was concealed in an ingenious manner, I stood by watching the doing of it, fearing to see her depart, yet unable to think of any means by which to delay that which I could not, even if I had willed it, prevent. When the last contents were placed in the basket, and Muriel was pressing down the lid, I said: "Do you, peradventure, know the name of the inn where you said that gentleman doth tarry which the boatman spake of?"

"No," she replied; "nor so much as where the good boatman himself lodgeth. I met with him at Mr. Hodgson's house, and there made this agreement."

"But if," I said, "it should happen by any reason that Mr. Watson changed his mind, how should you, then, inform him of it?"

"In that case," she answered, "he would hang a white kerchief outside his window, by which they should be advertised to withdraw themselves. And now," she added, "I have always been of the way of thinking that farewells should be brief; and 'God speed you,' and 'God bless you,' enough for those which do hope, if it shall please God on earth, but for a surety in heaven, to meet again."

So, kissing us both somewhat hurriedly, she took up her basket on her arm, and said she should send a messenger on the morrow for her clothes; at which Muriel, for the first time, shed some tears, which was an instance of what I have often noticed, that grief, howsoever heavy, doth not always overflow in the eyes unless some familiar words or homely circumstance doth substantiate the verity of a sorrow known indeed, but not wholly apparent till its common effects be seen. Then we two sat awhile alone in that empty chamber,—empty of her which for so long years had tenanted it to our no small comfort and benefit. When the light waned, Muriel lit a candle, and said she must go for to attend on her mother, for that duty did now devolve chiefly on her; and I could see in her sad but composed face the conquering peace which doth exceed all human consolation.

For mine own part, I was so unhinged by doubtful suspense that

I lacked ability to employ my mind in reading or my fingers in stitch-work; and so descended for relief into the garden, where I wandered to and fro like an uneasy ghost, seeking rest, but finding none. The dried shaking leaves made a light noise in falling, which caused me each time to think I heard a footstep behind me. And despite the increasing darkness, after I had paced up and down for near unto an hour, some one verily did come walking along the alley where I was, seeking to overtake me. Turning round I perceived it to be mine own dear aged friend, Mr. Roper. Oh, what great comfort I experienced in the sight of this good man! How eager was my greeting of him! How full my heart as I poured into his ear the narrative of the passages which had befallen me since we had met! Of the most weighty he knew somewhat; but nothing of the last haunting fear I had, lest my dear Basil should be in London, and this very night engaged in the perilous attempt to carry off Mr. Watson. When I told him of it, he started and exclaimed:

"God defend it!" but quickly corrected himself and cried "God's mercy, that my first feeling should have led me to think rather of Basil's safety than of the fine spirit he showed in all instances where a good action had to be done, or a service rendered to those in affliction."

"Indeed, Mr. Roper," I said, as he led me back to the house and into the solitary parlour (where my uncle now seldom came, but remained sitting alone in his library, chiefly engaged in praying and reading), "I do condemn mine own weakness in this, and pray God to give me strength for what may come upon us; but I do promise you 'tis no easy matter to carry always so high a heart that it shall not sink with human fears and griefs in such passages as these."

"My dear," the good man answered, "God knoweth 'tis no easy matter to attain to the courage you speak of. I have myself seen the sweetest and the lovingest and the most brave creature which ever did breathe give marks of extraordinary sorrow when her father, that generous martyr of Christ, was to die."

"I pray you tell me," I answered, "what her behaviour was like in that trial; for to converse on such themes doth allay somewhat the torment of suspense, and I may learn lessons from her example, who, you say, joined to natural weakness so courageous a spirit in like straits."

Upon which he, willing to divert and yet not violently change the current of my thoughts, spake as followeth:

"On the day when Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Tower-ward, my wife, desirous to see her father, whom she thought she should never see in this world after, and also to have

his final blessing, gave attendance about the wharf where she knew he should pass before he could enter into the Tower. As soon as she saw him, after his blessing upon her knees reverently received, hastening towards him without care or consideration of herself, passing in amongst the throng and company of the guard, she ran to him and took him about the neck and kissed him; who, well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing and godly words of comfort besides; from whom, after she was departed, not satisfied with the former sight of him, and like one that had forgotten herself, being all ravished with the entire love of her father, suddenly turned back again, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times kissed him lovingly, till at last, with a full and heavy heart, she was fain to depart from him; the beholding whereof was to many that were present so lamentable, and mostly so to me, that for very sorrow we could not forbear to weep with her. The wife of John Harris, Sir Thomas's secretary, was moved to such a transport of grief, that she suddenly flew to his neck and kissed him, as he had reclined his head on his daughter's shoulder; and he, who in the midst of the greatest straits, had ever a merry manner of speaking, cried, 'This is kind, albeit rather unpolitely done.'

"And the day he suffered," I asked, "what was this good daughter's behaviour?"

"She went," quoth he, "to the different churches, and distributed abundant alms to the poor. When she had given all her money away, she withdrew to pray in a certain church, where she on a sudden did remember she had no linen in which to wrap up her father's body. She had heard that the remains of the Bishop of Rochester had been thrown into the ground, without priest, cross, lights, or shroud, for the dread of the King had prevented his relations from attempting to bury him. But Margaret resolved her father's body should not meet with such unchristian treatment. Her maid advised her to buy some linen in the next shop, albeit having given away all her money to the poor, there was no likelihood she should get credit from strangers. She ventured, howsoever, and having agreed about the price, she put her hand in her pocket, which she knew was empty, to show she forgot the money, and ask credit under that pretence. But to her surprise, she found in her purse the exact price of the linen, neither more or less; and so buried the martyr of Christ with honour, nor was there any one so inhuman found as to hinder her."

"Mr. Roper," I said, when he had ended this recital, "methinks this angelic lady's trial was most hard; but how much harder should

it yet have been if you, her husband, had been in a like peril at that time as her father?"

A half kind of melancholy, half smiling look came into the good old man's face as he answered :

" Her father was Sir Thomas More, and he so worthy of a daughter's passionate love, and the affection betwixt them so entire and absolute, compounded of filial love on her part, unmitigated reverence and unrestrained confidence, that there was left in her heart no great space for wifely doating. But to be moderately affectioned by such a woman, and to stand next in her esteem to her incomparable father, was of greater honour and worth to her unworthy husband, than should have been the undivided, yea idolatrous, love of one not so perfect as herself."

After a pause, during which his thoughts, I ween, reverted to the past, and mine investigated mine own soul, I said to Mr. Roper :

" Think you, sir, that love to be idolatrous which is indeed so absolute, that it should be no difficulty to die for him who doth inspire it; which would prefer a prison in his company, howsoever dark and loathsome (yea consider it a very Paradise), to the beautifullest palace in the world, which without him would seem nothing but a vile dungeon; which should with a good-will suffer all the torments in the world for to see the object of its affection enjoy good men's esteem on earth, and a noble place in heaven; but which should be, nevertheless, founded and so wholly built-up on a high estimate of his virtues; on the quality he holdeth of God's servant; on the likeness of Christ stamped on his soul, and each day exemplified in his manner of living, that albeit to lose his love or his company in this world should be like the uprooting of all happiness and turning the brightness of noonday to the darkness of the night, it should a thousand times rather endure this mishap than that the least shade or approach of a stain should alter the unsullied opinion till then held of his perfections?"

Mr. Roper smiled, and said that was a too weighty question to answer at once; for he should be loath to condemn or yet altogether to absolve from some degree of overweeningness such an affection as I described, which did seem indeed to savour somewhat of excess; but yet if noble in its uses and held in subjection to the higher claims of the Creator, whose perfections the creature doth at best only imperfectly mirror, it might be commendable and a means of attaining ourselves to the like virtues we doated on in another.

As he did utter these words, a servant came into the parlour, and whispered in mine ear :

" Master Basil Rookwood is outside the door, and craves—"

I suffered him not to finish his speech, but bounded into the hall, where Basil was indeed standing, with a traveller's cloak on him, and a slouched hat over his face. After such a greeting as may be conceived (alas, all greetings then did seem to combine strange admixtures of joy and pain!), I led him into the parlour, where Mr. Roper in his turn received him with fatherly words of kindness mixed with amazement at his return.

"And whence," he exclaimed, "so sudden a coming, my good Basil? Verily, you do appear to have descended from the skies!"

Basil looked at me, and replied: "I heard in Paris, Mr. Roper, that a gentleman in whom I do take a very lively interest, one Mr. Tunstall, was in prison at London; and I bethought me I could be of some service to him by coming over at this time."

"O Basil," I cried, "do you then know he is my father?"

"Yea," he joyfully answered, "and I am right glad you do know it also, for then there is no occasion for any feigning, which, albeit I deny it not to be sometimes useful and necessary, doth so ill agree with my bluntness, that it keepeth me in constant fear of stumbling in my speech. I was in a manner forced to come over secretly; because if Sir Henry Stafford, who willeth me to remain abroad till I have got out of my wardship, should hear of my being in London, and gain scent of the object of my coming, he should have dealt in all sorts of ways to send me out of it. But, pri'thee, dearest love, is Mrs. Ward in this house?"

"Alas!" I said, "she is gone hence. Her mind is set on a very dangerous enterprise."

"I know it," he saith (at which word my heart began to sink); "but, verily, I see not much danger to be in it; and methinks if we do succeed in carrying off your good father and that other priest to-night in the ingenious manner she hath devised, it will be the best night's work done by good heads, good arms, and good oars, which can be thought of."

"Oh, then," I exclaimed, "it is even as I feared, and you, Basil, have engaged in this rash enterprise. O woe the day you came to London, and met with that boatman!"

"Constance," he said reproachfully, "should it be a woful day to thee the one on which, even at some great risk, which I deny doth exist in this instance, I should aid in thy father's rescue?"

"Oh, but, my dear Basil," I cried, "he doth altogether refuse to stir in this matter. I have had speech with him to-day, and he will by no means attempt to escape again from prison. He hath done it once for the sake of a soul in jeopardy; but only to save his life, he is resolved not to involve others in peril of theirs. And oh, how

confirmed he would be in his purpose if he knew who it was who doth throw himself into so great a risk! I' faith, I cannot and will not suffer it!" I exclaimed impetuously, for the sudden joy of his presence, the sight of his beloved countenance, lighted up with an inexpressible look of love and kindness, more beautiful than my poor words can describe, worked in me a rebellion against the thought of more suffering, further parting, greater fears than I had hitherto sustained.

He said, "He could wish my father had been otherwise disposed, for to have aided in his escape should have been to him the greatest joy he could think of; but that having promised likewise to assist in Mr. Watson's flight, he would never fail to do so, if he was to die for it."

"'Tis very easy," I cried, "to speak of dying, Basil, nor do I doubt that to one of your courage and faith the doing of it should have nothing very terrible in it. But I pray you remember that that life, which you make so little account of, is not now yours alone to dispose of as you list. Mine, dear Basil, is wrapped up with it; for if I lose you, I care not to live, or what becomes of me, any more."

Mr. Roper said he should think on it well before he made this venture; for, as I had truly urged, I had a right over him now, and he should not dispose of himself as one wholly free might do.

"Dear sir," quoth he in answer, "my sweet Constance and you also might perhaps have prevailed with me some hours ago to forego this intention, before I had given a promise to Mr. Hodgson's boatman, and through him to Mistress Ward and Mr. Watson; I should then have been free to refuse my assistance if I had listed; and albeit methinks in so doing I should have played a pitiful part, none could justly have condemned me. But I am assured neither her great heart nor your honourable spirit would desire me so much as to place in doubt the fulfilment of a promise wherein the safety of a man, and he one of God's priests, is concerned. I pray thee, sweetheart, say thou wouldst not have me do it."

Alas! this was the second time that day my poor heart had been called upon to raise itself higher than nature can afford to reach. But the present struggle was harder than the first. My father had long been to me as a distant angel, severed from my daily life and any future hope in this world. His was an expectant martyrdom, an exile from his true home, a daily dying on earth, tending but to one desired end. Nature could be more easily rebuked in the one case than in the other to thoughts of parting. Basil was my all, my second self, my sole treasure,—the prop on which rested youth's hopes, earth's joys, life's sole comfort; and chance (as it seemed, and men would

have called it), not a determined seeking, had thrust on him this danger, and I must needs see him plunged into it, and not so much as say a word to stay him or prevent it. . . . I was striving to constrain my lips to utter the words my rebelling heart disavowed, and he kneeling before me, with his dear eyes fixed on mine, awaiting my consent, when a loud noise of laughter in the hall caused us both to start up, and then the door was thrown open, and Kate and Polly ran into the room so gaily attired, the one in a yellow and the other in a crimson gown bedecked with lace and jewels, that nothing finer could be seen.

"Lackaday!" Polly cried, when she perceived Basil; "who have we here? I scarce can credit mine eyes! Why, Sir Lover, methought you were in France. By what magic come you here?—Mr. Roper, your humble servant.—'Tis like you did not expect so much good company to-night, Con, for you have but one poor candle or two, to light up this dingy room, and I fear there will not be light enough for these gentlemen to see our fine dresses, which we do wear for the first time at Mrs. Yates's house this evening."

"I thought you were both in the country," I said, striving to disguise how much their coming did discompose me.

"Methinks," answered Polly, laughing, "your wish was father to that thought, Con, and that you desired to have the company of this fine gentleman to yourself alone, and Mr. Roper's also, and no one else for to disturb you. But, in good sooth, we were both at Mr. Benham's seat in Berkshire when we heard of this good entertainment at so great a friend's house, and so prevailed on our lords and governors for to hire a coach and bring us to London for one night. We lie at Kate's house, and she and I have supped on a cold capon and a veal pie we brought with us, and Sir Ralph and Mr. Lacy do sup at a tavern in the Strand, and shall fetch us here when it shall be convenient to them, to carry us to this grand ball, which I would not have missed, no, not for all the world. So I pray you, let us be merry till they do come, and pass the time pleasantly."

"Ay," said Kate, in a lamentable voice, "you would force me to dress and go abroad, when I would sooner be at home; for John's stomach is disordered, and baby doth cut her teeth, and he pulled at my ribbons and said I should not leave him; and beshrew me if I would have done so, but for your overpersuading me. But you are always so absolute! I wonder you love not more to stay at home, Polly."

Basil smiled with a better heart than I could do, and said he would promise her John should sleep never the less well for her absence, and she should find baby's tooth through on the morrow; and

sitting down by her side, talked to her of her children with a kindness which never did forsake him. Mr. Roper set himself to converse with Polly; I ween for to shield me from the torrent of her words, which, as I sat between them, seemed to buzz in mine ear without any meaning; and yet I must needs have heard them, for to this day I remember what they talked of;—that Polly said, “Have you seen the ingenious poesy which the Queen’s saucy godson, the merry wit Harrington, left behind her cushion on Wednesday, and now ’tis in every one’s hands?”

“Not in mine,” quoth Mr. Roper; “so, if your memory doth serve you, Lady Ingoldsby, will you rehearse it?” which she did as follows; and albeit I only did hear those lines that once, they still remain in my mind:

“For ever dear, for ever dreaded prince,
 You read a verse of mine a little since,
 And so pronounced each word and every letter,
 Your gracious reading graced my verse the better:
 Sith then your highness doth by gift exceeding
 Make what you read the better for your reading,
 Let my poor Muse your pains thus far importune,
 Like as you read my verse—so read my fortune!”

“’Tis an artful and witty petition,” Mr. Roper observed; “but I have been told her Majesty mislikes the poet’s satirical writings, and chiefly the metamorphosis of Ajax.”

“She signified,” Polly answered, “some outward displeasure at it, but Robert Markham affirms she likes well the marrow of the book, and is minded to take the author to her favour, but sweareth she believes he will make epigrams on her and all her court. Howsoever, I do allow she conceived much disquiet on being told he had aimed a shaft at Leicester. By the way, but you, cousin Constance, should best know the truth thereon” (this she said turning to me); “’tis said that Lord Arundel is exceeding sick again, and like to die very soon. Indeed, his physicians are of opinion, so report speaketh, that he will not last many days now, for as often as he hath rallied before.”

“Yesterday,” I said, “when I saw Lady Surrey, he was no worse than usual.”

“Oh, have you heard,” Polly cried, running from one theme to another, as was her wont, “that Leicester is about to marry Lettice Knollys, my Lady Essex?”

“’Tis impossible,” Basil exclaimed, who was now listening to her speeches, for Kate had finished her discourse touching her Johnny’s disease in his stomach. The cause thereof, she said, both herself

thought, and all in Mr. Benham's house did judge to have been, the taking in the morning a confection of barley sodden with water and sugar, and made exceeding thick with bread. This breakfast lost him both his dinner and supper, and surely the better half of his sleep; but God be thanked, she hoped now the worst was past, and that the dear urchin would shortly be as merry and well-disposed as afore he left London. Basil said he hoped so too; and in a pause which ensued, he heard Polly speak of Lord Leicester's intended marriage, which seemed to move him to some sort of indignation, the cause of which I only learnt many years later; for that when Lady Douglas Howard's cause came before the Star-Chamber, in his present Majesty's reign, he told me he had been privy, through information received in France, of her secret marriage with that lord.

"'Tis *not* impossible," Polly retorted, "by the same token that the new favourite young Robert Devereux maketh no concealment of it, and calleth my Lord Leicester his father elect. But I pray you, what is impossible in these days? Oh, I think they are the most whimsical entertaining days which the world hath ever known; and the merriest, if people have a will to make them so."

"Oh, Polly," I cried, unable to restrain myself; "I pray God you may never find cause to change your mind thereon."

"Yea, amen to that prayer," quoth she; "I'll promise you, my grave little coz, that I have no mind to be sad till I grow old—and there be yet some years to come before that shall befall me. When Mistress Helen Ingoldsby shall reach to the height of my shoulder, then methinks I may begin to take heed unto my ways. What think you the little wench said to me yesterday? 'What times is it we do conform to, mother? dinner-times or bed-times?'" "She should have been answered, 'The devil's times,'" Basil muttered; and Katy told Polly she should be ashamed to speak in her father's house of the conformity she practised when others were suffering for their religion. And methought, albeit I had scarcely endured the jesting which had preceded it, I could less bear any talk of religion, leastways of that kind, just then. But, in sooth, the constraint I suffered almost overpassed my strength. There appeared no hope of their going, and they fell into an eager discourse concerning the bear-baiting they had been to see in Berkshire, and a great sort of ban-dogs, which had been tied in an outer court, let loose on thirteen bears that were baited in the inner; and my dear Basil, who doth delight in all kinds of sports, listened eagerly to the description they gave of this diversion. Oh, how I counted the minutes! what a pressure weighted my heart! how the

sound of their voices pained mine ears ! how long an hour seemed ! and yet too short for my desires, for I feared the time must soon come when Basil should go, and lamented that these unthinking women's tarrying should rob me of all possibility to talk with him alone. Howsoever, when Mr. Roper rose to depart, I followed him into the hall and waited near the door for Basil, who was bidding farewell to Kate and Polly. I heard him beseech them to do him so much favour as not to mention they had seen him ; for that he had not informed Sir Henry Stafford of his coming over from France, which if he heard of it otherwise than from himself, it should peradventure offend him. They laughed, and promised to be as silent as graves thereon ; and Polly said he had learnt French fashions she perceived, and taken lessons in wooing from mounseer ; but she hoped his stealthy visit should in the end prove more conformable to his desires than mounseer's had done. At last they let him go ; and Mr. Roper, who had waited for him, wrung his hand, and the manner of his doing it made my eyes overflow. I turned my face away, but Basil caught both my hands in his and said, " Be of good cheer, sweetheart. I have not words wherewith to express how much I love thee, but God knoweth it is very dearly."

" O Basil ! mine own dear Basil," I murmured, laying my forehead on his coat-sleeve, and could not then utter another word. Ere I lifted it again, the hall-door opened, and who, I pray you, should I then see (with more affright, I confess, than was reasonable), but Hubert ? My voice shook as I said to Basil, whose back was turned from the door, " Here is your brother."

" Ah, Hubert !" he exclaimed ; " I be glad to see thee ;" and held out his hand to him with a frank smile, which the other took, but in the doing of it a deadly paleness spread over his face.

" I have no leisure to tarry so much as one minute," Basil said ; " but this sweet lady will tell thee what weighty reasons I have for presently remaining concealed ; and so farewell, my dear love, and farewell, my good brother. Be, I pray you, my bedeswoman this night, Constance ; and you too, Hubert,—if you do yet say your prayers like a good Christian, which I pray God you do,—mind you say an Ave for me before you sleep."

When the door closed on him I sunk down on a chair, and hid my face with my hands.

" You have not told him anything ?" Hubert whispered ; and I, " God help you, Hubert ! he hath come to London for this very matter, and hath already, I fear, albeit not in any way that shall advantage my father, yet in seeking to assist him, run himself into danger of death, or leastways banishment."

As I said this mine eyes raised themselves towards him; and I would they had not, for I saw in his visage an expression I have tried these many years to forget, but which sometimes even now comes back to me painfully.

"I told you so," he answered. "He hath an invariable aptness to miss his aim, and to hurt himself by the shafts he looseth. What plan hath he now formed, and what shall come of it?"

But, somewhat recovered from my surprise, I bethought myself it should not be prudent, albeit I grieved to think so, to let him know what sort of enterprise it was Basil had in hand; so I did evade his question, which indeed he did not show himself very careful to have answered. He said he was yet dealing with Sir Francis Walsingham, and had hopes of success touching my father's liberation, and so prayed me not to yield to despondency; but it would take time to bring matters to a successful issue, and patience was greatly needed, and likewise prudence, towards that end. He requested me very urgently to take no other steps for the present in his behalf, which might ruin all; and above all things not to suffer Basil to come forward in it, for that he had made himself obnoxious to Sir Francis by speeches which he had used, and which some one had reported to him, touching Lady Ridley's compliance with his (Sir Francis's) request that she should have a minister in her house for to read Protestant prayers to her household, albeit herself, being bed-ridden, did not attend; and if he should now stir in this matter, all hope would be at an end. So he left me, and I returned to the parlour, and Kate and Polly declared my behaviour to them not to be over and above civil; but they supposed when folks were in love, they had a warrant to treat their friends as they pleased. Then finding me very dull and heavy, I ween, they bethought themselves at the last of going to visit their mother in her bed, and paying their respects to their father, whom they found asleep in his chair, his prayer-book, with which he was engaged most of the day, lying open by his side. Polly kissed his forehead, and then the picture of our Blessed Lady in the first page of this much-used volume; which sudden acts of hers comforted me not a little.

Muriel came out of her mother's chamber to greet them, but would not suffer them to see her at this unexpected time, for that the least change in her customable habits disordered her; and then whispered to me that she had often asked for Mistress Ward, and complained of her absence.

At the last Sir Ralph came, but not Mr. Lacy, who he said was tired with his long ride, and had gone home to bed. Thereupon Kate began to weep; for she said she would not go without him to

this fine ball, for it was an unbecoming thing for a woman to be seen abroad when her husband was at home, and a thing she had not yet done, nor did intend to do. But that it was a very hard thing she should have been at the pains to dress herself so handsomely, and not so much as one person to see her in this fine suit; and she wished she had not been so foolish as to be persuaded to it, and that Polly was very much to blame therein. At the which, "I' faith, I think so too," Polly exclaimed; "and I wish you had stayed in the country, my dear."

Kate's pitiful visage and whineful complaint moved me, in my then apprehensive humour, to an unmerry but not to be resisted fit of laughter, which she did very much resent; but I must have laughed or died, and yet it made me angry to hear her utter such lamentations who had no true cause for displeasure.

When they were gone,—she, still shedding tears, in a chair Sir Ralph sent for to convey her to Gray's Inn Lane, and he and Polly in their coach to Mrs. Yates's,—the relief I had from their absence proved so great that at first it did seem to ease my heart. I went slowly up to mine own chamber, and stood there a while at the casement looking at the quiet sky above and the unquiet city beneath it, and chiefly in the distant direction where I knew the prison to be, picturing to myself my father in his bare cell, Mistress Ward regaining her obscure lodging, Mr. Watson's dangerous descent, and mostly the boat which Basil was to row,—that boat freighted with so perilous a burthen. These scenes seemed to rise before mine eyes as I remained motionless, straining their sight to pierce the darkness of the night and of the fog which hung over the town. When the clock struck twelve, a shiver ran through me, for I thought of the like striking at Lynn Court, and what had followed. Upon which I betook myself to my prayers, and thinking on Basil, said, "Speak for him, O Blessed Virgin Mary! Entreat for him, O ye Apostles! Make intercession for him, all ye Martyrs! Pray for him, all ye Confessors and all ye company of Heaven, that my prayers for him may take effect before our Lord Jesus Christ!" Then my head waxed heavy with sleep, and I sunk on the cushion of my kneeling-stool. I wot not for how many hours I slumbered in this wise; but I know I had some terrible dreams.

When I awoke it was daylight. A loud knocking at the door of the house had aroused me. Before I had well bethought me where I was, Muriel's white face appeared at my door. The pursuivants, she said, were come to seek for Mistress Ward.

Catholic Philosophy in the Thirteenth Century.



THE errors of the present day are generally the consequences of some false principle admitted long ago, and many may be traced clearly to the calamities of the sixteenth century. One of these is, that the mediæval learning preserved (as was declared at the Council of Trent) chiefly among the monks, was in its nature useless and trifling, fitted only to amuse ignorant and narrow-minded men in the darkness of the Middle Ages, and consisted in certain metaphysical speculations, and logical quibbles, called scholastic teaching. Several French writers have done much to disabuse men of this prejudice, by making known the amount of knowledge and science attained by mediæval scholars, whose works are despised because they are too scarce to be read, and perhaps too deep to be understood in a less studious age. One of these champions of the truth is Ozanam, who has traced with a master-hand the preservation of all that was valuable in antiquity, through the downfall of the empire; and he has rendered a subject which otherwise it would have been presumption to approach, a plain matter of history which the reader has only to receive, like other facts; so that we see how, under the safeguard of the Church, the same powers which were formerly used in vain by the philosophers for the discovery of truth, were successfully used for the attainment of its deeper mysteries. But all that is human is marked by imperfection; and the very instinct which led philosophers to "feel after" their Creator, and seek that supreme good for which we were created, was misled by errors which all ultimately ended in infidelity. It is not necessary to dwell on these. A few words will remind the classical scholar that the Ionian school, which sought truth by experiment, through the perception of the senses, leads to fatalism and pantheism; while Pythagoras, who sought by reason and the sciences Him who is above and beyond their sphere, left the disappointed reason in a state of doubt and indifference, or else despair. Plato alone pursued a course of safety. Taking the existence of God as a truth derived perhaps from patriarchal teaching, he used the Socratic method of induction only for the destruction of falsehood, and received with fearless candour all that the poets taught of superhuman goodness and

beauty; for though the symbolism of the poets degenerated into disgusting idolatry, they have been called the truest of heathen teachers. It is well known how Aristotle strengthened the reasoning power; but the mighty power had no object on which to put forth its strength, and the more noble minds rejected at once both reasoning and experiment, and sought for religion in the mysticism of Alexandria. Such was the wreck and waste of all that man could do without revelation, and so sickening was the disappointment, that St. Augustin would fain have closed the Christian schools to Virgil and Cicero, which he loved once too well; but St. Gregory, brought up as he was a Roman and a Christian, had nothing to repent of or to destroy, and classic letters were preserved by Christians.

Ozanam found pleasure in believing that Christianity, while as yet concealed in the Catacombs, was "in all senses undermining ancient Rome," and that it had an ameliorating effect on the Stoic, which was then the best sect of the philosophers; so that Seneca, instead of following the lantern of Zeno, who confused the natures of God and man, learnt from St. Paul not only to distinguish them, but also the relation in which man regards his Creator and Father, whom he serves with free-will and love, by subduing his body to the command of his soul. But the pride of philosophy may be modified without being subdued. The principle of heathenism is "the antagonist of Christianity: one is from man, and for man; the other from God, and for God." It was the object of St. Paul and of the first Fathers of the Church to liberate the intellect as well as the affections from perversion, and to teach how the treasures of antiquity might be used by Christians for religion, as the spoils of Egypt and the luxurious perfumes of the Magdalen. And after the fierce battle of Christianity with Paganism was over, the triumph of the Church was completed under Constantine by the Christianisation of literature; that is, by using in the service of truth all those powers which had been wasted in the ineffectual efforts for its discovery. "A mixed mass of ancient learning was saved from the wreck of the Roman world; and as Pope Boniface preserved the splendid temple of the Pantheon, and dedicated it to the worship of God glorified in His Saints, so the Doctors of the Church employed the logic and eloquence of the philosophers without adopting their theories. This was not always easy, and some, like Origen and Tertullian, fell into error; for the distinctive character of Christian teaching is to be dogmatic, not argumentative, submitting the conclusions of reason to the decisions of inspired authority, and the province of reason has bounds which it cannot pass."

Gradually a Christian literature arose. Not only in the still classical Roman schools, but in those of Constantinople, Asia, and Africa, pagan writings were used as subservient to the training of Christian authors, and the fourth century was the golden age of intellect as well as sanctity. The Fathers employed their classical training in the study of the Holy Scriptures; but, according to the true principle of sacred study, they sought from Almighty God Himself the grace which alone can direct the use of the intellectual powers. "From the three senses of Holy Scripture" (says St. Bonaventure, in a passage quoted by Ozanam out of his *Redactio Artium ad Theologiam*) "descended three schools of Scriptural teaching. The *allegorical*, which declares matters of faith, in which St. Augustin was a doctor, and in which he was followed by St. Anselm and others, who taught by discussion. The *moral*, on which St. Gregory founded his preaching, and taught men the rule of life, in which he was followed by St. Bernard, who belongs also to the mystical school, and by a host of preachers. While from the third or *analogical* sense, St. Dionysius taught by contemplation the manner in which man may unite himself to God." Ozanam names a chain of authors as belonging to this school. "Boethius, who on the eve of martyrdom wrote the consolations of that sorrow which is concealed under the illusions of the world; Isidore, Bede, Rabanus, Anselm, Bernard, Peter Damian; Peter the Lombard, who rejoiced 'to cast his sentences like the widow's mite into the treasury of the temple;' Hugo, and Richard of St. Victor, Peter the Spaniard, Albert, St. Bonaventure, and St. Thomas."

"Under the barbarian rule, all the intellectual, as well as the devout, took sanctuary in the cloister; so that when the Arian Lombards attacked the centre of Christendom, they were opposed only by the teaching and discipline of the Church as perfected by St. Gregory; and the power of these must have been supernatural, as the influence of letters was nearly lost in Rome. Then, in defence of the faith, St. Benedict marshalled a new band of devoted champions in the mountains of Subiaco, and he made it a part of their duty to preserve the treasures of learning, and to employ them in the service of religion; and these monks," says Ozanam, "who spent six hours in choir, transcribed in their cells the historians, and even the poets of Greece and Rome; and bequeathed to the Middle Ages the most valuable writings of antiquity."

It is agreed by all that Charlemagne was the founder of the Middle Ages; and he opened the schools in which theology was formed into a science, and gained the title of scholastics. Alcuin was the instrument by whom Charlemagne remodelled European

literature, with the authority of the Church and councils, tradition, and the Fathers. Of these the Greek were little known west of Constantinople; and the chief representative of the Latin Fathers was St. Augustin. There were a few later writers, as Boethius on the Consolation of Philosophy, and Cassiodorus who wrote *De Septem Disciplinis*.

"Every one knows," says Ozanam, "that when Europe was robbed of ancient literature by the invasion of barbarians, the remains of science, saved by pious hands, were divided into seven arts, and enclosed in the Trivium and Quadrivium." These arts were grammar, rhetoric, logic, and mathematics, which last comprehended arithmetic and geometry, music and astronomy. "The establishment of public schools in cent. ix.," says Ozanam, "assisted the progress of reasoning, till it became in itself an art capable of being employed indifferently to prove either side of an argument. The science of words was no longer that of grammar, but became dialectics; and words were used lightly as a mere play of the intellect, or as a mechanical process to analyse truth." But it can never be lawful for a Christian to discuss what has been revealed, as though it were possible that those who reject it may be right; nor to consider truth as an open question, which is still to be decided, and may be sought by those rules of reasoning which had been laid down by Aristotle for the discovery of what was as yet unknown. It was for this reason that, as Ozanam says, Tertullian called Aristotle the patriarch of heretics; yet his rules of reasoning were right, and the error lay in using them amiss. Thus the Manichæans reasoned when they should have believed, and the Paulicians subjected the Holy Scriptures to their own interpretation, and rejected all that was above their comprehension; and thus in aftertimes did the Albigenses, and then the Protestants of the sixteenth, and the Liberals of the nineteenth, century.

It was in 891 that Paschasius wrote, for the instruction of his convent, a treatise on the Holy Eucharist, in which he proved by reasoning that doctrine which "the whole world believes and confesses;" but he was contradicted by Ratram, who first put forth the heresy that the Real Presence is only figurative, and then the Church pronounced the dogma of Transubstantiation. From that time theologians were obliged to confute the intellectual heresies of philosophers by fighting, as on common ground, with the weapons of argument which were used by both, in order to defend the doctrines which had been hitherto declared simply and by authority as by our Lord Himself. "Now," says Ozanam, "mysteries were subjected to definitions, and Revelation was divided into syllogisms. And as the love of argument increased, the disputants took up the

questions which had been discussed among heathen philosophers as to the abstract existences which are called universal forms or ideas; types of created things eternally existing in the mind of God, according to the teaching of St. Bonaventure. And when these were discovered by metaphysics, logic was exercised upon them; and a dispute arose as to whether Truth exists independently of the perceptions of man. The Platonists asserted that it does, and this belief, which they called Idealism, was held by the divines, and was called Realism, while those who denied that it exists independently of man were said to be Nominalists. In modern days the dispute of Realism and Nominalism is laughed at as an idle war of words; but the war is, in truth, on principles, and still divides the orthodox and unbeliever, and the names of Realism and Nominalism are only changed for Objective and Subjective Truth.

A painful experience had long prevailed that the spirit of controversy is destructive of devotion; and the more devout, weary of the wars of philosophers, rejected logic, and found in the mystic school that repose which had been sought even by heathens in a counterfeit mysticism, in which the evil powers deluded men by imitating divine inspirations. According to Ozanam, "Christian mysticism is Idealism in its most brilliant form, which seeks Truth in the higher regions of spontaneous inspiration;" and he goes on to explain, from the writings of St. Dionysius, that its nature is contemplative, ascetic, and symbolical. It is *contemplative*, as it brings man into the presence of the immense indivisible God, from whom all power, life, and wisdom descends upon man through the hierarchies of the angels and through the Church, and whose divine influences act in nine successive spheres through all the gradations between existence and nothing. It is *ascetic*, as it acts on the will through the link which connects the body with the mind, and regulates the passions through the inferior part of the soul. This "medicine of souls" was taught by the Fathers of the Desert, who were followed by all the mystic doctors; and it was on this reciprocal action of physics and morals that St. Bonaventure afterwards wrote the Compendium. It is *symbolic*, because it takes the creation as a symbol of spiritual things, and the external world as the shadow of what is invisible. The union of man with God is the object and fullness of the knowledge which regards both the divine and human nature, and levels all intellects in the immediate presence of God. This was imparted to Adam, and restored by Christ our Lord, who left it in the keeping of the Church. The first uninspired teacher of this mystic theology is thought to have been Dionysius the Areopagite, and the martyred Bishop of Athens, or, as some say, of

Paris. In the festival of his martyrdom it is declared "that he wrote books, which are admirable and heavenly, concerning the divine names, the heavenly and ecclesiastical hierarchy, and on mystical theology." Ozanam quotes a fragment from his writings, which teaches that the indivisibility of God is intangible by mathematical abstractions of quantity, and indefinable by logic, because definition is analysis; and it is incomparable, because there are no terms of comparison.

The teaching of St. Dionysius was not forgotten when the knowledge of Greek was lost in the West. He was succeeded in this religious and Christian philosophy by St. Anselm in the eleventh century. In his *Monologium*, *De Ratione Fidei*, he supposes an ignorant man to be seeking the truth with the sole force of his reason, and disputing in order to discover a truth hitherto unknown. "Every one, for the most part," he says, "if he has moderate understanding, may persuade himself, by reason alone, as to what we necessarily believe of God; and this he may do in many ways, each according to that best suited to himself:" and he goes on to say that his own mode consists in deducing all theological truths from one point—the Being of God. All the diversity of beautiful, great, and good things supposes an ideal One or Unity of beauty, and this Unity is God. Hence St. Anselm derives the attributes of God—the creation, the Holy Trinity, the relation of man to God, in a word, all theology. The *Proslogium*, or truth demonstrating itself, is a second work, in which St. Anselm proposes to demonstrate truth which has been already attained. "As in the first he had, at the request of some brothers, written *De Ratione Fidei* in the person who seeks by reasoning what he does not know, so he now seeks for some one of these many arguments which should require no proof but from itself. He was the first to use the famous argument, that from the sole idea of God is derived the demonstration of His existence. He thus begins the *Proslogium*: 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Wherefore the most foolish Atheist has in his mind the idea of the Sovereign Good, which Good cannot exist in thought only, because a yet greater good can still be conceived. This Sovereign Good therefore exists independently of the thought, and is God.'"

It is not worth while to follow out the errors which arose in the Middle Ages from Nominalism. In the eleventh century Roscelin carried it to the absurdity of saying that ideas are only words, and that nothing real exists except in particulars. And Philip of Champagne asserted the opposite extreme, and denied the existence of all but Universals; as that humanity alone exists, of which men are

mere parts or fragments. It was in the twelfth century that Abelard, who had been trained in both these systems, came forth in the pride of his vast intellect to reconcile them by a new theory. But his search after truth was by a mere intellectual machinery, to be employed by science in order to construct a general scheme of human knowledge; while it led to the rejection of that simple faith which believes without examination, and substituted the system of Rationalism, so fruitful to this day of error and unbelief.

It was while men were constructing this intellectual tower of Babel that Almighty God raised up as the champion of the truth the meek and holy St. Bernard. Like David he laid aside his weapons of reasoning, and left his cloister to overthrow the gigantic foe. In the cowl of St. Benedict, he declared that the truth, which men sought by human efforts, was to be received in faith as the gift of God, from whom all knowledge and light proceeds. And it was not the powers of his well-trained faculties, nor his classical and poetical studies, but his prayers, which gained the victory; so that, as by miracle, Abelard, the most eloquent disputant of his age, stood mute before the saint, who taught that faith is no opinion attained by reasoning, but a conviction beyond all proof that truth is revealed by God. This had been the teaching of St. Gregory, who said that faith which is founded on reason has no merit; and of St. Augustin, who said that faith is no opinion founded on reflection, but an interior conviction; and of the Apostle, who said that faith is the certainty of things unseen. It is consoling to read that the holy influence of St. Bernard did not only silence his adversary; the heart of Abelard was melted, he laid aside the studies in which he had so nearly lost his soul, and he made his submission to the Church, and sought the forgiveness of St. Bernard. Soon afterwards he died a penitent, sorrowing for his moral and intellectual offences. But evil does not end with the guilty; and his school has continued brilliant in intellect and taste, but presumptuous in applying them to the examination of truth. On the other hand, the two folio volumes of St. Bernard have been always a treasury of devotion, where the saints and pious of all succeeding ages have been trained. It is impossible for words to contain more thought; and he had the gift of penetrating thoughts contained in the inspired writings; as when he wrote twenty-four sermons on the three first verses of the Canticles. Ozanam says that St. Pierre perceived a fresh world of insects each day that he examined a single strawberry-leaf; and thus in the spiritual world the intellect of St. Bernard contemplated and beheld wonders with a sort of microscopic infinity, while his vast comprehension was analogous in its discoveries to the telescope.

Such were the gifts conferred by God on the humble abbot of Clairvaux.

There were in the time of St. Bernard other great teachers: Peter the Venerable, St. Norbert, Godfrey, Richard, and Hugo, all monks of St. Victor. Ozanam says that he embraced the three great modes of teaching—that is, the allegorical, moral, and analogical; and preceded St. Bonaventure in a gigantic attempt to form an encyclopædia of human knowledge, based on the truth declared by St. James, that every good and perfect gift descends from the Father of Light, who is above.

With a vast amount of literary treasures the Crusaders had brought from the East, in the twelfth century, the Greek authors, with their Arab commentators. They brought the physics, metaphysics, and morals of Aristotle; and they brought also the Pantheism, which, says Ratisbon, the Saracens, like the early Stoics, had learnt from the Brahmins, who believe that men have two souls,—one inferior and led by instinct, the other united and identical with God. This fatal error was received by a daring school, to which Frederic of Sicily was suspected to belong. It was to confute this school that St. Bernard had taught in his sermons on the Canticles that union with God is not by confusion of natures, but conformity of will. The poison entered Europe from the West as well as the East; the Arabs in Spain mixed the delusions of Alexandria with the subtleties of Aristotle, and the result was such men as Averroes and Avicenna. Gerbert, afterwards Silvester II., had himself studied in Spain, and brought back into the European schools not only the philosophy of Aristotle, but the Jewish translations of Averroes. The unlearned monks of the West were naturally alarmed at the new works on physics, astronomy, and alchemy, and especially at the logic of Aristotle, and the terrible eruption of Pantheism. It was then that the Church exercised her paternal authority, and condemned the confusion of the limits between faith and opinion, and the degradation of the sciences to mere worldly purposes. Ozanam gives the Bull issued in 1254 by Innocent IV., in which he complains that the study of civil law was substituted for that of philosophy, and that theology itself was banished from the education of priests. “We desire to bring back men’s minds to the teaching of theology, which is the science of salvation; or at least to the study of philosophy, which, though it does not possess the gentle pleasures of piety, yet has the first glimpses of that eternal truth which frees the mind from the hindrance of covetousness, which is idolatry.”

The tendency of philosophical errors was now rendered apparent by their development, so that what was at first a vague opinion was

now a broad and well-defined system. Those who were firm in the teaching of the Church found it necessary to use every means for opposing such multiplied evils, and they boldly ventured on a Christian eclecticism, which should employ all the faculties and all the modes of using them in the service of religion; but it was not like the eclecticism of Alexandria, where the ideas of Plato were united with the forms of Aristotle, and adorned by the delusions of magic. The strength of Christian eclecticism lay in the pure unity of faith, defended by all the powers of man. "Both analysis and synthesis," says Ozanam, "are harmonised in true science: they are the two poles of the intellectual world, and have the same axis and horizon. The intersecting point of the two systems was the union of what is true in realism and nominalism with mystic teaching, and the Eclectic admitted the experience of the senses as well as the deductions of reason and the intuition of mysticism with the testimony of learning. Thus were united in the study of truth the four great powers of the soul,—reason, tradition, experience, and intuition." But it has been remarked that some of the masters who taught by experiment and tradition were persecuted as magicians, and some of those who used reason and intuition were canonised. Both, however, observed the ascetic life, of which the abstinence of Pythagoras and the endurance of the Stoics were imitations, and all practised the virtues most opposite to heathen morality, namely, humility and charity. The first attempt at uniting the different opinions of the learned was made by Peter Lombard, who collected the sentences of the Fathers into a work, which gained him the title of Master of the Sentences, and which was afterwards perfected in the *Summa* of St. Thomas. Albert the Great left the palace of his ancestors for the Dominican cloister. He studied at Cologne, and was unequalled in learning and psychology. While he reasoned on ideas, he made experiments on matter; nay, he used alchemy, to discover unknown powers and supernatural agents. It is said that his twenty-one folio volumes have never been sufficiently studied by any one to pronounce on their merits. His work on the Universe was written against Pantheism, and declares the presence of God in every part of creation, without being confused with it. That Divine Presence is the source of all power. "He was," says Ozanam (p. 33), "an Atlas, who carried on his shoulders the whole world of science, and did not bend beneath its weight." He was familiar with the languages of the ancients and of the East, and had imbibed gigantic strength at these fountains of tradition. He believed in the title of Magician, which his disciples gave him; and he is remembered by posterity rather as a mythological being than as a man.

The contemporary of Albert, says Ozanam, was Alexander Hales, who wrote the *Summa of Universal Theology*. William of Auvergne was a Dominican, and preceptor of St. Louis; he wrote *Specimen Doctrinale, Naturale, Historiale*; a division of the sciences and their end, containing—1. theology, physics, and mathematics; 2. practice, monastic, economic, and politic; 3. mechanics and arts; 4. logic and words. Duns Scotus, a Franciscan, was more accurate in learning than Albert himself; sound, though no discoverer in physics, and deep in mathematics. He commented on Aristotle and Peter Lombard. From his strength, sagacity, and precision, he was named the Doctor Subtilis. He wrote on free will, and says that its perfection is conformity to the will of God; and derives the moral law from the will of God, according to St. Paul, "sin is the transgression of the law." When St. Thomas taught that the moral law is necessarily good because God is good, and this question divided the learned into the schools of Scotists and Thomists, Roger Bacon, an English Franciscan, was the pupil of Scotus; but he was eclectic, and admitted both exterior and interior experience, and the deductions of reason, into the intercourse of the soul with God. Though he condemned magic as an imposture, he wrote on alchemy, and with the simplicity of enthusiasm he hoped to find the philosopher's stone, and to read the fall of empires in the stars. He believed in the powers of human science, and he hints at the possibility of a vessel moving without sails or oars; and imagined a balloon, a diving-bell, a suspension-bridge, and other miracles of art, especially a telescope and a multiplying-glass. Speaking of Greek fire and unquenchable lamps, he says that art as well as nature has its thunders, and describes the effect of gunpowder, the attraction of the loadstone, and the sympathies between minerals, plants, and animals; and says, "When I see the prodigies of nature, nothing startles my faith either in the works of man or in the miracles of God;" concluding, that Aristotle may not have penetrated the deepest secrets of nature, and that the sages of his own time will be surpassed by the novices of future days. He had the same clear and sound views of supernatural things, and wrote on the secret works of art and nature, and the falsehood of magic. "Man cannot influence the spiritual world except by the lawful use of prayer addressed to God and the angels, who govern not only the world of spirits, but the destinies of man." Though called the Doctor Mirabilis, he was suspected of magic, and died neglected in a prison, where he had no light to finish his last works. His manuscripts were burned at the Reformation, in a convent of his Order, by men "who professed," says Ozanam, "to restore the torch of reason, which had been extinguished by the monks of the Middle Ages."

Raymond Lulli, the Doctor Illuminatus, was a Franciscan, the great inventor of arts; but he was a philosophical adventurer, whose cast of mind was Spanish, Arabian, African, and Eastern. His youth was licentious, his life turbulent, and his imagination restless; but he died as a saint and a martyr on his return from liberating the Christian slaves in Spain.

The glory of the Franciscan order is the Seraphical Doctor, St. Bonaventure. He was educated under Hales, the Irrefragable Doctor. His genius was keen and his judgment just, and he was a master of scholastic theology and philosophy. But when he studied, it was at the foot of a crucifix, with eyes drowned in tears from incessant meditation on the Passion of Christ. His life was dedicated to the glory of God and his own sanctification; yet he spent much time in actual prayer, because he knew from mystic theology that knowledge and obedience are the gifts of God; and devoted himself to mortifications, because they alone prepare the soul for the reception of divine grace and intuition. Yet though he obtained the gift of ecstasy and the grace of crucifying the human nature, yet he placed Christian perfection not in heroic acts of virtue, but in performing ordinary actions well. Ozanam quotes his words: "A constant fidelity in small things is a great and heroic virtue; it is a continued crucifixion of self-love, a complete sacrifice of self, an entire submission to grace." And his own pale and worn countenance shone with a happiness and peace which exemplified his maxim that spiritual joy is a sign that grace is present in the soul. Though his desire for sacramental communion was intense, yet we are told his great humility once kept him at a distance from the altar, till an angel bore to him the consecrated Host; and the raptures with which he always received his God are expressed, though doubtless imperfectly, in the burning words *Transfige Domine*, &c., which he was wont to utter after he had himself offered the Holy Sacrifice. His devotional works, written for St. Louis and others in his court, fill the heart with their unction, and rank him as the great master of spiritual life. It was during the intervals of ecstasies that he wrote; and while he was occupied on the life of St. Francis, St. Thomas beheld him in his cell raised above the earth, and the future saint exclaimed: "Leave a saint to write the life of a saint."

It is with profound reverence that we must inquire what was the intellectual teaching of so holy a man; and it is, indeed, so vast and yet so deep, that it exhausts all the human powers in contemplating the nature of God and the end of man, which is his union to God. Ozanam gives a passage from his work on the *Reduction of Arts to Philosophy*, in which he says that philosophy is the medium

by which the theologian forms for himself a mirror (*speculum*, from created things, which serve him as steps by which he may ascend to heaven. He begins by the revealed truth, that every good and perfect gift descends from the Father of Light, and teaches of its descent by these four ways—exterior, inferior, interior, and superior—through successive irradiations, namely, Holy Scripture, experimental mechanics, and philosophy, which succeed each other like the days of creation, all converging in the light of Holy Scripture, and all succeeded by that seventh day in which the soul will rest in the perfect knowledge of heaven.

1. Exterior light, or tradition, relates to the exterior forms of matter, and produces the mechanical arts, which were divided by Hugo into seven—weaving, work in wood and in stone, agriculture, hunting, navigation, theatricals, and medicine.

2. Inferior light, or that of the senses, awakens in the mind the perceptions of the five senses, as St. Augustin says, by that fine essence whose nature and whose seat baffles all our discoveries.

3. Interior light, or reason, teaches us by the processes of thought those intellectual truths which are fixed in the human mind by physics, logic, and ethics, through rational, natural, and moral action on the will, the conduct, and the speech, which are the triple functions of the understanding, and on the three faculties of the reason—apprehension, judgment, and action: this interior light acts on outward things by physics, mathematics, and metaphysics, and perceives God in all things by logic, by physics, and by ethics. And he goes on to consider truth as it is in the essence of words, things, and actions.

4. The superior light proceeds from grace and from the Holy Scriptures, and reveals the truths relating to salvation and sanctification. It is named from its raising us to the knowledge of things above us, and because it descends from God by way of inspiration and not by reflection. This light also is threefold. Holy Scripture contains, under the literal sense of the words, the allegorical, which declares what must be believed concerning God and man; the moral, which teaches us how to live; the analogical, which gives the laws by which man may unite himself to God. And the teaching of Holy Scripture contains three points—faith, virtue, and beatitude. The course by which knowledge must be sought is by, 1. tradition; 2. experiment; 3. reason; and 4. a descent as it were by the same road, so as to find the stamp of the Divinity on all which is conceived, or felt, or thought. All sciences are pervaded by mysteries; and it is by laying hold of the clue of the mystery that all the depths of each science are explored.

It was to Mount Alvernia, where his master, St. Francis, so lately received the stigmata, that St. Bonaventure retired to write the *Itinerarium Mentis ad Deum*, in which he treats on the Divine nature, and considers God as manifesting Himself in three modes, and man as receiving the knowledge of Him by the three functions of memory, understanding, and will.

Ozanam says: "To these triple functions of the mind God manifests Himself in three ways: 1. by the traces of His creation in the world: 2. by His image in human nature: 3. by the light which He sheds on the superior region of the soul. Those who contemplate Him in the first are in the vestibule of the Tabernacle; those who rise to the second are in the Holy Place; those who reach the third are within the Holy of Holies, where the two cherubim figured the unity of the Divine essence and the plurality of Divine persons." He likens the invisible existence of God to the light, which, though unseen, enables the eye to perceive colours; and proves from His existence His unity, eternity, and perfection; and from the eternal action of His goodness he deduces the doctrine of the Trinity.

The *Breviloquium* treats on the nature of man, who exists not of himself, nor by emanation from God, but was called into life out of nothing by the Creator, and lives by no mortal life borrowed from the outer world, but by its own and immortal life, intelligent and free. These attributes of God are communicated by Him to His creatures according to His own law, "that the superior shall be the medium of grace to the inferior." The happiness of the soul must be immortal and is in God, and she can exist separated from this body which she inhabits and moves. Ozanam says: "the *Compendium Theologicæ Veritatis* treats of the connection between physics and morals, and inquires how the body indicates the variations of the soul by that mysterious link on which the scientific speculate, but which the saint treats as a subject not for dogmatising but for contemplation, assisted by the mortification which alone brings the passions into subserviency. But the Seraphic Doctor left his teaching unfinished. Some of his spiritual works have been translated by the Abbé Berthoumieu; and the reader will find that what has been said gives an imperfect idea of the writings of this doctor of the Church, which fill six folio volumes, and have scarcely been mastered by a few, though they have warmed the devotion of many; and one short treatise, called the *Soliloquy*, is of such a nature as to include the whole science of devotion. It represents the soul contemplating God, not in His creatures, but within itself, and asking what is her own position in His presence: created by Him, and sinning against Him; redeemed by Him, and yet sinning; full of

contrition, yet firm in the hope of glory. The teaching of St. Paul is continued by St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, and St. Bernard; and it seems as if no other book were needful. One passage, and one only, may show the treasures it contains. The soul is convinced of the vanity of created things, and asks how men are so blinded as to love them. Because the soul is created with so glorious and sensitive a nature, that it cannot live without love; and while the elect find nothing in created things which can satisfy their desire of happiness, and therefore rest in the contemplation of God, the deluded multitude neglect themselves for passing objects, and love their exile as if it were their home. But Ozanam does not leave his history of intellectual progress to treat of spiritual gifts.

St. Thomas was born nearly at the same time as St. Bonaventure, in the same wild valleys of the Apennines. They studied together at Paris; they lived and died and were canonised together.

It was said by Pallavicini, that "when, in the twelfth century, the Arabs made Cordova a second Athens, and Averroes used the philosophy of Aristotle as a weapon against the Faith, God raised up the intellect of St. Thomas, who, by deep study of Aristotle, found in his own principles a solution of the arguments used by infidels; and the Scholastics, following him, have so employed Aristotle to defend Christianity, that whosoever rebels against the Vatican rebels also against the Lycæum." St. Thomas had, however, to confute the errors of Aristotle, and of Abelard and others who had followed them, while he set forth the great truths of reason which he taught. It was in 1248 that he published a comment on the Ethics. He had himself, says Ozanam, the learning and the weight of Aristotle; his power of analysis and classification, and the same sobriety of language. He had also studied the *Timæus* of Plato, the doctrines of Albert, Alexander Hales, and John of Salisbury. He followed the school of St. Augustin, and drew from St. Gregory his rule of morals. His comments on the Sentences contain a methodical course of philosophy, as his *Summa* contains an abridgment of divinity. In an extract given by Ozanam, St. Thomas says, Faith considers beings in relation to God: Philosophy, as they are in themselves. Philosophy studies second causes; Faith the First Cause alone. In Philosophy the notion of God is sought from the knowledge of creatures, so that the notion of God is second to that of His creatures; Faith teaches first the notion of God, and reveals in Him the universal order of which He is the centre, and so ends by the knowledge of creatures: and this is the most perfect method, because human understanding is thus assimilated to the Divine; which contemplating Itself contemplates

all things in Itself. Theology, therefore, only borrows from Philosophy illustrations of the dogmas she offers to our Faith.

It was in 1265 that, at the request of St. Raymond de Pennafort, St. Thomas wrote the *Summa Theologiæ* against the infidels in Spain; a book which has ever since been considered as a perfect body of theology and the manual of the Saints. "In the philosophy of St. Bonaventure," says Ozanam, "the leading guide was perhaps rather the Divine Love than the researches of intellect." St. Thomas combined all the faculties under the rule of a lofty meditation and a solemn reason, uniting the abstract perceptions beheld by the understanding with the images of external things received by the senses. "It was a vast encyclopædia of moral sciences, in which was said all that can be known of God, of man and his relations to God; in short, *Summa totius theologiæ*. This monument, harmonious though diverse, colossal in its dimensions, and magnificent in its plan, remained unfinished, like all the great political, literary, and architectural creations of the Middle Age, which seem only to be shown and not suffered to exist." And the Doctor Angelicus left the vast outline incomplete. That outline is to be appreciated only by the learned; the ignorant may guess its greatness by a catalogue, however meagre, of its contents. In the first part, or the natural, St. Thomas treats of the nature of God and of creatures; His essence, His attributes, and the mystery of the Holy Trinity; then, in relation to His creatures, as their Creator and Preserver. In the second, or moral, part he treats of general principles, of virtues and vices, of the movement of the reasonable creature towards God, of his chief end, and on the qualities of the actions by which he can attain it, of the theological and moral virtues. In the third, or theological, part he examines the means of attaining God, the Incarnation, and the Sacraments. In the *Summa*, says Ozanam, "the notions of things lead to the attributes of the Divinity, unity, goodness, and truth; thus, natural theology arrived at the unity as well as the attributes of God, while from His action is deduced His Personality and Trinity. Then follows the nature of good and bad angels, of souls in a separate state; and then the science of man considered as a compound being of soul and body, endowed with intellect for receiving impressions from the Divine Light above, and from its reflexion on things below. He is also endowed with desire, by which he is formed to seek goodness and happiness, but is free in will to choose vice or virtue; and the rejection of sin, and acquisition of virtue, in a life regulated by Divine and human law, is a shadow of life in heaven. Enough has been said to show how lofty was the teaching of the Saint; to whose invocation large indulgences are

attached, and who had the task of composing the Office used on the Festival of Corpus Domini. The great object of his adoration and contemplation was the mystery of the Real Presence; and his *Adoro Te devote* may be used as an act of worship at the holiest moment of the Sacrifice of the Altar. The ecstacy of his joy in communion is expressed in the *Gratias Tibi ago*; and he declared his faith in the mystery as he lay on the ashes where he died. And this pure faith is recorded by Raphael, who represents him in his picture of the 'Dispute on the Blessed Eucharist' among the Doctors of all ages before the miraculous Host."

Like all other saints, he sought detachment by mortification, and the love of God by prayer. His principle was, that prayer must precede study, because more is learnt from the crucifix than from books; and his last maxim was, that in order to avoid being separated from God by sin, a man must walk as in the sight of God and prepared for judgment. When he laid aside his religious studies to prepare for Eternity, he used the words of St. Augustin: "Then shall I truly live when I am full of Thee and Thy love; now am I a burden to myself, because I am not entirely full of Thee."

Mystic theology was now carried to perfection by Gersen, Abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Verceil from 1220 to 1240. Many attribute to him the authorship of the *Imitation of Christ*; there are, however, a number of others who do not agree with this opinion. The *Imitation* is generally ranked as coming very close after the inspired writings. What is said of the interior life is more or less intelligible to those who are endeavouring after perfection, but must be unintelligible to any who have not the faith: "Una vox librorum" (iii. 43), says the author; but the one voice does not teach all alike, for He who is within is the teacher of truth. The four books are in the hands of all. The contents of the first are on the conduct of men as to the exterior world, and the qualities necessary for the following of Christ—humility, detachment, charity, and obedience; then grace will be found, not in external things, but within, in a mind calm, obedient, and seeking not to adapt but to master circumstances. The second teaches him who turns from creatures that the kingdom of God is within, and that the government of this inner world is the science of perfection: "Give room to Christ, and refuse entrance to others; then will man be free amid the chaos, and creatures will be to Him only the *speculum vitæ*." Seek Christ in all, and you will find Him in all; seek self, and you will find it every where: one thing is above all, that leaving all you leave self. In the third book the soul listens to the internal voice of God, who makes known to her that He is her salvation; and she there-

fore prays for the one gift of divine love. It is impossible, perhaps not desirable, to repeat the devout aspirations of this divine love. May those who read the holy words receive their import through the light of grace! The fourth book relates to the union of the soul with her Lord through sacramental communion; and this can only be read in the hours of devotion.

If it is presumptuous to say even thus much of the great saints who lived in the thirteenth century, how is it possible to undervalue the progress they made in all the highest powers of the soul? or who can speak of the schools of the Middle Ages as deserving of contempt in days which cannot comprehend them?

Ozanam desires to show that Dante was trained in this exalted learning, and has embodied what he learnt in his *Divina Commedia*. He speaks of the full development attained by scholastic teaching in those great teachers, after whom no efforts were made to extend the limits of human knowledge; and he speaks of the perplexities which arose with the anti-papal schism. "It was to the calm and majestic philosophy of the thirteenth century," says Ozanam, "that Dante turned his eyes; and his great poem declared to an age, which understood him not, the contemplative, ascetic, and symbolical teaching of the mystic school, which he had studied in the *Compendium* of St. Bonaventure and the *Summa* of St. Thomas;" and he proves by an analysis of that wonderful poem, that it contains not only the great truths of revelation, but the spirit of the decaying mediæval philosophy:

"O voi che avete gli intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che ascende
Sotto 'l velame dei versi strani."

E. H.



Middle-Class Lunatic Asylums.

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OUR attention has lately been especially drawn to the grievous existing deficiency of middle-class asylums for Catholics, and we propose to submit some considerations on this subject to our readers. If Catholics, male or female, so circumstanced as to be equally removed from indigence and affluence become insane, what can be done with them? Is there any establishment either in England or Ireland where they could be placed for a moderate sum with the certainty of being treated kindly and skilfully, and also of being protected and encouraged in the perfectly free exercise and performance of their religious duties so far as their condition admitted? To this inquiry there is but one reply, *There is no such establishment either public, or, so far as we know, private*; and under these circumstances there is no doubt that the Belgium asylums present an opportunity not to be despised, especially as in the matters of skill, humane treatment, and a low rate of charges, these hospitals have earned an honourable preëminence. Within the last few years there has been a steady and rapid preference exhibited by all classes for public over private asylums. In a former paper bearing on this subject* the statistics were quoted thus:

<i>Private Asylums.</i>		<i>Public Asylums.</i>	
	Patients.		Patients.
1849 . . .	6931	1849 . . .	7629
1864 . . .	4455	1864 . . .	23,830

And this preference will, it is very probable, increase. There was some time ago published on this subject in a well-known periodical a tale,† which was such a forcible, bold, and highly-spiced fiction blended with indisputable and well-known facts, that it did undoubtedly operate very powerfully in that direction on the public mind. But coincident with this development of partiality for public asylums is the discovery of the great existing deficiency of accommodation as regards the middle and poorer classes. Let us take the case, say, of a Government clerk, a Dissenting minister, or a respectable retail trader or tenant farmer, with an income of 150*l.* or 200*l.* per annum, and a family of four or five sons and daughters. One of these becomes a lunatic; how to dispose of him is a pressing

* "Suicide considered with reference to the Insane," *Month*, Sept. 1864.

† *Hard Cash*, by Charles Reade.

difficulty, and one of a very serious kind. If he were a pauper, he would instantly be received into an excellent county or borough asylum, built expressly for the insane, with all the best and most recent improvements of sanitary reformers, with perfect ventilation, warmth, and cleanliness; he would have the most suitable nourishing and liberal diet, and be treated by approved and highly remunerated medical skill, all provided for him out of the public rates. But, alas, he is not a pauper; let us see then what other places are open to him. The father finds that in nearly all private and public asylums the charges vary from 75*l.* to 400*l.* per annum, according to the accommodation required; how is he possibly to compass this, or any thing like this, without injuring his other children and almost beggaring himself? Though private patients are nominally received into many of the county pauper lunatic asylums at a low rate per annum, *i.e.* from 30*l.* and upwards per annum; yet practically the system does not exist to any extent. It must be remembered that these are expressly for the reception of paupers, and are in most cases already inconveniently crowded with their legitimate occupants. There is indeed a clause in the Lunacy Act which permits private patients to be received there so long, and no longer, as there is a surplus of room; but it appears that this permission is only given on the condition, which we also think a wise and salutary one, that no difference should be made in the treatment of either class of patient, since such difference is sure to create discontent and a sense of injustice in the minds of the pauper lunatics. It is not therefore surprising that we find the private-patient element present in the smallest possible quantity. Thus in Chester Asylum there are 4 private patients and 443 paupers; in Leicester 56 private patients and 330 paupers; in York North-East Riding Asylum 24 private patients and 468 paupers; in Worcester 1 private patient and 424 paupers. In fine, the private patients who are now so accommodated are 259 in all as against 20,573 paupers. And yet the injustice done to private patients by treating them as, and classing them with, paupers is manifestly very great, and the committee, visitors, commissioners, and medical superintendents all agree in their testimony as to the actual evils and inconveniences of the plan. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of the Sussex County Asylum, has mentioned how much he was struck by the sight of the sad cases which came under his professional notice of people poor, but not being paupers, who were utterly unable to pay the sum required in order to place their afflicted relatives suitably, and who consequently kept them at home, to the disadvantage of the patient, and the discomfort and danger of the household. Moved by these considera-

tions, he prevailed on the committee and visitors in 1859 to admit private patients at 16s. per week, as there were at that time beds unoccupied in the asylum. But though the patients were all treated alike, there was so much discord and annoyance, caused chiefly by the patients' relatives, that he experienced a real relief when, three years afterwards, the crowded state of the wards obliged the managing committee not only to refuse to receive more, but to require the removal of those who were already there. Dr. Bucknill, Dr. Monro, and Dr. Campbell, all alike bear testimony of the same kind, and all unite in lamenting the paucity of separate accommodation for this class in public asylums, through which so many are condemned to insanity for life.

There are, however, in England fourteen public hospitals for lunatics endowed by private benevolence, where about 1300 unfortunates find shelter, at very moderate charges, varying from 6s. per week, to those who are in receipt of the benefits of certain special funds or trusts, up to 30s. per week. These hospitals are :

St. Thomas, Exeter ;	Bethel Hospital, Norwich ;
Liverpool Lunatic Hospital ;	Northampton ;
Cheadle Royal Asylum, Manchester ;	Nottingham ;
Lincoln Hospital ;	Warneford Asylum, Oxford ;
St. Luke's, Middlesex ;	Bethlehem Hospital, Surrey ;
Barnwood House, near Gloucester ;	York Asylum ;
Coton Hill, Stafford ;	

and the York Retreat, which last is, we believe, only in a certain sense a public charitable institution ; for it was founded and is managed by the Society of Friends ; and though receiving the higher classes of private patients of other denominations, we understand that its surplus funds and endowments are exclusively for the benefit of the poor of their own sect.

It may be roughly calculated that 1000 patients, whose pecuniary means are of a limited nature, find refuge in one or other of these hospitals ; but how little the supply of accommodation is equal to the demand may be surmised, when we add that in England there are about 44,695 persons of unsound or defective intellect, the insane in prison and the Chancery lunatics not being included. Again, many of these hospitals are very old, and were built before sanitary economy and the treatment of lunatics were as well understood as they are in the present day. Large additions have, in several instances, been made ; but in the old part of such buildings grave defects exist, which nothing less than the total demolition of the fabric could remedy. In this respect they are mostly far inferior to the county asylums provided out of the county rates for paupers.

Moreover, several of them are inconveniently crowded as regards the poorer class, and some difficulty is experienced in getting patients entered at the minimum rate. But we will suppose that, with so few places to choose among, the Dissenting minister or Post-office clerk is enabled to place his insane son or daughter at one of these hospitals on payment of 12s., 14s., or 16s. per week, no inconsiderable draw on a slender income; we may fairly ask, if a poor Catholic tradesman, clerk, or mechanic has a child so afflicted, where is there a place available for him? The answer is *nowhere*.

A Catholic patient is in one and all of the public hospitals cut off from religious services, and from the benefits of the constant attention and good offices of the priest; and this may be, and often is so, without the slightest intentional bigotry or ill-feeling on the part of the superintendent. Even if a Catholic is well enough to attend Mass, it is not very probable that a Protestant attendant can well be often spared in order to accompany him exclusively thither. Who will take the trouble to intimate to a Catholic priest that a poor lunatic of his faith has become an inmate of such and such an hospital in the neighbourhood? Who is there to remind the patient of those prayers and exercises which might, with God's help, console and soothe him in the dark hour? In what hospital would the visitations of the Sisters or Brothers of any Catholic religious order, though made exclusively for Catholic patients, be regarded otherwise than with distrust and impatience?

One might indeed say, that of these endowed hospitals Bethlehem might at least have been appropriated for the reception of Catholic lunatics, since it was originally founded and endowed by a Catholic and for Catholic purposes, to wit, one Simon Fitzman, in 1247. He provided for the maintenance of prior, canons, brethren, and sisters, who were to be distinguished by a star on their mantles; and one of their duties and privileges was to receive and entertain the Bishop of St. Mary of Bethlehem, and the canons, brothers, and messengers of that order, so often as they came to England. In 1547, Henry VIII. seized on the monastery, and gave it, with all its revenues and lands, to the mayor, commonalty, and city of London. It was then turned into an hospital for the insane, and was and still is filled almost entirely with Protestant lunatics, of whom more than one-third are also criminals. Our readers may remember the just and witty retort, which was in the first instance, we believe, veritable and genuine, though it afterwards found its way into the pages of *Punch*, the speakers being made to appear as Cardinal Wiseman and *Punch*. "We are restoring all our old cathedrals, your Eminence," says *Punch*. "Are you? we have not received any of them yet," is the

reply. We are too well acquainted with the sincerity and the strength of Protestant notions on such points; we understand too thoroughly the sturdiness with which they believe in their own principles of what is right and what is wrong, to dream of demanding from them the restoration of so much as a tithe of our cathedrals, our universities, and our innumerable endowed charities. The question is, as we have said before, how far Catholics are prepared to help themselves by means of mutual coöperation and proper organisation; for in no other fashion can they ever hope to supply their wants, or to remedy the evils under which they labour. Now the number of private lunatic patients in England, excluding military, naval, and criminal lunatics, who are provided for by the country, the idiots at Earlswood, and the Chancery patients, may be roughly computed at about 10,891; and they are distributed as follows: in county asylums, 260; in endowed hospitals, 1260; in licensed houses, 2830; resident with relatives, 5523; boarded out, or in lodgings, 1018. We have no means of computing the number of these who may be Catholic; but we think we shall not be accused of stepping beyond the mark in supposing that it may be in the proportion of 1 in 15, which would give upwards of 700 of our own faith, who are labouring under disadvantages of the gravest kind. We say this advisedly; for though it may be urged that the insane residing with their friends will not be debarred from religious consolation, they still lose the very decided benefits which a well-regulated public asylum affords; and in licensed houses or private asylums they have neither the one nor the other. We have not a word to say against licensed houses, or, as they are usually called, private asylums. There has been of late a more than sufficient outcry raised on that subject. We believe that many of these establishments are vigilantly superintended by able, zealous, upright and humane men; but in any case the advantages of a large and numerous staff of attendants, of extensive grounds, and of special means for difficult and refractory cases, are not theirs to offer, except on terms utterly inaccessible to persons of ordinary means while the public *esprit de corps*, the supervision of a general committee, the unquestionable aids to recovery afforded by strict discipline and varied association with others, are only to be secured at large hospitals. Of those patients resident with their friends or kinsfolk, though the motive may occasionally be dislike to publicity, it is far more frequently the idea of saving expense; and we may well assume that few persons would not gladly place their afflicted relatives at a large well-conducted hospital, provided they could afford to do so. If there is one thing which the study of insanity has mad

clear beyond all doubt, it is that the chances of cure at home and among friends are reduced by two-thirds, and that such cures, when effected, are not satisfactory or permanent, but have a tendency to relapse. Neither is the *rationale* of this difficult to understand. The tendency of *all* insanity, whether of one kind or another, but especially in that preliminary stage which is called the incubation of insanity, is to make the patient either morose or excitable, suspicious of his friends and relations, irritable and impatient of control, or the semblance or suggestion of it. There is, in short, a completely inverted state of the natural affections; and those who were formerly the best loved are generally the objects of the greatest aversion. If it be husband or brother who is attacked, it is useless to suppose that he will obey a wife or a sister from whom he has been accustomed to exact and receive obedience as his due; and to be in his own house, but under the surveillance or orders of a servant, is of itself a humiliation and an annoyance. Not to be allowed to see his friends, to attend to his business, to go out unaccompanied, as he does not fully understand his unfitness for these things, all such restrictions cause many irritating discussions and great mental worry and vexation; and if a cure be fortunately effected, the memory of these sad scenes often remains, and forms a nucleus for future discomfort and bitterness. "Natural anger has a tendency to die out with time," says Dr. Guislain, "but the anger of mental alienation endures much longer—for years—often for life." It is therefore of immense importance that the recollection of home and kindred should not be associated with these trying and distressing occurrences; so that, when the patient has recovered, his illness and all concerned with it should be like a dream of far-off things and times. To remove the invalid at once from home is of itself a tonic to the mind. When the health is restored, it is another tonic to return to people and scenes totally disconnected with the past; for the chamber, the view from the window, the very articles of furniture belonging to a place in which a man has passed through paroxysms of madness, have each their own separate history of illusions, spectres, and horrors; a curious illustration of which we will give. A young gentleman became insane, and was for some time subject to fits of active mania. He was treated at home, and it was observed that he would never, if he could possibly avoid it, pass by a certain large stove standing in the hall; sometimes, in returning to his room, he was literally obliged to be dragged past this object by his servant. At other times he was found crouched down some little way from it, his eyes fixed and staring, and apparently wild with terror. Occasionally he would sit at a safe distance from the dreaded thing, gibbering and

mouth at it. He was a very taciturn patient, and never could be prevailed on to explain his reasons. Ultimately convalescence, apparently complete, set in, and that was done which ought to have been resorted to in the first instance; he was sent away for change of scene and air. Afterwards, on his return, the first thing which engaged his attention was the stove. He walked gravely round and round it, scrutinised it from every point of view, after which he opened it and examined the interior very carefully.

"Ah!" he said, "I remember this very well, and how horribly you ill-used me about it; I fancied it was full of devils, who were always throwing out long grappling-irons by which to draw me in with them whenever I passed by: how frightened I used to be! but I see there are none in it at present." Not long after, his mind relapsed, and he is now an incurable maniac.

In truth, the most fortunate thing that can happen to an insane patient is that his malady should declare itself rapidly and with violence, for it then necessitates prompt treatment and immediate removal; whereas a case of slow melancholy, or gradual loss of volition and intelligence, is often allowed to go on undisturbed, and so becomes of a very hopeless kind. And this for two reasons: first, *any* disease which begins slowly, not only has more time to root itself, but is also more likely to be caused by organic than functional derangement; and, secondly, it does not alarm people sufficiently to send immediately for medical advice. One of the best modern authorities states, that nine cases out of ten in insanity are curable, *if treated within the first three months*, and free from complications with epilepsy or paralysis. As for placing an insane patient in lodgings under the care of an attendant, to be occasionally visited by a physician, we can conceive no situation so deplorable and distressing. Though women are by long usage quickly cowed and subdued, it is sufficiently humiliating to a gentlewoman to be ordered about and reported on, and perhaps misrepresented, by a servant; while to a gentleman it is not only productive of a most unhealthy and dangerous excitement, but is often the cause of scenes of very terrible violence. Indeed, who can blame a servant, singlehanded, if in order to carry out the doctor's peremptory orders, he is obliged to resort to force? A hand-to-hand contest probably follows. The servant is in peril from a lunatic, perhaps fully his own match in strength, and endued with all the unnatural force, fury, and cunning peculiar to the disease. Who can greatly censure him; or, at any rate, who can feel much surprised, if, thus unsupported and without prospect of help, he deals a dangerous and disabling blow; or has recourse beforehand to the strait-waistcoat and a pair of handcuffs? From all casualties

such as these a large public hospital is almost entirely exempt. Total change of surroundings, such as places and persons, superinduce a new train of ideas; and among so many new and strange things a mild but firm discipline does not seem more new or strange than others. The patient learns to obey the directions of an educated gentleman, the more readily that none of his own relatives are near to observe the concession. He is quickly made aware that in case of refusal, there is a large staff of trained attendants at hand to compel obedience; he likewise learns that he has a direct and instant appeal to the physician if he suffers from their ill-using or neglecting him. The attendants, in the same way, are rarely violent, because being numerous they are not afraid, and fear is generally the parent of all cruelty, except in natures radically bad. The number of cures in public asylums and hospitals varies from 10 to 32 per cent of the inmates; while with the chancery lunatics, who are some of them in licensed houses, but are the greater number of them in lodgings with attendants, the recoveries are, we have seen it affirmed, only 5 per cent.

Having said so much in favour of large hospitals, if any one still doubts the want of accommodation for the poorer middle classes in this respect, after the evidence we have laid before them, we will refer them to the remarks of the Commissioners in Lunacy on this point, in their evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1859. We seem, therefore, to have arrived at these conclusions. The number of hospitals for patients who are of moderate means is small, and the accommodation limited in proportion to the number requiring it. The county asylums are closed to this class in nearly all instances; and a year or two more will see them all filled exclusively with paupers.

The licensed houses cannot afford to offer equal advantages, except at a great expense. There is no hospital or asylum at all for Catholic patients of moderate or limited means, where they would be cared for by members of their own faith, or visited by a priest, though there are probably at least 700 Catholic lunatics in England, by whom such an establishment is needed. The question is, as we have said before, are Catholics prepared to permit this state of things to continue? What have they done, or what are they willing to do, to remedy it? We may be quite sure, now that attention has been called to the existing want of middle-class accommodation for lunatics, that suitable hospitals will be quickly forthcoming; indeed, with an enterprising energy which does them honour, efforts in that direction have already been made by numerous individuals; plans have been drawn out, the necessary calculations have been made, and we

may expect soon to see the visible fruits of their labours. But it should be distinctly understood, that the promoters and organisers of such schemes being Protestants, there will not be the smallest element of Catholic control in carrying them out, neither will the poorer patients of our own faith be one whit benefited by such measures. It may here be stated, that in insanity, more frequently than in almost any other disease, there is a quiet and lucid interval just before death; is it right that we should by neglect prevent these our poorer brethren, so afflicted on earth, to depart this life with none near to offer the last rites of the Church? Will Catholics still sit with their arms folded and do nothing in this matter? It is true that a minority, which has long been treated with severity and injustice, is apt to degenerate into a chronic state of apathy and almost hopelessness; but it is an evil sign when the vanquished become as the dead. In the sister island, Government has hitherto, we regret to say, thought it expedient to deny us a charter for our University; it will, we venture to hope, not refuse us a license for our lunatic asylums.

Our object in this article is to propose a practical scheme by which lunatic hospitals for the middle and poorer classes of Catholics may be erected, and made, not only self-supporting, but a reasonably lucrative investment, and also form a basis for further operations, and be the foundation of a fund to which the charitable contributions of the rich should be solicited. These contributions should form an endowment for the reception, support, and cure of poor but deserving cases. The hospital, duly licensed, would of course be under the supervision of the Commissioners in Lunacy; but the patients would be the especial charge of members of a religious order, and the medical and sanitary departments should be under the superintendence of some thoroughly well-qualified physician.

A very able and practical treatise on the subject has been published by Dr. C. L. Robertson, superintendent of the Sussex Lunatic Asylum, Hayward's Heath. It was originally read before the Brighton and Surrey Medico-Chirurgical Society; was afterwards printed in the *Journal of Mental Science*; and contains many excellent suggestions, of which we gladly avail ourselves. As he truly remarks, what our middle-classes require in this matter is not alms, but organised co-operation; and it is this which Catholics should endeavour to supply, so as to aid and benefit the many hundreds of poor Catholic lunatics. Lord Shaftesbury, the chairman of the Board, states that if the guarantee of the county-rates could be given, hospitals of this kind would unquestionably be self-supporting; that by taking a mixed class of patients at graduated rates the payments would not only carry on

the operations of the institution, provide for all expenses, salaries, &c., but would in thirty years (discharging the interest meanwhile) liquidate the principal of the building account. But, though granting the guarantee of the county-rates is an experiment which would not really cost the outlay of one farthing, we fear it would be useless to try to establish a precedent of the kind in favour of Catholics. To their own zeal, enterprise, and sagacity only they must look; and the provisions of the Limited Liabilities Act seem to offer a safe and available channel for operations. At the most moderate computation it may be supposed that there are between 600 and 700 Catholic lunatics in the country, omitting the naval, military, criminal, and pauper patients. To these must be added many who are to our own knowledge placed in foreign asylums expressly that they may be under the care of those of their own faith. It is reasonable to believe that if similar advantages could be offered here on moderate terms, the relatives of these patients would prefer their being placed in England. Let us, however, to be on the safe side, calculate on receiving something less than two-thirds of this number. What we require for this is two hospitals in the northern part of England, each able to accommodate 120 patients; the one for males, the other for females; and two of similar proportions in the south or south-western district. Lancashire for many reasons seems the most suitable county for the first-named; and for the southern one the suitability of a site and the price of land would guide the selection. Dr. Robertson estimates the purchase of from twenty to twenty-five acres of land at 1500*l.*, allowing it to be 70*l.* per acre. But land may be procured in some parts at a much lower price, say from 50*l.* to 60*l.* per acre; and we think, therefore, that 1300*l.* or 1400*l.* laid out with judgment might secure about twenty-five acres in some dry and healthy district. The building would be in the shape of a horse-shoe thickened in its centre, composed of three blocks—built without pretension or ornament, but securely and strongly put together. The central block would contain to the front the chapel, to which there would be immediate communication from both wings; and behind it, detached and facing the other way, would be the kitchens, general mess-room, stores, &c. of a size sufficient even if the asylum should be eventually enlarged; a detached laundry in the rear, together with a general bathing-house, would be very desirable additions, arranged, of course, so as not to be eyesores from the mess-room windows. This mess-room should be the general dining-room; but for the different classes of patients two mess-rooms, one over the other, parallel with the assigned class of patients in either wing, would be a better plan. In this block all food would be

prepared and eaten, except in the case of the sick and infirm. Sixty patients would dine in each room, as it has been proved by experience that association and society with others, even though they be all alike insane, are an important element in the curative process, preventing many depraved, unseemly, and uncleanly habits. In the two detached blocks or wings the first-floor of each would be devoted to the thirty second-class, and the second floor to the thirty first-class patients; while the third story would contain the additional sleeping-rooms required. The first floor to the front would have three large rooms running the whole length of the wing, and might be library, smoking, and billiard room. On the other side associated dormitories of three and six beds in each room, with fireplace and attendant's room. At the end would be the infirmary, with six beds, and attendant's room. The second floor would be exactly the same, except that there would be fifteen single bedrooms; and on the third floor the additional number required, single or with three beds in, as might be best; and also several single sitting-rooms, if desired, for richer patients. The furniture for the second floor and mess-room should be simple, plain, and good; and that for the second and third, though simple, might be of a kind which would associate it with the idea of a private family. In each there would be bath-rooms and water-closets, and on the third there might, in addition, instead of the infirmary, be one or two rooms carefully shut off in case of a noisy or disturbed patient. The land not occupied by the building would be laid out in shrubbery, flower, and kitchen-garden, and lawn for cricket and other games, to which a tennis-court might be added if thought desirable.

For the female asylum, instead of smoking and billiard-rooms, &c., there might be music, needlework, and sitting-rooms. *Dr. Robertson offers to pledge his professional reputation that such an asylum can be built, fitted up, and furnished, to the entire satisfaction of the Commissioners, at 150*l.* per head; this sum to include an ample margin for ball-room, laundry, and all other offices.* And his large experience and high qualifications enable him to speak decisively on this point.

Thus we have a debt of 18,000*l.* to start with. The purchase of the 25 or 30 acres would be 1500*l.* more; and allowing for other preliminary expenses 1,000*l.*, we have 20,500*l.* We ought to have other 2500*l.* to defray the first year's expenditure before the payments for patients could come in. This would make 23,000*l.* This sum we should propose to raise according to the provisions of the Limited Liability Act, in shares of 100*l.* each. If the site could be chosen contiguous to the waterworks of some small healthy town, or

in the immediate vicinity of a large county asylum, a large margin of outlay might be saved in respect of gas and water-supply, as some arrangement might doubtless be come to advantageous to both parties. It would likewise be advisable, if possible, instead of buying the land, to take it on a twenty-one years lease, with option of purchasing at a fixed sum meanwhile.

Now comes the question of income. Our plan is that the sixty first-class patients on the second and third floor of either wing should each pay two guineas a-week, which would produce 6000 guineas per annum, after allowing for two or three occasional vacancies. Thirty more patients at one guinea, and the same number of poorer patients at 14s. per week—the first-named yielding 1500 guineas, and the last 1000 per annum; in all 8500 guineas—or 9300*l.* of income. Let us see how much of this would be expended, and in what manner. The actual cost of patients per head in a large establishment, exclusive of clothing and rent, may be estimated at from 9*s.* to 11*s.* per week each for paupers; but at the hospitals or chartered asylums, which afford the only public accommodation in the country for private patients, the average rates per head are as follows:

ASYLUM.	Average weekly expense.			ASYLUM.	Average weekly expense.		
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
St. Thomas, Devon.	0	16	9½	Cheadle, near Manchester	1	10	7
Liverpool, Lancaster	1	0	1	Lincoln		16	7
St. Luke's, Middlesex		18	2¾	Coton, Stafford	1	3	8½
Bethel, Norfolk		10	2½	Bethlehem, Surrey		18	11
Northampton		11	4½	York		16	6
Nottingham	1	5	1¾	York Retreat	1	0	3¾
Warneford, Oxford	1	0	1¾				

Thus it will be seen that the actual weekly expenses per head, in which are included salaries of officers, servants' wages, food, wines, &c., medicine, fuel, gas, furniture, bedding, printing, advertising, books, taxes, occasional pleasure-trips, and all other matters save rent and clothing, run from 10*s.* to 25*s.* per week, with but one exception in excess. If, therefore, we base our calculation on a cost of 21*s.* a-week per patient, we are allowing a fair and liberal sum. It is found that in most cases the friends prefer supplying clothes to the patients.

Now there are few asylums in England so deservedly famed or so admirably conducted as the York Retreat, under Dr. Kitching. This establishment was founded by, and is under the management of the Society of Friends, and it provides for the poor members of that sect at an extremely reduced rate, but takes in patients of a higher class, and of other persuasions, on a heavier scale of charges. It was, we believe, one of the first, if not the first, lunatic hospital

of 1050*l.*, with which to afford interest to the shareholders at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. We believe Catholics would make the existence of such an asylum known as widely as possible; and we doubt not that clergymen would gladly recommend it to such of their flock as had relatives mentally afflicted. It is to be observed that as the capital would be either sunk or secured on freehold buildings and furniture, there would be tangible security for a large proportion of the funds, even if the result were utter failure.

It is with no intention of proposing a scheme of a speculative or inordinately lucrative character that this article is written; but simply with the object of stirring up Catholics to coöperate with each other in the endeavour to supply a great and lamentable deficiency, and to point out the mode and means by which it may be done on equitable and commercial principles, so as to make such institutions not only thoroughly sound and self-supporting, but a fairly remunerative investment. In this view Dr. Robertson's closing suggestion seems to us excellent. Though he is well convinced that such an affair would ultimately yield from 10 to 20 per cent, he proposes that the interest on the shares should be limited to 7 per cent, and that any dividend in excess should be applied to forming a fund to which further charitable contributions and legacies should be invited for the reduction of the cost of maintenance in necessitous and deserving cases. If subsequent experience renders it advisable to extend the accommodation either for a poor class of patients or otherwise, the asylum cottage-system is found to answer admirably. A few simple cottages, fitted for the reception of four or five patients each, with the attendant brother, would be built in different parts of the grounds, yet deriving their supplies from the central stores, and the inmates messing with the other patients. This is a most suitable and very economical means of extending both our base of operations and also of affording additional means of classification. We feel justified in remarking that these calculations are so simple as to be easily understood. Once the quantity of land required and the price of it known, the rest may be computed without any difficulty by the aid of the details which we have given, and which are extracted from the various reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy, and are also in accordance with the published accounts of the different hospitals. We have been careful invariably to reckon the estimate of expenditure rather over than under, so as to allow a margin for the shortcomings and unavoidable casualties which occasionally happen even in the best-planned and best-inspired scheme; and we must add, in conclusion, that the thanks of the public generally, and of Catholics more especially, are due to Dr. Robertson for his timely

and practical suggestions on a subject of such gravity and importance.

Since writing the above, our attention has been called to the existence of a lunatic asylum for women conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul at Richmond, near Dublin. The house is pleasantly situated, standing in large grounds; and the daughters of St. Vincent are as patient and devoted in their care of the insane as they have ever shown themselves to be in their attendance on the sick or suffering. Their holy founder in his own lifetime had a great compassion for the insane. "They are," said a Sister to one who visited the Richmond Asylum, "the most forsaken of all God's creatures."

From the insane, friends and relatives are sometimes willing and sometimes obliged to turn away. No one class, then, stands more in need of the watchful and loving ministrations of those who work for God and not for men.

R.

Sketches from the History of Christendom.

II. URBAN V. AND HIS LEGATE.

FEW men, perhaps, ever mounted a throne with better intentions and a clearer view of the work that their position called on them to carry out than Guillaume de Grimoard, when in the year 1362 he was elected Pope, and began to reign under the name of Urban V. It would be most unfair to complete the antithesis, and to imply that he signally failed to perform his work and to realise his intentions. He had many great qualities, and accomplished many great undertakings. He lived as a saint should live; and after his death he was held in honour as a saint, though he never was canonised. He broke through with great resolution the ties that bound the Roman court to Avignon; and he earned in a special manner the gratitude of Europe for his patronage of learning, and his exertions to arrest the ever-growing power of the infidels in the East. Still there is an appearance of incompleteness about his character; and, on this account probably, his life disappoints us, not merely because he missed success, as many of the greatest men have done, but because the great strain to which he was exposed seems to have overtaxed him and broken him down, not by bringing out any moral flaw, but by lighting on a natural weakness which a hero might not have had.

Like all the Avignon Popes, Guillaume de Grimoard was a Frenchman; born at Grisac, of noble and pious parents, in 1309. His godfather was St. Elzear of Sabran, whom he afterwards, when Pope, canonised; who, with his wife St. Delphine, forms one of those rare couples, double stars, as it were, in the saintly firmament of the Church, who have lived in the estate of marriage in perpetual continency, and been honoured on the altars by the Church. His early years were remarkable for piety and for the quickness with which he learnt whatever he had an opportunity of learning; but he did not gain any great distinction or preferment in the Church till at the age of forty-six. He had then been for twenty-three years a religious of the Order of St. Benedict, and for twenty years a professor of ecclesiastical law, first at Montpellier, and latterly at Avignon, where he was naturally under the eye of the Pope himself. He had also been Vicar-General of the Bishop of Uzès. Innocent VI. made him Abbot of St. Germain-en-Auxerre in 1357; and from that time

dates his rise in ecclesiastical dignity. He began his reign as Abbot by a struggle with a formidable enemy, the Archbishop of Sens. The Archbishop, besides being one of the wealthiest prelates in France, was a man of high family and of great credit with the king. He was imperious and aggressive, as he showed by going beyond his clear right in exacting a certain tax from all the religious houses of his province. Most of them submitted, for the Archbishop was a man whom it was not wise to brave. But Guillaume de Grimoard, fresh from the professor's chair, and with but little experience of worldly policy, would not allow of the injustice. He went to the Archbishop, and showed him by the plainest reasoning that he had no right to the contribution that he claimed. His lordship got into a passion,—he was not likely to be able to argue,—threw himself on the Abbot, tore his beard, and declared that he would have the money in spite of him. Guillaume remonstrated; but he only got for answer: "You shall revenge yourself when you are Pope." What was worse, he could not get full justice at Avignon, where the Archbishop was very powerful; and the affair remained undecided till the death of Innocent VI. When Guillaume succeeded him, he did revenge himself in a fashion. He told the Archbishop that he intended to raise him to a still higher dignity, and appointed him—Patriarch of Jerusalem. The dignity certainly was higher, but it was titular, and unaccompanied by any revenues that could at all compensate for the loss of the Archbishopric of Sens. However, when he had humbled his old enemy, he listened to the pleadings of the French king in his behalf, and reinstated him.

Perhaps the intrepidity with which Guillaume had withstood the tyranny of the Archbishop recommended him to Innocent VI. as a fit envoy to be sent to the terrible Barnabo Visconti, the lord of Milan, with whom the Holy See was then at war, and who seemed to be gaining ground against the legate Albornozy, who was comparatively very weak in men and money. This was in 1361, when the siege of Bologna was going on, and the Papal forces seemed unable to hold out much longer. Guillaume spoke to Barnabo with the same force and freedom that he had used before with the Archbishop. He was a man of books, and by no means a courtier. Barnabo treated him even worse than the great French prelate; he tore in pieces the letter that he had brought him from the Pope, and made him eat it. He little thought that before long he would be himself almost at the mercy of the ambassador whom he treated so brutally. Guillaume returned to Avignon, and was preparing to go again into Italy as legate, armed with the amplest powers to raise forces against Barnabo by every possible means, when the victory of San Ruffello

put an end, for the time, to all danger from that tyrant. He was then made Abbot of St. Victor at Marseilles; and then again despatched into Italy as legate to Naples, where the affairs of Queen Joanna required the presence of a representative of the Holy See. He seems to have lingered at various points on the road; and was praying by the tomb of his founder St. Benedict, at Monte Cassino, before entering Naples, when a messenger from Avignon reached him, bidding him, in the name of the Cardinals assembled in conclave, return at once, as they required his advice on a matter of the highest moment. He had heard of the death of Innocent VI. at Florence, and is said to have cried, that he would willingly die the next day, if, by the grace of God, he could see a Pope who was minded to come into Italy, the true seat of the spiritual authority, in order to destroy the tyrants that afflicted her. Their lordships the Cardinals had probably not heard of this speech, or his friend Guillaume d'Aigrefeuille, the former Bishop of Uzès, whose Vicar he had been, might have found more difficulty in persuading them to elect him Pope. On receiving the summons of the Sacred College, he hastened his return; and was solemnly crowned at Avignon on the 5th of November 1362.

The very outset of his reign showed the court and the people of Avignon that there was to be a change in the manner of administering the Papal government. Urban suppressed the magnificent *cavalcata*, a procession in which the Pope rode in solemn state through the town, which was adorned with every display of pomp and joy, amidst the homage and plaudits of the crowd. Soon he began to make Cardinals and prelates feel his zeal for reform. He abolished the right of asylum attached to the palaces of the former; it had often been used to shelter crime and injustice. He set the pulpit to work against their worldliness and luxury; one of the first orators of the day, Nicholas Oresme, was instructed to preach before the whole court on Christmas-eve, and not to spare the faults even of the highest of his hearers. The sermon produced a great effect. Urban then swept away with a vigorous hand a number of abuses, such as simony and the plurality of benefices, that had grown up to dishonour the ecclesiastical hierarchy. At the same time, however, he began to follow the example of his predecessors in one respect, which revived to some extent the fainting hopes of the Cardinals. He added to the magnificent palace of the Popes at Avignon, at great expense, not only a new wing and a seventh tower,—in memory, no doubt, writes his biographer, of the seven hills of Rome,—but also beautiful and sumptuous gardens. He called his new buildings *Rome*; many about him, probably, wished in secret that he might be satisfied with no

Rome but that. We have already mentioned his strong measures against the incorrigible enemy of the Church, Barnabo Visconti; and also how, when he might have crushed him for ever, he not only made but sought peace with him, sacrificing Albornoze to his enmity; and thus prepared a fresh crop of troubles for himself and his successor. His reason, no doubt, was a sincere desire to pacify Italy and Europe, in order that all Christendom might join in a grand crusade. But it is universally admitted that his peace with Visconti was a mistake—a mistake of that kind, perhaps, which a saintly and charitable soul is more likely to commit than a sage and experienced politician. Barnabo had been touched, at all events for a time, by the burning words of the Archbishop of Crete, Pierre Thomas, one of the most conspicuous and indefatigable servants of the Holy See in that generation. His biographers count the taming of Barnabo as one of his greatest exploits. The Pope may well have believed that the change would be lasting. Men of that kind are, however, seldom really changed by personal influence, unless it be exerted continually, or for a long time together. Even if the crusade had to be delayed awhile—and, as it was, it ended in nothing,—if it required the peace of Italy and the Christian world as its necessary condition, that peace could only have been firmly secured by the extinction of so permanent a cause of disturbance as was contained in the power of Barnabo.

We intend to devote our present paper as much to Pierre Thomas as to Urban himself. It is not only that his character is noble and attractive, but it bears also the stamp of the age to which he belongs, and his career illustrates the action of the Holy See on the world at large, at the very time that it is supposed to have been losing its power. He was of about the same age as the Pope, born in a village in Languedoc, of poor and obscure parents. When quite young, he got off to a neighbouring town, led by a desire to go to school; and he managed to pick up knowledge enough, after a time, to be able to support himself by teaching others. At the age of twenty we find him at Agen, still leading the same kind of life: here a Carmelite Prior falls in with him, and offers him a home in his own monastery where he is to teach grammar and logic to the students. After some time thus spent, he attracted the attention of another Carmelite superior, who persuaded him to renounce the world entirely, and enter the Order in the monastery at Condom. He at once began to be a pattern in every religious virtue. A great many more years of study and teaching brought him on to the age of forty, when he was sufficiently conspicuous in the Order to be elected by a General Chapter held at Milan in 1345, to the office of Procurator-general of the

Order at Avignon. His fellow-religious, St. Andrew Corsini, afterwards Archbishop of Florence, was present with him at this Chapter. His removal to Avignon brought him under the notice of the Papal court. He was already famous for the force and efficacy of his preaching, his fame began to increase wonderfully among the Cardinals and others about the Pope, and he was very much courted by them as an adviser.

Let us take a few lines from his character at this time, as drawn by his friend and biographer, Philippe Mazières: "Though he had now gained so high a place in the court, he was always subject to his Prior and the rules of his convent: he always rose for Matins: never, all his life, till he was Bishop and Apostolic Legate, did he eat in his monastery except in the common refectory, or of any other food than what his poor brethren had. His holy conversation and wonderful preaching made him wonderfully beloved and venerated, specially by the townspeople, tradesmen, and women, whom he had prevailed on by his sermons to give up the superfluous adorning of their hair with pearls, and other vanities. He himself confessed to me, that on one occasion, when his monastery at Avignon was exceedingly poor, he made a *quête* (*unam questam*) in Avignon alone, and came back in the evening, having collected a thousand florins on that one day: so much was he beloved on account of his virtue. No one denied him what he asked for, and he supported and fed his religious brethren wherever he was. In his preaching he spared no one,—neither the lord Pope, nor any one else. He commonly made people laugh in the middle of his sermons, telling some pleasant and useful anecdote; but at the end of them he so spoke that every one went away consoled and edified. . . . There was no such preacher in the Church of God in his day, whose works preceded and followed his words; and truly his life might be called not human, but divine, for he cared for nothing earthly, except only the increase of the Catholic faith."

We are told that he was personally so ugly and insignificant, that the General of the Order had not been pleased at his election to so important a post, and did not at first like to take him as companion in his visits to the Cardinals and the Pope. The Cardinal Talleyrand, however, discovered his merit. He was employed by Innocent VI. in several difficult legations, in most of which he was wonderfully successful. He was a plain, resolute man, who would never listen to a compromise of principle, and seems to have been perfectly fearless: but he had at the same time that ineffable charm of gentleness and sweetness with which sanctity can gild the sternest and severest natures. Queen Joanna and her husband, Louis of Taren-

tum, the emperors Charles IV. and John Palæologus, the kings of Cyprus, Hungary, and Rascia, the republics of Venice and Genoa, besides the tyrant of Milan, received him in turn as the envoy of the Holy See. He was made successively Bishop of Patti and Lipari then of Coron in Achaia, then Archbishop of Crete, and finally Patriarch of Constantinople. He was legate in the whole East, and laboured much in Cyprus, Crete, and the coasts of Asia Minor, for the protection of the Christians against the ever-increasing power of the Turks, and for the reconciliation of heretics and schismatics. The crusade, for the sake of which he returned to Europe in company with the king of Cyprus, and of which he was appointed legate and chief after the death of the Cardinal Talleyrand, was, as we shall see, a sad failure,—a failure which broke his spirit, and brought him to the grave.

He had been the life and the soul of the work of the Church in the East, from the time that he was sent as nuncio to John Palæologus, whom he persuaded to submit to the Catholic Church. At the time that he was employed in these difficult embassies and legations, he led as far as possible the same recollected and mortified life as within the walls of his monastery. We have mentioned his singular intrepidity. The king of Rascia—a part of the country now known as Servia—claimed the title of Emperor of the Bulgarians and had sent to the Pope to propose terms for bringing over his subjects to the communion of the Church from the Greek schism. He was, as it seems, more than half a barbarian, and the Papal nuncio sent to deal with him was likely to require considerable nerve and courage. First, there was a demand that Pierre Thomas should kiss the foot of this would-be emperor, when he had his audience; a stipulation which he rejected as unworthy of a legate of the Holy See. He charmed the king for a time by his conversation, and even produced some effect on him by his arguments; but the interview ended in an unfriendly manner. The king immediately issued an edict forbidding his Catholic subjects and any Catholic residents in the city to be present at the Mass or Divine Office of the legate, on pain of losing their eyes. Pierre Thomas was not to be daunted: he not only continued to celebrate Mass in public, but he invited all the Catholics to assist at his Mass the next day; and his summons brought together so numerous an audience, that the king was obliged to digest his wrath as best he might, after having been told openly by one of the German officers in his service that the Catholics would not be debarred from the free enjoyment of their religion. Another time, when in Crete, he put down a rising heresy by simple resolution. We tell the story in the words of Philippe Mazières. Pierre

Thomas, while in the Levant, heard news from Crete which "disturbed his heart not a little: namely, that a certain abominable heresy was spreading itself in that island, and particularly among the nobles and greater people. Wishing therefore to extinguish it before it gained strength, the legate put aside all the other affairs of his mission, and sailed to Crete with a single galley. All his friends had counselled him against this, for two reasons: for he had, by the force of his wonderful preaching, retained many galleys belonging to the Venetians in the service of God against the Turks, for some space of time beyond that fixed by their seignury. His friends therefore were afraid that, if he went to Crete, the governor there would demand of him payment for the galleys aforesaid, which he was quite unable to make. The other reason was, that the leader of the heresy there was brother to the wife of the governor. But the legate, fearing God rather than man, and making little account of the death of his own body and of his friends, full of confidence in God and earnestness in the discharge of his office, laid aside all fear, and went up to the city of Gandia, where he was received by the governor, not as a legate and a friend, but as an enemy. What his friends had feared came about, and much more; for the governor, knowing not the ways of God, importunately, proudly, and with threats, demanded of the legate the pay for the aforementioned galleys. But the legate, wisely taking no notice of his words, began with subtlety to seek out the heresy. When he had discovered it, he caused those infected with it who were dwelling in the city to be called before him. The brother of the governor's wife was one of them, and indeed their leader. They had planted it firmly in the island, and corrupted many. They agreed together how to act, and then came before the legate with pride, arrogance, and indignation. He addressed them sweetly and piously, and examined them in the faith. But they made light of his good and sweet words, and answered him arrogantly and not to the purpose. He then determined to separate them, and examine them one by one, asking for this purpose, in the name of the Roman Church, help from the secular arm,—that is, from the governor. When the governor heard of it, full of fury and ill-will, and excited by his wife, he came to the legate, loaded him with abuse, denied him all help, and added threats against his own safety. Upon which an outcry began to spread through the city and the island for the death of the legate and the Latins with him who belonged to the Roman Church. And then all the household of the legate gave themselves up for dead, and expected the moment of the death of their lord. He, however, saw nothing of all this; being strong in the Lord, and fearless himself, he encouraged his Latin

companions of the Roman Church, and animated them to be ready to die for the Catholic faith, if it were necessary.* The next day he showed the power of God and of His Church: with the sound of the bells he put under an interdict and excommunication the governor and the whole city; he suspended the Divine Office, and caused the doors of all the Latin churches to be closed; and spoke to the governor words that caused all to wonder, telling him that the Roman Church gave kingdoms to faithful men, and took them away from unfaithful; and that if the Venetians supported the disobedient and heretics, the lord Pope would take away from them the dominion of Crete, and give it to others. The governor, however, hearing the great things of God, and the works that were done of Him, took counsel; the fear of God smote his heart, and he began to be afraid of the Pope and the seigneurs of Venice. Then, being softened by God, he came in person to the legate, and asked pardon for himself for what had been done. The legate received him humbly, and by his holy words recalled him and the others from their malice; so that the governor and his council were present at the examination of the heretics, and in their presence the latter were condemned by the legate to death by fire. The heretics having been justly condemned, they confessed their heresy before all, and then recanted it before the legate and the rest, and devoutly implored pardon. But the brother of the governor's wife persevered in his heresy, and so was burnt by the secular arm,—that is, by his own brother-in-law the governor. Wonderful, and more than wonderful! The people of Crete, who had been favourers of the heresy, and had gnashed their teeth against the legate, now venerated him and almost worshipped him, and the governor and nobles paid him such great honour, that whatever he willed was carried out."

The account given by the same simple and admiring biographer of the efforts of Pierre Thomas to set on foot the crusade of which we have already made some mention is quite touching. Few things of the kind move us more than to see an earnest and self-sacrificing attempt on the part of some high-minded and far-seeing man to rouse others to exertion in a great and holy cause meet with neglect cold sympathy, scanty aid, and end in disappointment and failure and the feeling is enhanced in proportion to our estimate of the importance of the cause that such efforts were meant to serve, and of the lowness and selfishness of the motives that prevented men from taking it up heartily. At the same time, we must not be too severe on the contemporaries of Pierre Thomas, who were not very unlike

* The text in the Bollandists (Jan. tom. ii. p. 1003) seems here and there corrupt. We have ventured in this place to read *roboravit* for *laboravit*.

the generality of mankind in giving their attention exclusively to the matters that seemed to them of present and tangible importance, and in failing to realise the necessities of distant brethren and the magnitude of dangers still future and contingent. Exertion is always hard, and, besides, men are never without claims on all their disposable energies. It is true that the kings and princes of Europe might have had more creditable excuses to plead than their continual bickerings among themselves; but the gist of their answers was, that their hands were full at home. We all know what it is to be canvassed—some people would say, to be attacked—by one of those good missionary priests, who, after having spent a great part perhaps of their life, and a still larger share of their health and strength, in some distant part of the world,—India, China, or the Rocky Mountains,—have come back to Europe with hearts full of the manifold needs and wonderful opportunities of their missions, to beg, for the love of God, for the aid of Catholic charity to enable them to carry on their work, or to win—a still more precious treasure in their eyes—some few volunteers from the swarms of young men who are ever entering upon the career of life, to take part with themselves in reaping the plentiful harvest where the labourers are so few. It is not always that we find it easy to enter heart and soul into the furtherance of new calls such as these. We are sometimes inclined to turn away, with civility and respect, from these importunate suppliants, though they come to us almost with the stamp of martyrdom on their brow, and ask us for little indeed in comparison to the sacrifices they themselves have made to the divinest work in the world. Or we free ourselves from them by a slight contribution to the cause for which they plead, and we have done with it: though what it requires is, that many, or that all, should take it up and urge it on, if it is to have a chance of success. The good men pass on, far too accustomed to such rebuffs to be angry, far too charitable to make the calculation to themselves, how many missionaries they might support, how many orphans they might feed and clothe, in those distant lands that are for ever in their thoughts, with the cost perhaps of some of our superfluities. They pass on, to meet with much the same treatment elsewhere, and we turn to our own occupations; and their image, and the thought of the cause in which they sought to interest us, fade away, like the remembrance of a guest “who tarrieth but a day,” till we hear, perhaps, three or four years after, that they have fallen victims to some pestilential climate, or have been poisoned by bonzes or schismatics, or tortured and laden with the *kang* by mandarins and “satellites.” Could we enter into their thoughts, of course our wonder would be, not that any one

should be drawn to engage in such an enterprise as theirs, but that any one could help joining it. The immense fruit of grace and glory that is to be gained by the conversion of the ignorant heathen; the wonderful efficacy and plenteousness of the heavenly assistance by which the work is made easy, so far surpassing, if we may judge from what is told us by the workers themselves, what is commonly to be found when the sphere of action lies among a corrupt, though Christian, population; the ineffable peace and joy of which St. Francis Xavier so constantly speaks, and which seems in its degree to be the common lot even of ordinary followers in his footsteps; and, on the other hand, the importance to the Church that the work of evangelising should be done—done at once, and the hopeless mischief that may follow on delay;—these, and other considerations of the same kind, on which this is not the place to enter, would loom in such large proportions before the mind, as to dwarf other interests into comparative insignificance. Men of this sort see truths that belong to us all, as to which every one has a real interest and duty; but they see them in a light unshared by others, which seems to bring to them a new sense, and to transform them by engrossing them. They seem dreamers to others, and others seem dreamers to them.

Such men in our own time may serve as an illustration of the class of minds of which Pierre Thomas is an instance in the fourteenth century; and when they present themselves to a Christian community already fully occupied at home with its own projects and schemes of good, and remind it of duties undeniable indeed, yet still distant, or even of dangers not yet altogether tangible, the welcome they receive is not likely to correspond to their own estimate of the importance of their cause. They sing to us a song that we have heard before, and it calls us to exertion and self-sacrifice. Have we not our own work to do, our own perils to meet?

In the case of Pierre Thomas, however, it was not a question only of enlarging the bounds of the Church, of bringing in souls that might otherwise remain as they were, of adding fresh nations to the community of Christendom. In the mind of such as he, it was a question of recovering lost ground; of rolling back a tide of infidel and barbarian conquest that had been encroaching for centuries on the heritage of Christianity, that seemed to be ever increasing in power and ferocity, and to be already mastering the outworks without which the defence of the citadel itself might become impossible. It was no mere sentiment, "for the possession of a grave," as some one has lately said; forgetting, as it seems, Whose grave it was of which he spoke. No doubt it was simple Christian feeling that burst forth, like the waters from the rock at the prophet's touch

when Peter the Hermit first woke up Europe for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. No doubt this was always the great universal moving cause, when the masses were enlisted in the army of the Cross; and as to this, St. Louis did not differ from the poorest man-at-arms who followed him, nor did the Roman Pontiffs and the long line of saints, who did so much to urge on what was called the "holy passage," yield to any in the depth and intensity of the "sentiment." This is only to say, that it was a natural feeling in every Catholic heart, the force of which will be greater with one person than with another, and perhaps in one age than in another; but of which, with all persons and in all times, it would be simply shameful to be devoid. It does not follow that the line of action suggested by such a feeling would not be equally prompted by the most sagacious statesmanship, and made imperative by the most dispassionate consideration for the interests and the safety of the civilised world. If the Turks were as formidable and as aggressive now as then, and Europe not stronger or more united than it was in the fourteenth century, the wisest politicians of the day—men whom no one would suspect of a spark of sentiment or enthusiasm—would certainly try to lead public opinion and general action in the very same direction towards which it was the aim of Pierre Thomas to guide them. Men had not yet become so familiar with the desolation of the East as to think it a matter of course that the fairest and most historic regions in the world were to be for ever blighted—religiously, morally, and even physically—by the dominion of the false prophet. The Christian kingdom of Armenia only fell about this time; and others were still standing with whom the Christians of Europe were more or less closely allied. Nor were the latter ready to accept it as an accomplished fact, against which no effort should be made, that their brethren, groaning under Mussulman tyranny, and in imminent danger of losing their faith itself, in addition to every thing else, were to be left to their fate under that abominable rule. But if men were not to be moved for the recovery of what had been lost, for its own sake, at least no one could be blind to the truth that what remained to Christianity was itself in the greatest danger; and that the best hope was to fight the infidel on the ground that he had made his own, rather than wait for the onslaught of his further advance. Constantinople was still Christian; but the Greek empire, chastised for its schism, was but the shadow of the power to which, but for the sins of its emperors, and, alas! also of its bishops, it might have been given, not only to resist all attacks upon itself, but to carry the faith of Christ to the steppes of Tartary and the farthest shores of Asia. Every one could see that it was tottering to its fall, and then

no one could tell where would be the Eastern frontier of Christendom, and how long Germany and Italy would remain untouched. As we look back on those distant centuries,—for their character and general spirit make them more distant to us than the mere interval of time that separates us from them,—it requires no very profound political discernment to see that Europe was in imminent danger, and that the destinies of the whole civilised world were interested in her being able to withstand the encroachments of the Turks. There was strength enough, indeed, in the Christian countries. France, England, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy had brave and skilful warriors, who only required to be combined and directed against the common foe. But what was to unite them? The Christian nations were engaged in tearing one another to pieces. England and France were always either at war, or expecting to be so; the presence even of the Moors failed to unite the different kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula; there was little peace in Germany; and in Italy, Venice and Genoa, Pisa and Florence, were never so ready for any thing as to fight one another, and the lords of Milan were ever plotting to extend their dominions at the expense of their neighbours. It seems much the same story century after century, till at last the battle of Christendom had to be fought at Lepanto, at Malta, and under the walls of Vienna itself. Providence overruled the apparently inevitable results; though when Constantinople fell in the fifteenth century, the preponderance of force was on the side of the infidel. That since that time the balance has been so strikingly reversed, that the Turk has come to depend on the jealousies of European powers as his best chance for obtaining toleration, is to be attributed philosophically to the native vitality and powers of progress that Christian nations possess, and to the active principle of decay and dissolution inherent in the corrupt and loathsome systems of government and society under which their rivals lived. The two trees have been planted side by side—the one has grown into a giant, the other has shrunk up and dwindled into a withered stock. If this be so, it follows that the Crusades, unsuccessful as they were in their main object,—more especially the later expeditions, such as that of which we are speaking,—still materially served the cause of Christianity and civilisation. Every half-century that was gained gave the Christian nations of Europe time to develop their native resources, and follow out the law of growth and progress, which ended by making them, without dispute, the human arbiters of the world. Every check that held back the westward advance of the Turks gave them, too, time to ripen in their own way—if ripening is a term that can be used for the working of the inherent poison and corruption which has blighted

and worn down those once fierce and terrible barbarians, till they have been fain to take their place as sickly mendicants at the doors of Christian civilisation.

Such a result as this, if it could have been foreseen at all, was not likely to enter into the head of Pierre de Lusignan, the king of Cyprus, and of the holy legate, Pierre Thomas, of whom we are speaking. Their first efforts to rouse Europe for the cause of the Holy Passage were not unsuccessful. The Grandmaster of Rhodes, of course, was ready; Venice offered ships; Genoa and other Italian states were induced, by the fervent pleadings of the legate, to promise assistance. At Avignon, where they arrived when Urban V. was still fresh on the throne, they found John king of France, who took the Cross from the hands of the Pope on Good Friday, and was appointed by him captain-general of the crusade. Pierre de Lusignan went himself to seek aid from the emperor and the kings of England, Poland, and Hungary. Pierre Thomas went as his envoy to Milan; and it was then that his prayers and conversation won so much upon Barnabo, that he professed his willingness to make peace with the Church in the manner already mentioned. But the fair prospect was soon clouded over. The French king died, and with him the best hopes of the expedition. The other European princes hung back. The king of Cyprus had appointed too early a time for coming to Venice, whence the crusade was to take its departure, and was not ready. The Venetians had a rebellion in Candia to deal with, and, besides, were averse to endangering their trade with the East without the support of Europe. They withdrew their offer of ships, and would not even let the king have them by paying for them. Pierre Thomas argued and entreated, and carried on the negotiations for six weeks with a deputation of nobles appointed by the seignury to treat with him. At length he prevailed on them to offer ships for two thousand soldiers, their horses, arms, retainers, and commissariat for the space of three months; half the expense to be defrayed by themselves, and half by the king of Cyprus. A slender provision this for so great an undertaking! About this time the Cardinal Talleyrand de Perigord died, and Pierre Thomas became legate of the crusade in his place. He collected a small company of knights who had taken the Cross at Venice, and waited for the king of Cyprus. But the king could not come: he had failed in his application with the princes, and now his delay dispersed the little nucleus of an army that had been gathered by Pierre Thomas. The Venetians were freed from their contract; they gave the king a grand reception when he at last arrived; but all seemed at an end; every one despaired except the holy legate. Then there came a

further trouble : a quarrel between the Genoese and the king of Cyprus, on account of some misunderstanding that had occurred in the island during his absence. The Genoese had promised their aid for the crusade ; now their hot Italian blood boiled up ; they prepared for war, and even refused to negotiate. No one was to meet or to receive any ambassador the king might send ; he was to be denied the commonest hospitality. No one could hope to calm them but Pierre Thomas. He represented not only the king, but the Pope also ; and so might have a chance. He was assailed and almost stoned at his entrance into Genoa, and could only with difficulty find a lodging in a church to which a hospital was attached, and that in his character of Papal Legate. The Pope and some princes wrote to mollify the Genoese ; but they remained long obdurate. But Pierre Thomas never gave up what he had undertaken ; and at length his patience and power of persuasion prevailed, and he was able to go back to Venice and tell the king that peace had been made. But the crusade seemed hopeless. No one would move hand or foot to help Pierre de Lusignan. He had to make the whole expedition, such as it was, at his own expense. He sent forward a few hundred men to Rhodes, and followed them with but two galleys and a small additional force : there the forces of his own kingdom met him, about sixty sail, including transports and small craft of every kind ; the Knights of St. John joined them, to the number of a hundred, and armed their own galleys. The whole armament amounted at last to about a hundred vessels, carrying about ten thousand soldiers of all kinds, and fourteen hundred horse. The legate was the life and soul of the expedition, which, after sailing from Rhodes without disclosing the point at which it aimed, appeared suddenly before Alexandria, which was fortified and garrisoned more than sufficiently to resist its assailants. But the Christian army effected a landing, pursued the enemy to the gates of the city, forced them, and effected an entrance ; a panic seized the defenders ; and in a few hours Alexandria was in the hands of Pierre de Lusignan. So brilliant and unexpected a success, however, frightened the crusaders instead of encouraging them ; they despaired of being able to retain their conquest till succour should arrive to them from Europe. And certainly they had not much reason to reckon on the activity of the Christian princes, who had turned so deaf an ear to the pleadings of the king of Cyprus. Alexandria was pillaged, and then the greater part of the crusaders seemed to feel that they had had enough of the Holy War. In the letter written by Pierre Thomas to the Pope and the emperor, giving an account of the capture and the subsequent abandonment of the city, he complains in severe terms of the Eng-

lish, who formed an important part of the army; of a certain prince, whose name he does not mention; and of the commander of the Knights of St. John,—as having been the leaders in the desertion of the conquered post. The majority of the timid party no doubt were simply anxious to get home with the immense spoil that they had so easily acquired. There may, however, have been some reason to fear that the post could not be long maintained. Pierre Thomas returned almost broken-hearted to Cyprus with the king. He roused himself, however, to organise solemn processions of thanksgiving for the success that had been obtained, and was preparing once more to depart for Europe, to try to obtain help for a fresh attempt, when he fell sick and died.

If we were disposed to criticise the character of Urban V., we might be inclined to say that the tenacious and indomitable resolution of his legate, Pierre Thomas, was just the quality that was wanting to make his character rise to the level of greatness. There are some men who can conceive the noblest designs, and can enter on them with much of the courage and disregard of difficulties that they always require; but they are satisfied with the first success, and can be led away from the complete accomplishment or permanent maintenance of some great work, not so much by the difficulties that still remain, or by fears for the future, as by a kind of natural inconstancy, which makes a fresh achievement more attractive to them than the quiet and toilsome working-out of a victory already gained into all its natural consequences; and the weariness that follows after the excitement of such a victory may well be supposed to help them to take an exaggerated view of the importance of some new design, or to underrate the evils that may ensue on the too early relinquishment of a position that it has cost them so much to win. Such, at least, seems to be the historical explanation of the latter part of Urban's too short pontificate. It is summed up in two sentences: that he went back to Rome, and then from Rome back to France. He restored the Holy See to its home; but he did not keep it there. It required a great effort to do the first of these things—a too great effort to do the second; but no one can doubt, both as to the first and as to the second, that Urban V. acted on the highest and the purest motives. He was a man of very great mental activity; and he had come to the throne of St. Peter at a time when a great many most important projects had to be carried on at once. Had his views been less large, he might more easily have contented himself with doing one thing well before he began another: he might have adjourned his crusade, rather than make a premature peace with Barnabo Visconti; and he might have pro-

vided for the rooting of the Papal court at Rome before he left Italy again, in the hope that his presence might prevent a renewal of the bloody wars between England and France. Men of his stamp have more enterprise than endurance; they are like generals who can act on the offensive better than they can conduct a retreat, or stand a siege. The precipitate treaty with Barnabo left him strong enough to cause fresh troubles not long after Urban's return to Italy; and the Pope found himself in danger, or at least less safe than in France. The character of the emperor Charles IV. left little to be hoped from him, though his intentions were good. There was certainly much to fear if Urban remained in Italy; his was hardly the character to realise the prudence of braving all such dangers rather than leave a great work unaccomplished.

We have already seen that the return to Rome was one of Urban's earliest intentions; that to see it accomplished had been his ardent desire before he was raised to the pontifical chair. It was not carried out till the fifth year of his reign. He had, of course, to encounter the greatest opposition both from the Cardinals and from the French king. When he had decided on the step, five of the former refused to accompany him. The king sent him an embassy, of which the orator Oresme formed part, who addressed the Pontiff in a long speech, taking for his text the anecdote of St. Peter's meeting with our Lord outside the gates of Rome,—*Domine, quo vadis?* He set forth with much force the reasons that the Pope might have for returning to the legitimate seat of the Papacy; but he endeavoured to show that the Romans were a set of people among whom it would be impossible to live in peace. He proved his point by history and quotation, from the foundation of the city by a band of robbers, down to the strong expressions of St. Bernard to Pope Eugenius. The people of France, on the contrary, were a peaceable nation, and the land in which the Pope found himself was blessed by God.

Unfortunately for the arguments of the orator, Urban had just had an unmistakable proof that France was not so much more peaceable as a residence than Italy, after all. One of the great miseries of that time consisted in the ravages of the 'companies.' Whenever the various sovereigns and lords who had been at war came to terms one with another, they immediately disbanded their armies. As a natural consequence, a number of soldiers were thrown upon the world, who had learnt their own power, and had become so accustomed to the lawless and licentious life they had been leading, as to prefer it to one of quiet, and perhaps poverty, at home, if indeed they had any home. They clung together, therefore; placed

themselves under a commander; and lived upon rapine and exaction. France was full of these bands, in consequence of the peace with England; and the great English company, under Sir John Hawkwood, about which we hear a good deal in the history of Florence at this time, was formed originally of Englishmen who had occupied lands in France during the war, and had been compelled to give them up at the peace of Bretigny. Urban V. had issued severe censures against these companies; but at the time of which we are speaking they had had the audacity to exact an immense ransom from him for the city of Avignon; and he had been compelled to absolve them from the censures he had inflicted. This insult had sunk into his heart; and it had shown him that Avignon was no longer safe as a place where the government of the Church could be carried on without the constant disturbance which might be expected at Rome. He had also had a visit from the famous Peter, a Franciscan friar belonging to the royal house of Aragon, who had urged him earnestly to carry out the design which was so dear to the hearts of all saintly persons at that time. These warnings and entreaties had probably more weight with Urban than a long letter he had before received from Petrarch, ever ready to parade his rhetoric on his favourite topic. He dwelt on the desolate state of the churches and shrines at Rome in the absence of the Pontiffs: "The churches of the Apostles were heaps of stone; the Lateran Basilica, 'the Mother of Churches,' was open to the wind and the rain."* Petrarch went so far as to ask the Pope whether he would prefer to rise at the Day of Judgment with the "famous sinners of Avignon," or with the Apostles Peter and Paul, St. Laurence, St. Stephen, and the other martyrs whose bodies rested at Rome.

When Urban had once landed at Corneto his progress towards the Eternal City became a continual triumph, and the whole of Italy seemed to tremble with joy. Yet before he entered Rome, while resting at Viterbo, he was annoyed by a sedition that suddenly broke out, and was for some days almost besieged in his palace. The Italians immediately saw in this disastrous beginning an argument that would not fail to be used by the French Cardinals to induce the Pope to return. In fact, Urban himself seems to have thought of this step at once. He ordered that the fortifications of Avignon should be carried on with all possible speed, and that even the

* It had been burnt down at the beginning of the century, and restored at the expense of Clement VI.; but it had been burnt down again in 1360, under Urban's immediate predecessor. There was an earthquake at Rome in 1349, from which St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and St. Maria Maggiore had suffered greatly.

Cardinals' houses should be pulled down if they interfered with the ramparts. Nevertheless, when he entered Rome, all seemed to promise a permanent restoration of the Pontiffs to their see. Urban celebrated Mass at St. Peter's in the presence of an immense crowd; and when he came to give the benediction at the end, and began, "*Sit nomen Domini benedictum;*" he added, "*qui voluit ut ego complerem votum et voluntatem meam.*" One of the Cardinals fell ill from the fatigue of the journey and the anxiety caused by the sedition of Viterbo; and, when he was near death, sent to beg the Pope to let him follow the advice of his physicians and go back to his native country for a chance of recovery. Urban sent him word that if he thought at such a time of his earthly country, he was wrong; and bade him fix all his thoughts upon his true country in heaven, and prepare himself for the account he must give before he could enter there.

The Pope, however, had soon cause to be dissatisfied with the Romans, though his return had brought prosperity and affluence to their city, to which it had long been a stranger. The chief power had lately fallen into the hands of an elective magistracy, called the Banderesi, or bannerets; they were the heads of the different *rioni* into which the city was divided. The people elected them, and they were more frequently the ringleaders of turbulence and anarchy than the instruments of good government, peace, and justice. Urban tried to put them down, and failed; but as long as their power existed, there could be no safety for the Pope or his court. The middle class, which was a considerable power in cities like Florence, and on which much reliance might have been placed to check at once the violence of the nobles and the revolutionary spirit of those who had nothing to lose, did not exist in Rome. The Pope first left the city for the sake of his health. He was affected by the growing heats of the summer, and retired to the purer air of Montefiascone on the shores of the Lake of Bolsena. This place now became his favourite residence, though he went to Viterbo on great occasions, as when the emperor and empress came to visit him; and also, again, when Perugia revolted, and Montefiascone became an unsafe place. Rome was certainly very uninviting to one who had passed so many years of his life as a quiet Benedictine monk in the pure air of Provence. During the absence of the Holy See it had declined wonderfully in external magnificence; this was the period of the great destruction of the glorious monuments of antiquity, which were mostly still in existence in the thirteenth century; and Christian Rome—the Rome of the basilicas, palaces, and churches—had hardly fared much better than her pagan predecessor. Neglect, poverty, spoilation had all

been at work uninterruptedly during the absence of the Papacy; and fire and earthquake had had their part in producing desolation. Probably hardly a person about the court but felt the climate as a severe trial; and men who fear no other danger quail before malaria. But there was a barrier between the new-comers and the inhabitants, with which it would have taken a long time to do away. The French felt themselves strangers, and the Romans felt that their guests had nothing in common with them but their religion. At length Urban took a step, which showed in what direction his own mind was looking. In the autumn of 1367 he made ten new Cardinals; two of them only were Italians; the rest, with the exception of Simon Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury, were Frenchmen. This promotion signified nothing less than that he had made up his mind that the next Pontiff must be a Frenchman, and that the time was not yet come when Rome could again be trusted as the home of the successor of St. Peter.

No one but himself ever knew fully the motives on which Urban acted. The troubles of Italy had recommenced; he had been besieged in Viterbo by the insurgents from Perugia, who had taken Hawkwood into their pay; he had been obliged to go to war with Visconti, and excommunicate him afresh; he had no allies on whom he could count; and his last hope, the king of Hungary, who had promised 10,000 men, would not come till he was assured of their pay. If the Holy See were to become vacant by his own death, every kind of trouble was to be expected from a conclave at Rome. These were strong reasons for seeking a place of safety; and reasons such as these are more likely to have had weight with Urban than the desire to breathe again his native air, and other such considerations, to which his resolution has been attributed by his historians. At the same time, when he announced his intention of returning to Avignon, the declaration not only threw the Roman people into the greatest alarm and despondency, and brought on him another lecture from the indefatigable Petrarch; but it gave pain and grief to the many saintly souls with whom that time abounded, which were evidenced by remonstrances from some, and even threats from others. Peter of Aragon again came to visit him, and is said to have foretold to him the miseries of the great schism, as the consequence of what he was doing. St. Bridget forced herself into his presence,—the Cardinal to whom she applied would not take her message,—and told him that it had been revealed to her, that if he returned to France he would at once die. But he had taken his resolution on what seemed to him just grounds; and he would not alter it for an uncertain revelation. From the manner in which he spoke of his

departure in a letter to the Roman people, and from the measure he took to transplant the whole machinery of the Papal court once more to Avignon, it seems that he did not mean to return to Rome even though he should succeed in pacifying England and France. This was the avowed cause of his journey; the danger that might be feared in Italy could not be publicly assigned as its motive. He had no time to show whether he regretted his departure. He had hardly taken in hand the peace which he desired to bring about, when his last sickness struck him; and he died on the 19th December, not three months after his return to France. He is said to have vowed in the course of his illness, that he would retrace his steps to Rome. It is certain that he died like a saint, with the utmost peace and resignation; and that the Cardinal who succeeded him had made the same vow for himself, if he should ever be Pope, before his election took place.

H. J. C.

Books.

WELCOME, my books, my golden store!
 Your leaves my eyes, my hands explore;
 With you my sweetest hours have flown,—
 My best of life with you alone.
 When none in the wide world could cheer,
 Your wisdom dried the bitter tear;
 When summer skies were fresh and blue,
 None could rejoice with me like you:
 What living voice may speak among
 Your silent and time-hallowed throng?
 For you, the best of every age,
 I quit the world's degenerate stage.

*Translation from Ranzan: "Salvete aureo
 mei libelli," &c.*

Too Late.

A TALE.

CHAPTER IV.

"THERE she is!" cried Minnie, who was sitting in the garden with Mrs. Carsdale and Rose; "there she is! see, mama, does she not look charming on horseback?" and Minnie, without waiting for an assent, ran to the gate of the Gray House, where Ida Beauchamp was dismounting from her horse with the assistance of an antiquated groom, who had been long since named by Minnie the "retainer." The graceful riding-costume well became Ida's beauty. She looked radiant with health and loveliness, as, gathering up her long skirts, she hastened across the lawn to Mrs. Carsdale and Rose.

"How deliciously cool it is!" she said, as she seated herself under a tuft of shady trees, which in that barren county were considered a great ornament in the garden of the Gray House. "As to Beauchamp, my dear Mrs. Carsdale, it is positively like a furnace; if it goes on much longer like this, we shall be obliged to have air blown down to us by machinery from the top of the hill."

"Why don't you come and stay here with us, then?" said Minnie, laughing. "What glorious fun we should have! If Arthur does not make haste back from London, I shall die of *ennui*. There's Rose, that most pusillanimous of mortals, though she's quite strong now, won't go out with Jack Tarver, or come into any dangerous places."

"My dear Minnie," said Mrs. Carsdale, "how can you talk in such a way! I'm sure, I hope you never will go into any dangerous places."

"Never mind her," said Ida; "she will never come to grief, Mrs. Carsdale. There are some people who always turn up again; as you will observe when you have lived as long as I have. But have not you any curiosity to know what brings me here this morning, at the imminent peril of life and limb?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Carsdale, "I never can imagine how your father can—"

"Let me go on as I do, you meant to say, I know," laughed Ida; "for one very good reason, because he can't help himself. But, really and seriously, home has, since last night, eight P.M., become unbearable."

"Why?" exclaimed all her auditors in a breath.

"At eight P.M.," said Ida, "clatter of carriage-wheels up the

avenue; enter the Earl of Effington, Lady Isabella, maids and valets innumerable."

"And you have left them all?" said Rose, in an astonished tone.

"Lady Isabella must be quite a child,—isn't she?" said Mrs. Carsdale; "for, if I recollect rightly, the present Lord Effington married one of the Miss Forresters."

"Yes, he did," said Ida, and her face grew pale in a moment; "he married her. She was my cousin, Mrs. Carsdale, and the sweetest girl—" Her emotion stopped her for a moment. "We were often together as children. She was so good, so dear; and then, that he should—murder her!"

"Oh, Ida!" exclaimed Rose and Minnie in a breath; while Mrs. Carsdale's gentle voice was heard, bidding Ida beware of exaggeration.

"Well, he did, Mrs. Carsdale; he worried her life out of her. She was one of those excessively unselfish people; and he the most exacting, the most tiresome, prosy, fidgety creature. What she could ever see in him, I don't know; but they were always tormenting her to marry; and then he was *good*, as she said; and so that bright gentle being sacrificed herself."

Rose ventured to remark that Lord Effington *was* a very good man, she believed.

"Oh, yes; just that tiresome sort of goodness I do so dislike. Well, there he is; and really I could not stand a whole day of him and his model child. Reginald and Ferdinand are coming to-night; and I mean Reggie to amuse Isabella. It will keep him in training for Shelburne. So I left Isabella and her governess to Mrs. Payne's care. And as papa and Lord Effington had gone out for the morning, I escaped; but fancy papa's dismay when he came back to luncheon!" And Ida laughed merrily again.

Rose watched her mother's face, and saw it was more discomposed than usual by what seemed, after all, but an accustomed instance of Ida's wilfulness.

"Don't look so grave, dear Mrs. Carsdale, or I shall fancy you are not glad to see me."

"Nay, you know the contrary too well," said Rose, answering for her mother; "but the truth is, mama is fancying that though you came safely under Stevens's escort, you will hardly get back so quickly, and you will have to go by the long road."

"I have managed much better than that," said Ida; "the carriage is gone to meet my brothers at Welton to-day, and I have sent word they are to come here first and pick me up, and then I can introduce them to you."

Mrs. Carsdale's face brightened at this information, and the conversation soon rambled off to other subjects.

Several weeks had elapsed between the Carsdales' first visit to Beauchamp and the day on which this conversation took place. A sudden intimacy had grown up between the young ladies, which had fairly taken Mr. Beauchamp by surprise. . Ida's contempt for young ladies in general had been expressed so openly, and carried so far, that her fancy for the Miss Carsdales became a veritable friendship before Mr. Beauchamp had time to take the necessary steps for checking it. Though it had gone farther than he altogether liked, yet he really did not care much about the matter; even his fastidious taste could not find any thing in Rose or Minnie which he could think would render them unsuitable companions for his idolised Ida. And having begun by offering warm cordiality to people to whom he wished to be civil, he was obliged to persist in it at his daughter's will. Arthur Carsdale, after settling his mother and sisters comfortably in their new abode, went back to London, and his duties in Lombard Street; and Ida's rides to Newcombe had been frequent, while it had become an understood thing that the Carsdales spent the whole Sunday at Beauchamp.

There were few people more engaging than Ida Beauchamp. To her rare loveliness she united a charm of voice and manner none could resist. If she ruled all around, it was at least with a sway that was loved. The servants, the poor people, the neighbours, loved the sight of her face and the sound of her voice. Over her father she had supreme power, except when, which seldom happened, she came in contact with one of his pet prejudices. She was indeed second in his heart to Ferdinand, his youngest son and his heir; but Ida's own devotion to Ferdinand was too passionate to allow her to murmur that she was not first with her father.

The close of the afternoon brought the carriage, and Reginald and Ferdinand Beauchamp. There was no family likeness between the former and his half-sister, but Mrs. Carsdale started at the striking resemblance to her old playfellow Lady Mary Travers. He was short, and slightly made, with fair hair brushed back from his forehead, and calm honest blue eyes; but his clerical attire and quiet self-possessed manner actually had the effect, as Ida often declared, of making him seem younger than he really was. Never was a greater contrast than between him and Ferdinand: the full dark Spanish eyes, the tall graceful figure, and black hair curling naturally round the head of the latter, gave him a strong resemblance to Ida; but a physiognomist would have found a great difference in the form of the forehead and mouth, and the whole expression of the

features. The visit at the Gray House did not last long; Reginald was evidently uncomfortable as soon as he learned Ida's escapade, and that his father had guests.

"Good-by, dear Mrs. Carsdale, Rose, and Minnie," said Ida, as she prepared to depart; "pity me, for I return to the worship of that bright particular star, Lord Effington. It is *Thursday*; well, you will come on Sunday, won't you? I shall be gone by then; but you can at least weep over my grave."

"We will not forget," said Rose, brightly; and with many promises of future delights to be found at Newcombe, the party stepped into the carriage and drove away.

CHAPTER V.

It was Sunday evening. The sun was sinking in the horizon, and the beautiful cliffs and headlands of Newcombe were wrapped in a soft glow of rose and lilac; there was hardly a ripple on the blue waves, and the moon was rising in silvery loveliness. The Carsdales were standing at the open window of the Gray House, looking out on the wonderful scene of beauty which was spread before them. Mrs. Carsdale's eyes filled with tears, and she pressed Rose's hand. Rose returned the pressure; she knew the beauty of sunset always brought to her mother's memory the sight of those still white faces of her dead children, who had been buried out of her sight long ago, and how from that memory her heart lifted itself up to Heaven and longed to be at rest. It was not till the gathering darkness had veiled the view from their sight that any of the party spoke; then they sat and talked in the twilight, for nobody cared to ring for lights.

"What a very beautiful child that little Lady Isabella is!" said Mrs. Carsdale.

"Yes, mama," replied Minnie; "but how fearfully she will be spoiled!"

"Spoilt, Minnie!" said Arthur. "Why, what did the poor child do to-day that she ought not to have done?"

"Oh, Arthur, how stupid you are! can't you see *that's* what I mean?"

"I confess *that's* beyond me, Minnie."

"Why, I mean the way that man—that Lord Effington—goes on is enough to spoil any child. It was, 'Isabella, don't do that! Isabella, do this! My dear child, what are you about?' till that unfortunate child did not know which way to look. She will grow up a perfect—prig, I was going to say. What is the synonymous term for a prig applied to a woman, mama?"

"Indeed, Minnie, I don't know; I never learnt that remarkable vocabulary that you quote from so often."

"Well," said Minnie, very solemnly, "when I say she will grow up a female likeness of her father, can I exceed the severity of that remark?"

For a minute nobody could speak for laughing; but at last Rose said:

"It is quite evident to me that there is some one who could have the training of Isabella, if she chose."

"Ida, of course," replied Minnie. "Yes, it is pretty clear what his lordship's visit to Beauchamp is for, and why the 'descendant of kings' makes him so welcome."

At this moment the moon, which had been hidden behind a cloud, shone out with sudden brightness. Was it the effect of the moonbeams or her fancy that made Rose start as she beheld her brother's face of ghastly whiteness and an expression of mortal agony pass over his features? "Are you ill, Arthur?" rose to her lips, but the words remained unspoken. She felt such a sudden *serrement de cœur* that she almost gasped for breath. Rapid thoughts passed through her brain. Was this to be the end of his bright youth, so full of promise? was this to be the reward of that pure and noble life, maintained in the midst of the world's fiery temptations? that he should spend the wealth of his love on one who would never return it—who would think him beneath her notice? *Beneath her!* Rose's heart swelled at the idea. Where would she find one so noble, so true, so self-denying? where one so like the vision of what men should become, which she was so fond of sketching, in their talks of past, present, and future? But it could never be. No; free as Ida seemed from family pride,—free as she really was from some of her father's absurd prejudices,—Rose felt certain that when it came to a question of marriage, all the "blood of the Beauchamps" would kindle in her veins, and make her disdain the thought of Arthur Carsdale. A banker's son, rich though he might be, and the son of one who had risen from the ranks, could never be a fitting match for the only daughter of the haughty Hugh Beauchamp and of the Donna Beatrice, who could count so many degrees of Spanish nobility that, as Minnie declared, they must date back long before the Flood. Rose was startled out of her reverie by Minnie's joyous voice:

"Are you gone to sleep, Rose? I don't believe you've heard a word of the objections I have urged against the impending alliance of the noble houses of Effington and Beauchamp, and how I have satisfactorily proved that the same will never take place; and I want to wake you up to the necessity of our having something to eat

on the sands, if we are to go to see that ruined church of St. Piran to-morrow."

"Are we going to-morrow?" said Rose; "I did not know it was settled."

"Yes, if it is fine; and the sun has set in the most delightful manner, showing plainly he is in a good-humour."

"Then," said Arthur, stretching himself and yawning unmercifully, "I vote we all go to bed, for I suppose Minnie will rout us up unusually early."

"You don't look well, my dear boy," said his mother tenderly, as the candles were brought into the room.

But Arthur answered gaily; he had the least trifle of a headache, and would be all right to-morrow; and went off whistling to bed. He soon fell asleep; the emotion of that evening had been but a momentary pang; but long after he had fallen asleep, his favourite sister knelt and prayed for the brother, who she foresaw must soon pass through a furnace of suffering.

The following morning the bright weather seemed to proclaim Minnie as a true prophetess; and the basket for luncheon was packed, and Minnie arrayed in her riding-habit, a good half-hour before the party from Beauchamp could possibly be expected.

"Look at that cloud, Minnie," said Rose, who persisted, much to her sister's pretended vexation, in finishing a piece of work instead of getting ready; "one cloud, two, three, four. It's going to pour with rain."

Poor Minnie's face slowly fell as the sudden chill breeze which precedes rain in bright summer weather made the leaves rustle.

"It's only a shower," she remarked; "and besides, they will have set off. Ida is sure to be punctual, and they will be crossing the Cove by this time."

"Except for the satisfaction of seeing Lord Effington get wet, I don't know that we can find any consolation in that fact."

"Yes; but that alone *would* give me immense satisfaction, and besides we shall see Ida. There comes the rain," as heavy drops began to patter on the gravel, and the sky was overspread with dark and lowering clouds.

"Arthur, you will get wet through; do come in."

There was something almost like petulance in Rose's voice as she spoke. It worried her to see Arthur pacing up and down the garden, and looking along the winding road which the few visitors to the Gray House had to traverse. Arthur came in, and for half an hour watched the progress of the rain with Minnie. Nominally he read; but Rose's quick eyes discerned that he never got beyond the first

page of his book, and that the loudly-expressed lamentations from Minnie, which Rose thought very tiresome, were positive comfort to him. A cry from Minnie, the sound of carriage-wheels, and Arthur dashed out into the garden bare-headed. The party came in dripping, for carriage-rugs and umbrellas had been fairly beaten by the storm. As Minnie had supposed, the rain had not begun till they were more than half-way to Newcombe, and at first Ida would insist it was but a shower, so they had given up all thought of returning, and were soon afterwards only anxious to get into the nearest shelter as quickly as possible. A fire was lighted in the drawing-room, and the luncheon destined to be eaten on the sands was spread on Mrs. Carsdale's table. After all, it did not turn out so badly. Ida had, perhaps, never looked more lovely than in the dishabille she was compelled to wear; for she was taller than either of her two friends, and the only thing that could be found to fit her was a loose black-velvet dress of Mrs. Carsdale's, which hung in heavy folds about her, while her damp hair had been brushed off from her forehead, and fell in a great mass upon her shoulders, making her look like some old picture stepped down from its frame. She was in wild spirits; and for some time there was nothing but laughing, jest, and repartee going on. But gradually the party broke up into groups; Ferdinand and Minnie sat down to chess, but maintained the very contrary to the solemn silence generally thought necessary for that intricate employment; Arthur and Ida discussed various books, and fell into a *tête-à-tête*; while Rose and her mother were listening with intense interest to the earnest conversation going on between Lord Effington and Reginald. A word must be said to introduce the former personage to my readers. Lord Effington was short, thin, and stiff; he gave the impression of being made of very stiff paste-board, which can only be moved by machinery. Every movement was slow and measured, and every word fell from his mouth with solemn precision. He always spoke as if no one but himself had ever made a remark before, or ever would make one again. His face was prim and expressionless, and his hair stood up in short resolute bristles. Such was the man whom the wise Mr. Beauchamp considered likely to be a successful suitor with the enthusiastic and fastidious Ida.

Rose and Mrs. Carsdale were very well satisfied with their position, and they could forgive the Earl for the sententious manner in which he delivered his opinion, for the sake of the sound good sense and practical knowledge of his subject which his conversation displayed. They spoke of the important questions then before the notice of the world, and bearing more particularly on those inter-

ests which were dearer to their listeners than aught else. They spoke of the wants of the poor; and Reginald brought forward instances of suffering which were daily before his eyes in the manufacturing town of Shelburne; and Lord Effington discussed them, and the remedies that could, or that should, be applied. Now and then they appealed to the ladies for information as to the state of the London poor; and Rose and her mother told what they knew with simplicity,—and they knew a good deal. It was true, Mr. Carsdale had peremptorily forbidden his wife and daughters from going among the poor themselves; but he could not hinder their hearts and ears from being open to the tales of those more favoured of their friends, who were under no such prohibition. And Rose knew as well as any one the history of the people whose clothes she had diligently laboured at, instead of reading the last new novel; and the visitors in the parish of St. Gertrude knew well whose hands would always be open when they brought some story of woe; but they did not know how often their appeal was responded to at the cost of real self-denial, and how the young ladies, who were, by their father's will, so often seen in the gay world, knew the secret which made the world's snares harmless; had learnt, for the sake of their beloved poor, to put a constant check upon themselves. They did not know how the ornaments worn were the ones that would least have been chosen, had the wearer's taste been indulged; nor how busy ingenuity made silk and lace look fresh again and again, that money might not be spent in buying new materials. It was by hidden deeds of this kind,—little to look at, little to speak of, but not the less the “little things on little wings” which “bear little souls to heaven,”*—that Grace Carsdale had trained her children to be unworldly and self-forgetful.

Meanwhile Ida and Arthur were getting better acquainted. She had been seldom thrown into the society of clever cultivated men. Her beauty and position had brought a group of admirers round her whenever she went into the world; and her fine nature, with ardent aspirations after higher aims, shrunk from the adulation, and had almost led her into the other extreme of looking down with contempt on most of those by whom she was surrounded. Sorrow had never yet touched her; and there are few amongst us who can learn to be merciful to others till we have bowed our heads under its strokes. Ida found it a new and a very pleasant thing to talk freely to Arthur Carsdale, to encounter no idle compliments, and to be treated by him as a being capable of entering into the subjects in which he took a deep interest. *Dante* was lying on the table before

* F. W. Faber.

them; and Ida, an excellent Italian scholar, listened with keen delight while Arthur read aloud some favourite passage, or pointed out some deep meaning which she had not as yet discovered in her own ponderings over this best-loved of the poets. Then, delight of delights! here was a man who had preferred learning Spanish to German. He had had a romantic love for the grand old tongue of the grand old land of chivalry. He was well-up in Spanish literature; and Spanish was to Ida almost like her mother-tongue. Here was a region in which they could wander together, and where few could follow them; for neither Rose nor Minnie had shared their brother's study in this direction. So the hours sped on till the rain ceased; and through the open windows came that delicious scent from the freshly-watered earth, and the birds began to sing loudly and joyously, and the reviving sunbeams to sparkle on the leaves.

That London luxury—an afternoon cup of tea—was brought in, and then the carriage came round; and good-by was said. Nobody was daunted by ill-success from fixing another day for visiting the ruined church; and two days hence the party were once more to meet and accomplish their purpose. So, with merry words and smiles, the visitors went away. In the eagerness of conversation Rose had forgotten her trouble. It came back to her now. Arthur betook himself for a solitary stroll on the sands; and though, when he came in, he was as bright, as thoughtful, as affectionate as he always was, Rose fancied she could trace that he was under constraint. It was wonderful to notice, when he thought no one was looking at him, how all the brightness died out of his face, and he had a dull worn look, such as Rose had never before seen on that beloved countenance. Now she understood the secret of his reluctance to come to Newcombe. He had been afraid lest his boyish preference for Ida should grow too strong for his own peace. Rose was gentle by nature; yet her heart beat now with hot indignant throbs. She panted to get away from Newcombe; but she saw no possibility of doing it. Her long musings that night ended with one conclusion,—that her anguish must be borne for its appointed time. She was learning the bitter lesson of standing by helpless when those we love are about to suffer.

(To be continued.)

Passports in the Olden Time.

COMMUNICATED BY HIS EMINENCE THE LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

—o—

THE researches of the Kentish Archæological Society have brought to light some curious facts relating to what may be called the passport system—although, no doubt, not dignified by that name—which was in full force in the year 1630, and had probably existed a long time previously. The interest which it possesses for us arises from the fresh light it throws on the general state and sufferings of Catholics at that period. The source from which the following extracts are taken is the Ms. collection of letters of Sir Edward Dering, who, in 1630, was Lieut.-governor of Dover Castle. These extracts, and additional information concerning them, came into the hands of his Eminence the late Cardinal Wiseman (who was a member of the Kentish Archæological Society), by the kind courtesy of one of his fellow-members; and it was the wish of his Eminence that the information should be published in this Magazine. “It appears,” says our authority, “that a passport system of a very severe kind was then (in 1630) adopted at the transit ports to the Continent under the direction of the Commissioners of Passage,” who communicated, through the governor of the castle, the Lord Warden, with the Privy Council.

Extracted from the Letters of Sir Edward Dering, Lieutenant-governor of Dover Castle anno 1630, to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

PERSONS DETAINED FOR REFUSING TO TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

I.* Two youths, Richard Clark and Richard Kinsman, who intended to pass over with Monseigneur Ronbens (*sic*).

III. Will. Cross, a soldier who had served under the Archduchess.

IV. Almore Zilioll, suspected of being one of the fugitive Italians of whom Lord Suffolk had written to Sir E. D.

V. William Bedford: “says his father is a gentleman of decayed fortune in the North;” “seems to be little more than a boy in growth and judgement.”

VI. Peregrine Roberts, who left London with one Parry, and went to Holland. Thomas Nason, having refused the oath, “becomes

* The numbers refer to those of the Letters.

conformed through the careful and conscionable paynes of Mr. Reading," "who petitions for his stay, in hope of reconciling him unto this Church of England, with which by God's help, so far as man can see the hart of man, he hath fully conformed; and the said Mr. Nason hath been his auditor twice, and taken the oath of allegiance." "Mr. Reading did as much lately upon a Frenchman and a schollar that landed here about two months since."

VII. Humphry Perrot, a barrister of the Inner Temple. Is passing over to learn the French language, "denyeth that he hath been in any part of the King of Spayne's dominions;" "there is nothing found about him of any forbidden quality."

X. Certain Dunquerkers detained; some with papers from foreign ambassadors—one with "a testimonial from Don Carlo."

XIV. Thomas Nugent refuseth the oath.

XVI. John Mary, an Irishman, a professed student of civil law.

XVIII. Four books of J. M. detained and sent up to the Lord Warden. John Allen, a joiner, refuseth the oath, and is found to have a testimonial from the Provincial of the Jesuits in England. Also detained, John Bury, of Benfield in Essex, and John Jones, son of Mrs. Jones, of Guildesborough in Northamptonshire, a widow: "upon their examination, they confesse nothing worth the troubling your Lordship withall."

XXIV. John Marie, John Allen, and Richard Murton are sent up to London, with Richard Johnson (properly Murton), "who hath been four years at Douay, but not at the College (as he saith), but refuseth the oath."

XXVI. George Throckmorton (under the name of George Lanoir) lands; refuses the oath, and is detained: "he seems a scholler."

XXVII. Sent up to London.

XXIX. John Good, John Langton, William Pitt, and Edward Barton refuse the oath; the last, though he "subscribes with a marke, as though he could not wright (*sic*) his name, yet by a two howers dispute with Mr. Reading" is found "a trayned scholler."

XXXI. Goode (whose name is believed to be Savage) is "said to be had in jealousy by my Lord of Dorchester, for endeavouring to supply a regiment in Flanders with (he says) Mr. de Fountenaye;" confesseth further that "he hath had *primam tonsuram*, but no further order, nor intendeth to have."

XXXV. Goode turns out to be *Leybourne*, and "of allyance to your Lordship and my Lord of Arundell." Mr. Farrer, or Ferrers, detained; but the Clerk of the Passage contrives to let him escape.

XLVI. Price, *alias* Robinson, *alias* Jones, President of the English College at Douay, detained.

LVII. Arthur Trevelyan, of Devonshire, servant to Sir John Gill, and Philip Wogan, *alias* Applebye, of Yorkshire, servant to M. Bennay, are detained. Both are "converts from the Reformed to the Romish religion."

LVIII. Are passed to London, and thence

LX. Back to France.

LXVIII. Mr. Applebye's footboy, John Jackson, detained.

LXXVII. Certain books detained. "Such books as were this last night intimated to me to be of some consequence, and for the discovery of some difference among the Papistes of this land in point of Church government, I have this day caused to be brought upp unto me; and I do find them chiefly to reflect upon the episcopal jurisdiction of the pretended Bishop of Chalcedon."

LXXVIII. "More than threescore of the popish books are selected for the Lord Warden's inspection." "I could not send them all by the pacquett-poast, and the waggoner was gon before I received your Lordship's order."

LXXXIII. Mr. Fortescue's pass refused. He had procured papers for Mr. Anthony Bayley, aged 23; Thomas Mosse, aged 14; Richard Dalton, aged 17; with William Hodeleston, of the same age. "But that which hath been the occasion to intercept all their journeys is, that whereas Mr. Fortescue pretended to carry over two sisters of the Babthorpes, upon colour of their going over to their father, Sir William Babthorpe, these gentlewomen are three sisters of another name, all bound for Bruxellis, whose modesties can hardly deny but that their purposes were for the nunnery there. Their names are Bridget, Dorothy, and Frances, daughters of William Molyns, of Mungewell, in Oxfordshire, Esquire, with Edmund Stam-bourne, of the age of twenty-one years, their servant."

LXXXIV. "They do plainly confess that the end of their journey was to be probationers in a nunnery, whereto their father did hardly consent, upon the powerfull persuasions of his wife, their mother," who did "deal with this Mr. Fortescue to be their conductor, though little known unto her, insomuch that these sisters do imagine that it is a frequent course of life with him to bestow his time in these attendances."

From the Replies, &c. of the Earl of Suffolk to Sir Edward Dering.

LXXXVIII. "Mr. Secretary Coke did give me notice of a Scottish priest that is coming over (whose coming is to ill purpose), and doth take speciall care for his apprehension. His name he knoweth not, nor can he describe him." Order given to permit no such man to pass.

From the Letters (apparently) of Lord Richardson, father-in-law of Sir Edward Dering, and one of the Privy Council.

"The Queen, at the French Ambassador's suit, hath desired that a priest, now imprisoned at Dover, and intending to go for Ireland, may be sent back in the company of the Ambassador into Ffraunce." Sir E. D. is ordered to examine him, and "if he find him dangerous, or sent over upon design, to keep him safe till he receives further order." "I conjecture this is the Irish Fryer you gave me notice of the other day."

*From a Letter to which no name is attached, but which is addressed "To my hon^{ble} friend Sir Edward Dering, Knight and Baro-
nett, Lieutenant of Dover Castle."*

"That which now occasioneth this letter unto you is the passage of Mr. Sheldon's second son to Mr. Ralph Sheldon, who hath lived long abroad. Hee hath a passage under his Ma^{ty's} owne signature, and therefore he must be permitted to go over without interruption. But you are to see his company, and to observe carefully, whether he carry not with him a scholler of Oxford, who for his person is low, and of a middle posture, betwixt leane and fatt; his hair is brownish, and his beard picked; his forehead high, of a middle age. His name, as I take it, is Shillingworth (Chillingworth?). If you can find such a one in Mr. Sheldon's company, to whom he is well knowne, or else seeking passage at any of the ports, I pray you cause him to be staide, and send word of his apprehension; for therein you shall do good service to the Church and State."

From Aloysius Contarini to Sir Edward Dering.

"ILL^{us} DOMINE,—Quem ad me unâ cum meis litteris ex industriâ tabellarium misisti hodie horâ nonâ ante meridiem excepi. Hujus sollicitudinis ac diligentiae quas possum et debeo tibi gratias rependo, paratus ex æquo in tui obsequium præstare quod occasio dederit. Satage precor interim ut ea mihi occurrat. Agam ego enim ut in me certo offitium voto non dissimile reperias. Dat. Londini, VII. Kal. Julii MDCXXIX. stil. nov.

"Tuæ Illus^{mae} Dominationis affectionatissimus

"ALOYZIUS CONTARENO."

From Viscount Dorchester to Sir E. D.

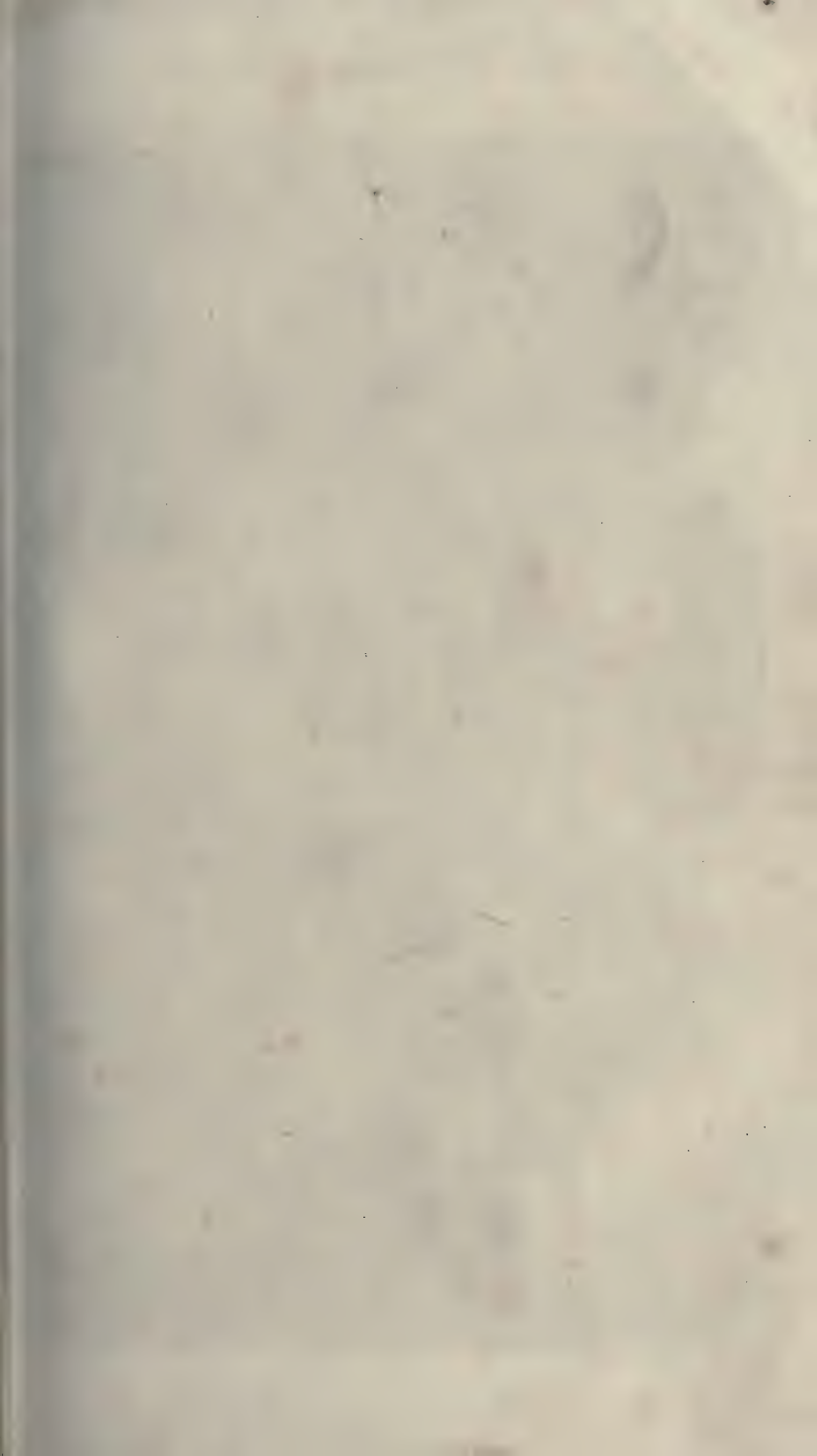
"I perceive, by many demonstrations which my Lord of Suffolk makes unto the Ll. (Lords?), the care and diligence you use in his Ma^{ty's} service, which will occasion me to hold some correspondence with you. At this time I am informed that Sir John Underhill,

having procured from the Councill Board a passe for himself and three others therein named,—that is to say, John St. John, for his guide, into Holland, and Alexr. Ramsey, as his servant,—is gone towards Dover with three preists in his company, whoe, under those assumed names and maskes, intend to passe themselves out of this kingdome with good stoore of mony, and to the number of eight or nine horses. In this case, though I would not contradict their Llps' licence for the gentleman's owne passage, who pretends to seeke forraigne meanes for his health, yet this suspicion being offered to me, which I could neither credit altogether nor neglect, I must entreat you to inquire into it upon the place, &c.

“Yours to be comanded, DORCHESTER.

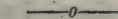
“From the Court at Whitehall, the 14th of Efeby. 1629.”

It appears from a paper in a very rare work, entitled *Bishop Barlow's Remains*, published in 1693, that the number of persons known to be Catholics in all the dioceses of England and Wales in 1676 was 11,870; in the diocese of Canterbury only 142. Of course it must be fully taken into consideration that a large number of persons were Catholics in reality, although concealing their faith; but allowing for this, it gives us an idea of the large number who must have gone “beyond seas”—gone into a painful exile rather than forfeit the faith of their fathers. Allowing for both these classes, we are fain to confess that the Catholicism in England was at a low ebb; and it would well seem as if it were doomed gradually to die out of the country. It is a singular coincidence that this record of the small number of English Catholics should have engaged the attention of the Cardinal at the close of his life. We cannot help contrasting it with those remarkable statistics of the present state of Catholics in England, given by the Cardinal at Malines. It teaches us another lesson of the work which he accomplished; for it may truly be said that, though the increase of population and the amelioration of the penal laws had proportionately increased the number of Catholics in England from the time which we are considering to the day when the Cardinal was placed at the head of the Church in England, he entered into the heritage of those long centuries of desolation and oppression when life was gradually ebbing away from the remnant of Catholics. It is by contrasts such as this paper presents that we learn to appreciate the extent, the difficulty, and the discouragement of the work of him who conquered so much for us, and to whose labours we indeed chiefly owe that we can look back on such statistics as Bishop Barlow's as a dream that has passed by and is forgotten.





Too Late.



CHAPTER VI.

THERE were several disappointments as regards weather before a day arrived when the long-talked-of excursion could take place; but it came at length, one of those perfect summer-days, "cool, calm, and bright," with which our capricious climate vouchsafes us now and again, and which are the more perfect, perhaps, because they are so rare. Mrs. Carsdale was not of the party. The fatigue was too great for her, and her children knew too well how much she valued a day's solitude to have any fears about leaving her.

Reginald was deputed as general *chaperon* of the whole party. He went in the open carriage from Beauchamp with Lord Effington, Rose, and little Lady Isabella, while Minnie, Ida, Arthur, and Ferdinand were on horseback. They met again at Perran Round, and wandered together round one of the most perfect of the ancient amphitheatres which England possesses. Its size, its seven flights of steps, and its recesses gave rise to many a lively argument; and Rose, who was always eager for information, felt vexed with Ida at the pertinacious way in which she snubbed Lord Effington, who was really giving a very good description of the ancient miracle-plays, which were supposed to have been acted in this open theatre. But time was too precious to allow of long lingering there, and the party went on as quickly as they could to the point where carriages and horses had to be left by those who wished to visit the ruined churches.

"Hadn't we better have luncheon here, Ida?" said Reginald.

"Certainly not," answered his sister; "what an idea, Reginald! Fancy one sitting in that dreary-looking field, with the dusty high-road in the background! Or perhaps you would prefer our going into the particularly smoky kitchen of the guide's cottage. The whole fun of the thing is having luncheon on the sands."

"But," remonstrated her brother, "look how much wind there is. You know how it blows the sand about. Don't you remember last time how annoyed we were with it?"

"Isn't the wind in the wrong quarter for the sand, Matthew?" continued Reginald, turning to the old labourer who had acted as "guide" to the ruins, as long or longer than Reginald could remember.

But before Matthew could answer, Ida also turned to him, and with that winning grace and those soft tones which she invariably used in speaking to the poor, so utterly bewildered Matthew and bewitched him, that he, grand authority as he was for changes of wind for miles round, was actually made to declare, he "wasn't sure, now he came for to consider, whether the wind would change about as soon as he'd thought at first. Winds is main uncertain, Master Reginald, or Mr. Reginald, as I should say, begging your pardon, sir."

As usual, Ida had her own way, and the party set out, marvelling soon, as all other visitors to the same spot do marvel, why they were turned out of their carriages a good half-mile before the sands begin. Then at last they were in them, that wide sandy waste, a seashore without a sea, a scene of utter desolation. Here and there rose great hillocks of sand; while in many places the grass growing thickly amidst the sand formed a carpet of mingled green and brown, most curious to behold. There was plenty of scrambling and plenty of laughing. Minnie, who had marched on in advance of the others in triumph, was soon seen lying full length in the sand.

"Something caught my foot in an extraordinary way," said she, indignantly, as she rose up uninjured, but covered with sand, and shaking it vehemently from her dress and hat; "it is like a trap," and she turned reproachfully upon Ferdinand; "and he that—"

"Look, Miss Minnie," said Reginald; "it is one of the most curious things about these sands: look at this strong bindweed stretchng across the sand in all directions, keeping down the mass, otherwise it would be a perpetually-moving cloud of sand. See how strong it is; it is as much as I can do to root up a bit for you."

Every one gathered round to look, and Lord Effington was beginning an explanation of the exact nature of the plant.

"Oh, Lord Effington, pray don't quote Murray," said Ida; "every body can read that at home, you know."

"I don't think you will find much botanical knowledge in Murray, Miss Beauchamp," said Lord Effington solemnly.

"At all events, we really must make haste and get on to the church. What an extraordinary thing it is, that after all the times I have been here, I never can find the way! Here, Isabella, twine this bindweed round your hat as a trophy."

"Many thanks, Miss Beauchamp," interposed the Earl; "but I think that will hardly do. I should not like Isabella to get into the habit of attiring herself in an *outré* way. Of course, if *you* wish it, for this time—" But Ida was gone out of hearing before the Earl could finish his speech.

"There, Miss Carsdale," said Reginald to Rose, when, after an-

other ten minutes' struggling through the sand, they reached an open space bordered by hillocks, and on one side of which were what Rose would have thought a few stones piled together,—“there is the church.”

Rose stood silent with disappointment; then the rest of the party came up, and after a few exclamations of wonder, all passed into the ruin. Their small party seemed to fill it. Reginald explained how the church had been injured since its discovery, first by the inroads of the sand, by which means the altar-stone had again sunk beneath the earth, and still more by the inroads of human beings, who had pulled down the walls, broken the curious moulding, and the three heads rudely chiselled over the small arched doorway.

“How much of the church was standing when it was discovered?” said Arthur.

“The whole of it,” answered Reginald. “In 1835, when it came to light, it was as perfect as on the day when it was covered up.”

“And the gradual shifting of the sand disclosed it?”

“Exactly,” said Reginald. “The tradition that there was a buried church here was never lost, but faithfully handed down from father to son for at least ten centuries. A curious confirmation, is it not, of the weight of *tradition*, when it is continuous and unvarying? Of course, wise people laughed, and said it was impossible. But the sand was gradually shifting off; and at last it was so evident something was hidden in this spot, that excavations began, and the church and baptistry were exhumed.”

“And where is the baptistry?”

“You may well ask,” said Ida. “Gone to make a shed for Farmer Brown's pigs; and the altar has been taken away.”

“But the relics of the saint are buried deep in the ground, and at least saved from profanation,” said Reginald, “though we are debarred from carrying them away in honour and thanksgiving.”

A silence fell on the group, and with one impulse they all knelt and prayed, in the same words and in the same spirit as the worshippers who had so long slept with their fathers; and many fervent petitions went up from the ruined church. Afterwards Reginald showed them that lime had not been used in the masonry, but mixed china clay and sand,—an additional proof of the great antiquity of the building.

“But what are all those white-looking things on the ground?” said Minnie, as they came out of the church. “There is a skull; and, oh! I believe these are all human bones!”

“Yes; there was a churchyard here, and people were buried here many years after the church had disappeared,” said Reginald.

"But how very dreadful!" said Rose. "Could they not be buried?"

"Oh, how often I have tried!" said Ida. "When I came here as a child, I used to scrape them up into little heaps, and cover them over."

"But can nothing be done?"

"Yes, plenty *might* be done, Miss Carsdale," said Ferdinand. "The thing is who is to do the plenty; the lord of the manor won't, and other people can't."

"Now don't get Ida on the subject of the lord of the manor, or we shall never get home to-night."

Again, by common impulse, a silent prayer went up; and then the party wandered to the site of the second church, marked only by a rude cross.

"But why did they attempt a second church in the midst of these sands?" said Rose.

"There was a spring of water close by, which always arrested the progress of the sand; but in some of the mining operations this spring was diverted from its course, and then the sand accumulated so that the porch was buried in one night," said Reginald.

"So it was taken down?"

"Yes, and there it stands," said he, pointing inland. "No; I believe you can't see it. It is on a hill; and that is where the font which came out of the baptistry is placed."

"We'll go on, and see that," said Ida, "as we return. It won't be more than a mile out of our way. And now do let us go on and have some luncheon."

Ascending the ridge of sand, which, as it were, guarded the ruined churches, the wide expanse of seashore, if so it may be called, when the sea is in the far, far distance, stretched before their view. Still were there gaunt-looking hillocks, here and there a huge rock, but not a morsel of vegetation to relieve the eye. In the shade of the hillocks the party sat down to luncheon. Scrambling had made them hungry; and there was mirth enough to prolong the feast. Ida took a mischievous delight in making Isabella do things which she saw Lord Effington disapproved of; and the poor child, between her habitual fear of her father and her excessive desire of pleasing Ida (for Isabella at eight years old had fallen under the general spell, and looked on Ida as the most perfect of human beings), was fairly bewildered.

"It is a duty I owe to society," said Ida, in an aside to Minnie and Arthur, "to rescue this poor child from the worst form of heathenism. Not allowed to take wine, my dear child? Minnie, he must

be a Mahometan: try this, Isabella;" and she gave her some champagne. "He won't see," remarked Ida; "he has got into another of those interminable arguments with Reginald. How Reggie can have the patience! Oh, how sick I am of those discussions at Beauchamp night after night, I can't tell you! He has such a prosy way of defending the right side, that I never can help wanting to take the wrong. And I do come out every now and then; only Reggie looks so grave I am obliged to draw in, from a sentiment of mingled love and fear. See, Isabella, what a butterfly!—a real emperor! do catch it." Isabella was rushing off.

"Stop, my dear," sounded the well-known voice. "I don't like your running about in the heat; it is not what I approve of."

"I would give any thing to have that butterfly," whispered Ida to her, with one of her sweet smiles; and the excited child could bear it no longer, but rushed off in pursuit.

Lord Effington's face did not darken or grow grave. It was one of the peculiarities of his wooden countenance that it never showed any emotion; but those who knew his ways would have known he was displeased by the way in which he returned to his conversation with Reginald, and contrived to detach him from the rest of the party. Luncheon was finished, and the two servants were busy clearing away the forks and plates, and finally carrying off the hampers to the carriage.

Lord Effington and Reginald paced up and down at a short distance from the place where the young ladies with their brothers still sat talking, laughing, and sometimes singing snatches of favourite songs.

"Now, Reggie," said Ida, as her brother passed before her, "confess for once you were wrong and I right. If you had had your way, we should have wasted all our time in that dusty field. The wind is all right, as I said; the sand has kept dutifully at our feet, and not presumed to molest us. How obstinate you are, Reggie!" as her brother shook his head, looked doubtfully at the clouds, and resumed his walk.

"Where can Isabella be, Ida?" said Rose anxiously. "What a way she must have gone after that butterfly! Hadn't we better go and look for her? Oh, how cold it is getting!" and Rose, who was very susceptible to change of weather, turned pale and faint in a moment.

Suddenly the landscape was darkened, and almost in an instant the horizon was hidden from their view, for a blinding cloud of sand was rising in all directions. Lord Effington and Reginald hurried to join the others, and there was one universal cry uttered at the same moment, "Where is Isabella?"

Where was Isabella? and no one could answer. She must be found; but how begin the search? It was impossible to go many yards. Their own position was not a very safe one, except that they had the company of Matthew, the guide who had weathered many such a storm, and could find his way home, he said, in pitch darkness. Ida was eager that the old man should go in search of the child, but this he declared was useless.

"I know my way, Miss Ida, to the church, and just so far yonder as we are, but I know nought of the wastes beyond. There's many a crevice and nasty hole into which a man may fall, break his legs leastways, if not kill hisself; and what'd be the use of that, Miss Ida? You'd all get lost, I'se reckon."

Ida looked up as he finished speaking, and beheld Lord Effington's face, pale and rigid in its agony. Yes, there were emotions strong enough to break down even that impassibleness. A horrible sense of self-reproach took possession of Ida. Was it not she who had sent his only child to her doom? All her dislike and contempt for him vanished. She went up to him and took his hand.

"It is my fault," she said. "Would that I could suffer instead of you!"

There was no answer, but her hand was pressed with a tight grasp. He seemed stunned; he could not enter into any of the discussions going on between the other gentlemen and the guide, as to the possibility of making a search. Meanwhile Rose had sunk down in the sands, was enveloped by Minnie in all the extra wraps they had brought with them, and was lying in her sister's arms, trying to control the nervous palpitation which any agitation or alarm was sure to bring on. Matthew and Reginald, who knew something of the road, were strongly of opinion that the only way was to hasten back to the carriage for the sake of the ladies, and then engage several of the villagers to go out in quest of the child. But Arthur saw plainly that both thought the case hopeless, and that Lady Isabella Wilton would never be seen again in life, if even her corpse were ever discovered. Arthur turned round and saw Ida's face—a white face of great misery. She beckoned him to her.

"I must go, Mr. Carsdale," she said; "I must go and look for her. It is my fault; her death will lie at my door, and I shall never know peace on this earth again."

"I am going," said he, in firm low tones; "for you it is impossible. Your dress will only be an embarrassment. Your strength would fail sooner than you think. Stay here, I beseech you. Watch for me—pray for me. The case is not hopeless. I am convinced I shall find her. Bid me God speed, and let me go."

"Your sisters—mother," she faltered.

"Will never shrink from my doing my duty. Good-by. I will bring her to you;" and he was gone.

Nothing would induce Ida to leave the spot. Rose and Minnie were equally unwilling, and all remained in silence. Lord Effington neither spoke nor moved. Ida threw herself down by Rose's side, and the sound of her low passionate sobbing alone broke the stillness. Now and again they were enveloped in a cloud of sand; then it would shift to the right or the left, giving them a glimpse of the surrounding country for a moment, and then shrouding it in gloom.

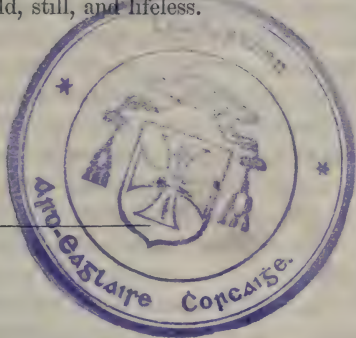
At these times Ferdinand would make feints of following in Arthur's wake; but he always yielded to remonstrances with great readiness. Silently walking up and down, Reginald prayed. Minnie watched his head bowed on his breast, and the rapt earnestness of his face. It was the only ray of comfort in that miserable hour, which seemed like a lifetime.

"Ah!" exclaimed Ferdinand, as a cloud of sand swept by and left the horizon clear for a moment.

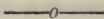
"Where? where?" said Ida, springing up.

"Yes, there he is; he has her; he has found her; he is sinking down from fatigue! Could we get at him?"

The shouts of the men sounded dull and muffled through the blinding sand, but a faint answer came back. Now Matthew and Ferdinand did venture to plunge into the mist. A few more minutes of fearful suspense, and Arthur came slowly towards them. He would let no one take the child from him; but clasping her close, he tottered towards Ida, laid Isabella at her feet, and then fell senseless beside her. Perhaps, after all, his labour had been in vain, for Isabella lay in Ida's arms cold, still, and lifeless.



Sketches from the History of Christendom.



III. PUBLIC LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA.

No one can expect to find the history of the Church free from vicissitude: as it has its bright and glorious periods, so also it has its times of gloom and darkness; when a superficial observer might almost interpret the disastrous character of the more salient facts that meet his eye, as the evidence of a suspension of the vital activity and healthy vigour of the whole body. But the life of the Church is essentially internal, and depends on the free action of Divine grace, penetrating and animating the whole community,—an action that is perpetually kept up by the most common and unobtrusive ministrations of sacramental strength, which are going on in full frequency and efficacy, while the political fortunes of the hierarchy, or of the supreme power, are crushed by oppression or persecution; or even while scandals are seen in high places,—when bishops become courtiers, when cardinals are truckling to kings and emperors, and popes are in captivity or exile. And it often happens that these dark times are most prolific of the noblest fruits of the interior life; and that at such seasons the choicest treasures of the Church—the souls on whom great and special graces have been bestowed—are providentially brought out into unusual prominence, so as to exercise great influence and give a character to the period, or a direction to some of its most important transactions. Even if it be not so, at all events we have only to go a little below the surface, in order to find plentiful indications of the rich veins that are contained in no soil but one. Thus, in Italy, at the time of which these papers treat, there were a number of saintly souls, whose names have since taken rank in the Calendar of the Church. The secular historian sees little more than a set of quarrelsome states, restless in their mutual discord and aggressive ambition, and distracted, ever and anon, by the most furious domestic strife, which would slake itself with nothing but blood. St. Andrew Corsini once showed his audience, as he was preaching in the Piazza of Fiesole, looking down on Florence, an immense flight of hawks, kites, and other ravenous birds, battling with one another over the city. They represented, he told them, the number of evil spirits that were engaged in stirring-up the inhabitants to intestine discord. Florence was not worse, but rather better, and more thoroughly

Catholic, than its neighbours; yet when we take up such a life, for instance, as that of St. Giovanni Colombini of Siena, the founder of the Gesuati, we find ourselves at once in an atmosphere of calm and fresh simplicity, of happy peace, fervent devotion, and loving faith; and it is only by the chance mention of public calamities,—the sufferings of the peasants, whose fruit-trees had been cut down by the German “company” of marauders, and the like,—that we are reminded of the Italy of the day, with its endless disturbances and hopeless insecurity. We have not merely the beautiful picture of Giovanni himself, and his immediate followers and friends; of his good wife, for instance, who begged him to read her pious book while she kept him waiting a few minutes for his dinner, and who, though he had at first thrown it on the floor in a fit of impatient anger, could not persuade him to leave it, when all was ready, till he had read to the end the story of St. Mary of Egypt. She had prayed that he might be more given to almsgiving than he was, and then had to complain that she had prayed for a shower, not for a deluge, when he began to give away every thing in the house; and she had to yield at last to his saintly fervour, and release him altogether from the obligations of the married life. It is not only Francesco Vincenti, the other rich and noble gentleman of Siena, who caught up the example of Giovanni, began to give great alms, dress shabbily, and serve the poor, and at last joined him in giving up the world altogether, and placing himself under religious obedience; or Giovanni’s cousin Catarina, the first of the nuns whom he established, whom he could not persuade to embrace the state of poverty, though she had given up the idea of marriage, till he called her to a little window in the wall between their two houses, one night as she was going up to bed with her lamp lit, and talked to her in so heavenly a strain, that her heart was perfectly changed; and when she turned to go away at last, she found that she had been listening all night, and the morning rays were streaming through the shutters, though, as he bade her observe, the little stock of oil in her lamp was unconsumed. These might be accidents of piety and simple faith in particular families; but we cannot so account for the great number of followers that enlisted themselves under Giovanni,—so many, that the worthy magistrates of Siena thought fit for a time to banish him and his companions from the city, lest every one should join them; nor for the ready and enthusiastic welcome that he met with wherever he went throughout Tuscany, the joy with which his preaching was received, and the rapid fruit that it produced. The beautiful account of him and his early followers, written in the century after his death by Feo Belcari, is full of details and anecdotes, that seem to prove the powerful hold that faith and reli-

gion retained upon the mass of the population in those seemingly blank and miserable days. The mere number of his followers, as we have said, is an evidence of this: the proofs to which the novices were put were very severe indeed; yet when Urban V. came from France to Italy, Giovanni went to meet him at Corneto with a company of seventy, all of whom had joined him within two years. The same conclusion is forced upon us when we take up the life or the letters of the still more famous child of the same fair city, St. Catharine of Siena, of whose public influence we hope to give presently some short account. The family of religious disciples whom she collected around her in the course of her short life, from all ranks and classes, could never have been furnished save by a population thoroughly penetrated with religious feeling, and familiar with the loftiest principles of faith. Her own home too is a charming picture. There is the good pious father, "a man simple and without guile," as Father Raymond tells us, "fearing God, and keeping free from vice;" a man so moderate in speech, that for no occasion whatever of disturbance or trouble that was given him did unbecoming words escape his lips; rather, when others of his family felt bitterly, and he heard them break out into angry words, he set himself at once, with a joyous countenance, to comfort them, saying, "Ah, God give you good luck! don't fret yourself, or say things like that, which don't befit us." He let himself be injured and brought to the brink of ruin by a false charge, and yet would never allow any one in his presence to speak against his accuser, leaving his cause entirely to God; and in due time all was wonderfully set right. His large family of children were brought up with so much modesty, and with so great a hatred of any thing licentious, though only in word, that one of the daughters, whom he had given in marriage to a young man who had lost his parents when a child, and learnt bad language from the chance-companions he had picked up, made herself ill with grieving over her husband's bad habit in this respect, and could never be well or happy till he had given it up. We hear less of the rest of the family. Catharine was one of twenty-five children; but, though they opposed for a while her resolution not to marry, and tried to make her give up her excessive penances, they seem to have been good fervent Christians; and her mother, with her natural love for her child, struggling against the sacrifice of giving her up entirely to the service of God, is delightful in her simplicity, and her character gives a charming air of truthfulness and reality to the whole picture. But there is no reason for supposing that the family of the good Jacomo and Lapa were far above the level of their neighbours in virtue and piety, except in the instance of the one chosen soul whose wonderful

graces and history have alone saved them from being altogether forgotten, like the mass of their daily companions in the streets and the churches of Siena. What we are told of them reveals that which escapes the notice of the superficial historian—the daily life of a Catholic people, however politically unsettled, and subject to violent outbreaks natural to its hot temperament and passionate disposition, —though the character of the Sanesi was said to be comparatively gentle and sweet,—still thoroughly leavened and penetrated by the faith that had been handed down through an unbroken succession of generations, since the city's first martyr consecrated its soil by his blood. Such, in general, was the population of Italy, and, of course, of great parts of Europe, at that time; and such a population constitutes a resource, as it were, for the Church, that it must take, it would seem, many generations thoroughly to corrupt or to destroy. From the depths of such a people springs ordinarily the ever-fresh crop of eminent saints, who form the chief glories and supports of the Church in their successive generations; and the wide extent to which the principles of Christian faith and practice influence the mass from which they themselves rise, makes it possible for them to gather followers around them, to touch the springs of public action and thought, and to exercise the wonderful influence upon the men of their day, which is so strange an enigma to the uncatholic historian.*

The singularly beautiful life of St. Catharine of Siena, written by her friend and confessor, Raymond of Capua, gives us as perfect an account as we could wish to have of the personal and, as it were, private history of the saint, and sets her character before us in the freshest colours, like a picture of Fra Angelico. But it is deficient in that very part of her life to which it is our purpose more particularly to attend. The public influence exercised by St. Catharine was fresh in the recollection of those for whom Fr. Raymond wrote: they wished to be told the antecedents, as it were, of a person whom they had seen brought forward by Providence in so remarkable a manner to support the Papacy in an hour of severe trial. A complete life of St. Catharine would have to include a great many points which have been omitted by Raymond; and much that he has mentioned or

* Thus Dr. Milman (*Latin Christianity*, t. v. p. 391, 2) is fairly upset by what he calls a "most extraordinary letter" of St. Catharine. It is that in which she relates her assistance of Nicola Tuldo, when under sentence of death and on the scaffold. He adds at the end of his note: "St. Catharine had the stigmata. And this woman interposed between popes, princes, and republics!" We may see, perhaps, whether she "interposed," or was entreated to do so; whether her influence was sought by herself, or forced on her by others.

alluded to would have to be fixed more accurately as to time and place. Nor could any one hope to draw up such a work with success without the fullest acquaintance with the ample collection of her letters. It is from these last that many most important features of her public life would have to be drawn.* We owe them, probably, to the care with which her disciples or secretaries copied them before they were sent, for it is hardly likely that they could have been otherwise recovered from the persons to whom they were addressed.

It is not easy to say at what precise time the public action of Catharine began. She was in the twenty-fourth year of her age at the time of the death of Urban V. She had already passed, for about four years, from that life of prayer, mortification, and contemplation with which her saintly career had begun, to one of greater intercourse with others; and she had already brought about some very wonderful conversions, of which Fr. Raymond has given us an account. She had in several cases been successful in obtaining reconciliations between families hostile to one another through the hereditary feuds and traditions of revenge which have always had so baneful an effect on Italian society; but it does not appear that she had had any personal intercourse with Urban V., or any of the great prelates or princes of the time; and perhaps her fame had not travelled far beyond the frontiers of Tuscany. Giacomo Orsini, who passed through Siena in the year following the death of Urban, to receive the dignity of cardinal from Gregory XI., may have made her acquaintance in her native town, and carried the report of her wonderful sanctity to the court of Avignon. The next year, 1372, we find her already in correspondence with important persons. War had again broken out between the Holy See and the restless Barnabo Visconti. Barnabo had usurped the dominion of Reggio, a fief of the Church, and had proceeded to other excesses, such as to force Gregory XI. to excommunicate him in 1371. War was now declared; but it was at first favourable to the Milanese tyrant. A league was then organised against him, in which the Emperor, the King of Hungary, and the Count of Savoy took part. John Hawk-

* One of the best sketches of St. Catharine's action on public matters with which we are acquainted is contained in the introduction to M. Caltier's recent translation of her letters into French. The *Histoire de Ste. Catharine*, published many years ago by M. Chavin de Malan, contains a great deal of extraneous matter, and does not seem to us to use the letters as they might have been used. M. Christophe, in his *Histoire de la Papauté pendant le XIV^{me} siècle*, fails entirely in giving sufficient importance to the saint. There is a good Italian *Storia di Sta. Catarina da Siena*, by Fr. Capececiaturo, an Oratorian, published a few years ago, in which much use is made of the admirable notes of Fr. Burlamacchi to Gigli's edition of the letters.

wood, moreover, with his famous English lances, was engaged on the Pontifical side. The success was now chiefly on the side of the league, and Visconti once more betook himself to intrigues and negotiations at Avignon, where he obtained a truce in 1374. We find St. Catharine writing, in 1372, to two great French prelates, the Cardinal Pierre d'Estaing, who had just been appointed legate at Bologna; and the Abbot of Marmontier, a relation of the Pope's, who was sent at the same time to govern Perugia and discharge the office of nuncio in Tuscany. Her letters to the Cardinal seem to show that she was already known to him. The first contains little but spiritual exhortation, though there is a hint at the end to the saint's favourite subject at this time, the crusade against the infidels. In the second she speaks strongly for peace among Christians. The letter to the Abbot—who afterwards became a Cardinal, and died on the schismatical side—is evidently an answer to a letter from him, asking advice for himself and also for the Pope. St. Catharine urges him to prevail on the Holy Father to put down the nepotism that prevailed among high ecclesiastics, to discourage the luxurious worldliness of the prelates, and to choose good and virtuous men as Cardinals. A little later we find her writing to the truculent Barnabo himself, the man who made Papal legates eat the missives of excommunication which they were charged to deliver to him—who declared that he was Pope in his own dominions, and dressed up a mad priest in mock vestments to excommunicate the Pope in return, and made the monasteries under his rule take charge of his hounds. This letter, again, was in answer to a message brought to Siena from Barnabo by one of his servants. Catharine sets before him the crime he has been guilty of in going to war with the Pope, and exhorts him to make amends for it by taking part in the Crusade. The letter seems to have been written after the peace granted to Visconti in 1374. The same date, or perhaps an earlier one, seems to belong to a long letter of the saint to Beatrice della Scala, the wife of Barnabo, in which that lady is urged to become more religious herself, and thus to influence her husband, especially to peace and obedience towards the Holy Father. This letter, also, is in answer to a message.

Catharine's life became still more active than before about this time. She was sent for to Florence by the general of her Order, and seems to have gone about to several other cities, such as Pisa and Lucca, and to have exercised great influence every where. Her presence had before this begun to attract crowds wherever she went: they came to speak to her, to consult her about the affairs of their souls or their family troubles; and her burning words wrought

numberless conversions. The B. Raymond, speaking of this part of her life, tells us in his simple way, "If all the limbs of my body were turned into so many tongues, they would not be enough to relate the fruit of souls which this virgin plant, that the Heavenly Father hath planted, did produce. I have sometimes seen a thousand persons or more, men and women, come at the same time, as if drawn by the sound of some unseen trumpet, from the mountains or from the villages in the territory of Siena, to see or to hear Catharine. These persons—I don't say at her words, but even at the mere sight of her—were suddenly struck with compunction for their misdeeds, bewailed their sins, and ran to the confessors, of whom I was one; and so great was the contrition with which they made their confessions, that no one could doubt that a great abundance of grace had descended from heaven upon their hearts. This happened not once or twice only, but very often. For this reason Pope Gregory XI., of happy memory, who was both consoled and rejoiced at this great fruit in souls, granted letters apostolic to me and to my two companions, giving us power to absolve all those who came to see Catharine and to confess their sins, in all the cases for which the Bishops of the dioceses had faculties. And that Truth, that neither deceives nor can be deceived, knows well that many came to find us out, who were laden with great sins, and who had never before made confession, or never received as it ought to be received the sacrament of penance. We—that is, my companions and myself—often remained fasting till evening, and were too few to hear all those who wished to confess; and indeed, to declare my own imperfection, and the influence of this holy virgin, so great was the throng of people wishing to confess that many times I found myself quite worn out and wearied by the excess of fatigue. But Catharine went on praying incessantly; and when the holy prey was won, she rejoiced fully in the Lord, as one who had won a victory, ordering her other sons and daughters to wait upon us, who were tending the nets that she had spread. No pen can express the abundance of the joy in her mind, nor even the signs of gladness that she gave, which indeed gave us so much internal delight as to make us forget the recollection of any sadness whatever we had had to undergo."*

Gregory XI. seems before his election to have been well acquainted with St. Bridget, for he was the Cardinal through whom she had wished to communicate to Urban V. the message that she had received to deliver to him. He kept up a correspondence with her as long as she lived, and received some tremendous warnings from her about the return of the Holy See to Rome. At the time

* *Legenda*, ii. ch. 7.

of which we are speaking, 1374, in the fifth year of his reign, he sent St. Bridget's confessor to Catharine to recommend himself to her prayers. This may have been the opening of the intercourse between them. Of the fourteen letters to Gregory that remain to us, none seem to bear an earlier date than 1376.* It does not appear certain, therefore, whether she had any direct influence upon the Pope's desire to set on foot a new crusade, which he urged on with much vigour about the time of the peace granted to Visconti. But it was one of St. Catharine's three darling projects; the other two being the reform of the prelacy and the restoration of the Papacy to Rome. The fact that her confessor and friend, Fr. Raymond, was appointed to preach the crusade seems to imply that she had been in communication with Gregory upon the subject. We have already said that she proposed to Barnabo himself to take the cross. The idea of sending all the turbulent spirits in Europe to fight against the Turks was not a new one; Urban V. had proposed it to the "companies" who ravaged France, and even insulted him by exacting a ransom for Avignon; but the freebooters naturally preferred the less dangerous, though less glorious, life that they were living in France. They were at last persuaded to enlist against Peter the Cruel. In St. Catharine's time there was a proposal of the same kind with regard to the "bands" in Italy, whom we shall presently see the instruments of the greatest possible mischief to that unhappy country. We have a letter from her to Sir John Hawkwood, from which it appears that he and his followers had actually engaged to serve in the crusade. Other letters on the subject of the same expedition show that she was now in a position to address herself with effect to the sovereigns of great states. She writes at this time to Queen Joanna of Naples, and to the Queen-mother of Hungary, in hopes of her assistance in persuading her son, King Louis. But if the peace with Barnabo had made the crusade once more possible, fresh troubles soon ensued in Italy which prevented it, and which occasioned the still greater prominence of St. Catharine as an earnest advocate of peace.

The disturbances were not, this time, the work of the Visconti.

* Four of these letters (7-10) were written while Catharine was at Avignon, and were only to be found in Latin among the papers of B. Raymond, who was, it appears, interpreter between the saint and the Pope, who did not understand her Tuscan dialect. M. Chavin de Malan (ii. 369) conjectures that the first three of them may be summaries of *conversations* that passed at Avignon, taken down afterwards by B. Raymond. But internal evidence is against this supposition; and it is not at all unlikely, as the opposition to her influence was so strong, that the Pope preferred that she should communicate with him by letter.

Barnabo turned them to his own advantage, but he was not their author. Historians concur in attributing a feeling of general discontent with the internal administration and external policy of the pontifical government in Italy to the conduct of the French legates. We find very strong charges against them; for example, in the chronicle of St. Antoninus, written in the following century; but it may be questioned whether he did more than repeat what he found in other Florentine writers; and, in this case, the testimony of a Florentine is hardly to be admitted without suspicion. But it is very likely that many of the charges of tyranny, ambition, extortion, and luxury are not unfounded. Still, the internal administration of the States of the Church had been settled by Alborno, and his system might have carried the government through without an outbreak, even under the trial of administrators quite unworthy to succeed him, had it not been for the suspicions that arose in cities external to the Pontifical territory, that its governors aimed at the subjugation of their neighbours. It thus seemed to become their interest, not only to defend themselves, but to anticipate the danger by raising revolts in the States of the Church. It is quite clear that Gregory XI. had no such design himself, and that he would not have tolerated it in his subordinates. Neither are the acts of the latter such as cannot be explained on other grounds. But what is clear to us at a distance was not necessarily so clear to the contemporaries of St. Catharine. Certain measures of the legate at Bologna, and of the governor of Perugia, had an unfortunate look. In the first place, it seems that the diplomacy of that time did not insist, in the case of a confederacy of a number of powers against a common enemy, that peace should not be made by one member of the league without the consent of the remainder. The peace with Barnabo had been made, it appears, without the concurrence of Florence, Pisa, Siena, and the other allies of the Pope. Another cause of soreness was a measure adopted about the same time by the Cardinal Legate of Bologna, which pressed hardly upon Tuscany. The last two years had been years of great scarcity in that part of Italy, and he now forbade the exportation of grain from the legation. He was no doubt afraid of relieving his neighbours at the risk of suffering himself. But there was more to come. Sir John Hawkwood and his followers had to be discharged on account of the peace; they were no sooner dismissed than they invaded the Florentine territory, attempted to make themselves masters of Prato, and ravaged the country up to the gates of Florence itself. Thus soldiers, only a few days before in the pay of the Holy See, were attacking one of its allies with fire and sword. It looked very like an attempt

to enslave Tuscany. At the same time Siena had a complaint of the same sort against the Abbot of Montmajor at Perugia. The powerful family of the Salimbeni were at that time in exile from Siena, the last revolution of which city had put the supreme power into the hands of the popular party. The pontifical governor of Perugia leagued himself with the exiles, and thus appeared to be aiming at the destruction of the liberties of Siena.

Ergo omnis furis surrexit Etruria justis. Nothing had indeed been done which did not admit of explanation; and, if his legates had really been guilty of aggression, Gregory XI. could have readily disavowed them. Indeed, he ordered the edict against the exportation of grain from the Romagna to be revoked; in which, however, the Cardinal at Bologna refused to obey him. But this conciliatory order came too late. Under such provocation men, and especially Italians, would not wait for explanations. They were jealous of their liberties, and they hated the idea of foreign domination; the representatives of the pontifical government at the time were foreigners to them, and seemed to be seeking to enslave them. Florence flew to arms: she had been long devoted to the Holy See; now she gave herself over to the rule of the faction within her, who had ever been the minority, because they were the enemies of the Pope; and these men, feeling themselves still in reality the weaker party, lost no time in plunging into the most frantic excesses, that they might alienate their country from the Holy Father beyond hope of reconciliation, and wreak their own vengeance on their personal enemies so fully as to leave them no chance of again recovering their power. Hawkwood was soon disposed of; he was bought off for a large sum. The movement in Florence became a revolution, with all its accompaniments of blood, spoliation, and terror. The inquisitors were massacred, the prisons destroyed; the prior of the Carthusians, who presented himself as papal envoy with overtures of reconciliation, was torn to pieces, and his flesh thrown to the dogs. The clergy were withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Pope; the nomination of benefices assumed by the magistrates of the republic. These, however, were all changed; a committee of eight, a sort of Comité du Salut Publique—called, in derision, the Eight Saints—seized the helm of government; it was a complete reign of terror. But they were not content with turning Florence against the Pope; they sent envoys throughout the whole of Tuscany and Umbria, inviting all the cities to join in league against the pontifical government, and bearing with them red banners inscribed with the word “Libertas.” The conduct of the French governors had but too well prepared the subjects of the Pope for these invitations. Citta di

Castello led the way; Perugia, Narni, Viterbo, Montefiascone followed; before the end of 1375 nearly the whole of the pontifical territory, the Patrimony, the Duchy of Spoleto, and the March of Ancona, were in open revolt. All that Albornoz had done for the Holy See seemed to have been done in vain. Bologna, almost alone, remained faithful; but even there the government of the legate was very insecure.

It was felt at Avignon that something was now to be dealt with very different even from a war against the Visconti. Some "companies" of Bretons were then ravaging or ransoming cities in the south of France, under two famous captains of the day, Jean de Malestroit and Silvestre de Bude: they were enlisted under the flag of the Church, and prepared to descend on Italy. But Gregory XI. determined to try the method of conciliation before letting them loose. He sent envoys to Florence, who offered terms to which no prudent person could make objection. Perugia and Citta di Castello were to be free, but the Florentines were to cease in their revolutionary propaganda in the States of the Church, and particularly in Bologna. The "eight saints" had all that was reasonable and good in Florence against them, and they dared not openly refuse to entertain terms such as these. But they sent secret instructions to their commander in the field while the negotiations were being carried on; he marched on Bologna, raised the people in revolt, and made the legate a prisoner. They succeeded in their ulterior object: the Papal envoys left Florence without concluding any peace.

After this fresh provocation, nothing remained for the Pope but to attack the Florentines with every weapon at his disposal. The Breton companies were ordered to march, under the general command of the Cardinal Robert of Geneva; a man, it seems, with more of the soldier than the priest about him, who was to be, within three years from the time that he began his expedition, the first of the miserable line of Antipopes who opposed themselves to the legitimate successors of Gregory XI. His present campaign was distinguished chiefly by two events, neither of which cast credit on the Pontifical cause: a treaty he made with Visconti (who had before allied himself with the Florentines), by which the Guelfic party in the north of Italy were sacrificed to the enmity of the tyrant; and the awful sack and massacre of Cesena by the Breton troops. But the Pope used spiritual weapons also against offenders like the Florentines; and in their case the temporal consequences of the solemn excommunication under which they fell made themselves far more swiftly and keenly felt than in that of a great seigneur like Barnabo. Their merchants and agents were in every country of Europe: the sentence of the

Pope exposed them every where to confiscation, imprisonment, and slavery; their commerce was ruined, and it is said that the immediate loss to the city amounted to three million florins. At all events, early in the year 1376, and but a few weeks after they had chosen not to avail themselves of the moderate overtures made by the Papal envoys, the Florentines began to desire peace. It is probable that there had always been but a narrow majority in favour of the violent measures of which we have spoken; now, the great misfortunes of the State made even its revolutionary rulers look about them for a mediator, for their first attempt at negotiation had proved a failure. They had sent two ambassadors to Avignon; but instead of apologising for their undeniable aggressions, they laid all the blame on the Pontifical delegates, and were dismissed by Gregory with a confirmation of their sentence. A mediator, therefore, was necessary; and instead of asking the kind offices of the emperor, or the king of France, or some other of the sovereigns of Europe, they determined to seek the help of Catharine of Siena.

Catharine had been in the midst of the tumult, doing what she could to maintain peace. It seems that Gregory XI. had begged her to go to Lucca, where she was held in great veneration, to keep that city from joining the league against the Church. She had also exerted her influence at Pisa, and seems to have succeeded in both places, though with some difficulty. From Pisa she wrote the first of her series of letters to the Pope. She was still there, when the magistrates of Florence invited her to undertake their cause. She visited the city, conversed with the principal men of all parties, and it was agreed that they should send another and a humbler embassy to Avignon, on condition that she should precede the envoys, and endeavour to soften the heart of the Holy Father towards his rebellious children. She was already sending letters to Avignon imploring peace, and urging the Pope to return to Rome, and to raise the standard of the Crusaders, in order to unite all discordant elements by directing them to a common object. She had sent her most intimate confidant and confessor, Father Raymond, to plead the cause of the Florentines; and soon followed him herself, accompanied by a number of her "disciples," arriving at Avignon about the middle of June 1376.

As is so often the case in the lives of the chosen instruments of Providence, Catharine was to do a great work at Avignon, but not the work for which she apparently went there. She was received by the Pope with the greatest kindness and distinction; she was even intrusted by him with full powers to make peace with the Florentines. But Gregory XI. knew the men with whom he was dealing

better than she. The government of Florence was still in the hands of the Eight: they did not really desire peace, at least on any terms that the Pope could grant them. They had yielded to the vast majority of their fellow-citizens in seeming to wish for what would be in reality the end of their own power. The envoys delayed their journey to Avignon: when they did arrive, and Catharine proposed to use the full powers the Pope had given her, they replied that they had no authority to treat with *her*; nor were they more honest in their dealings with the Pope himself. The time, then, for the particular task that Catharine had undertaken was not yet come; but she was at Avignon now, at the side of Gregory XI., and she was to decide him to a step far more important than the granting a peace to Florence.

The character of Gregory XI. is so constantly represented in the same colours by historians of every grade, that it would seem almost rash to suppose that they could all have been mistaken in the picture. It has a softness and beauty about it that are extremely touching, when viewed in the light of his many misfortunes and early death, overshadowed as it was by the threats of the still greater troubles from which it saved him. He had been marked out for high ecclesiastical dignity from the very first, and was but eighteen when his uncle, Clement VI., made him Cardinal. His career after his elevation justified his premature advancement; he made himself famous for learning, and even more so for his tender piety and the unsullied purity of his life. His humility and sweetness won all hearts: perhaps the more because his frail health, his pale countenance, and evident delicacy of constitution, gave a kind of plaintive charm to his very appearance. Though he was barely forty years of age at the death of Urban V., he had been elected Pope after the conclave had lasted but a single night. He had refused at first, but at last had been forced to accept the crown of St. Peter as a matter of duty. He was then only in deacon's orders. No one has ever questioned the purity of his aims, or even the rightness of his views and the soundness of his judgment. We have already said, with regard to one great paramount question of the time, that he had secretly vowed to take back the Papacy to Rome, if he ever should be elected Pope. But, inheriting as he did the traditions of Clement VI., surrounded in France by noble and powerful relatives, and by Cardinals almost exclusively his fellow-countrymen, and with health and constitution that were almost sure to be ruined at once by the air of Rome, every thing seemed to forbid him to make the effort that was required. The earlier years of his reign had passed away, not indeed without many thoughts and even declarations on the subject, but without any steps being taken to put the design in execution. In 1374 he had

announced his intention of visiting Rome to the Emperor; in the following January he had written in the same sense to Edward III. and to other kings of Europe. But that summer and autumn saw the outbreak at Florence, and the great revolution that arrayed almost the whole of the Ecclesiastical States in rebellion against the Church; and the advocates of the French residence of the Papacy must have thought themselves safe, now that Italy had risen against Gregory. He was not like Urban V., a Pope elected from outside the College of Cardinals, with little sympathy and but few ties with them. He was of one of the great Limousin families, the nephew of the most brilliant of the Avignon Popes, surrounded by powerful relatives, all of whom were interested in keeping him where he was. The quiet security of Provence suited him, and he was one of those gentle characters, not wanting in ordinary firmness and decision, which still are more fitted for tranquil times than for days of disturbance, and are more capable of suffering and of patience than of initiating bold measures and breasting the waves of a great emergency. Family and personal influence had much weight with him; not from any active ambition or spirit of nepotism, so much as that it had become at Avignon a matter almost of course that many of the splendid prizes in the gift of the Popes should be bestowed on their relatives. He himself owed his position originally to that custom. At a time when reform was much needed in the prelacy, and many abuses and scandals existed which required to be sternly rebuked and punished, he could see what was wanting more easily than carry it out with a severity alien to his nature. He was influenced by the atmosphere around him. In the same way, notwithstanding his own strong inclination to grant peace on any terms to the Florentines, he seems to have yielded as to his actual policy to the more violent and relentless counsels of the French Cardinals, headed by Robert of Geneva, who led the Breton companies over the Alps. It might well have been thought that such a Pontiff would not now act against the advice and the wishes of all around him, and that the actual state of Italy would be enough to make him adjourn indefinitely his promised journey to Rome.

To such a character it is sometimes every thing to have support and companionship,—the mind and the voice of another, however inferior, that seem to give body and life to thoughts and designs not new indeed, but which seemed before to belong rather to the world of dreams and imaginations than of possible realities; to change wishes and longings into practical resolutions; to chase away phantom difficulties, and nerve the will to efforts and sacrifices which the conscience has long prompted. With all of us our own ideas and

designs seem sometimes to date their real existence from the moment that we found they were shared by some one else. In the case of Gregory XI., he seems, before the arrival of Catharine at Avignon, to have been almost alone in his wish to return to Italy; and he had already seen something of St. Bridget, and learnt from intercourse with her what the personal influence of great sanctity might be. Catharine at once won his perfect confidence, and her presence gave him the courage to follow out the course which he had long felt to be the right one. It is this which makes it historically true, that she had so great a part in the final return of the Holy See from Avignon. It is easy to find reasons why Gregory should have returned; it is easy to show that there was danger that an attempt might be made by the Romans to give their city a bishop of their own creation; or, on the other hand, that Gregory had intended to take the step long before he took it. If these things are alleged to show that the influence of St. Catharine has been exaggerated by her historians, they are beside the point. Her providential mission at Avignon was not to put new considerations before the mind of Gregory, but to strengthen his will to act upon considerations already familiar to him.

The esteem in which the Pope held her was not only manifested by the reception he gave her, and by his inviting her even to speak in public as to what she thought to be required for the best interests of the Church; it also shielded and defended her from the dislike with which her unwelcome presence was viewed by many a magnificent prelate and many a brilliant official of the court of Avignon. The reforms that she spoke of as so necessary, and the return to Rome that she recommended, were equally distasteful to them. Three of the most learned prelates asked leave of the Pope to visit her, and began to catechise her most severely both as to her presumption in coming as the envoy of Florence, and as to her preternatural gifts of prayer and her extraordinary mode of life. But they left her overwhelmingly convinced of her sanctity and wonderful gifts. The fine ladies about the court—the sisters, nieces, and relations of the Pope and the Cardinals—looked on her with instinctive dread. Some of them even tried to patronise and make her the fashion; but she either exhorted them plainly to conversion, or turned from them with that stern silence with which her Master received the overtures of the bloodstained paramour of Herodias. One of them—a niece of the Pope—knelt beside her in apparent devotion, as she was rapt in prayer before Communion, and plunged a needle or bodkin into her bare foot, to see whether she could feel it. When her state of abstraction ceased, Catharine could hardly walk, and her sandal was full of congealed blood. The French king heard of her

influence with the Pope, and sent his brother, the Duke of Anjou, to dissuade Gregory from listening to her: but Catharine won the respect and admiration of the duke, prevailed on him to offer himself for the crusade, and suggested him to the Pope as its captain-in-chief. Then an attempt was made to influence Gregory by means of the deference that he paid to the advice of saintly souls. A forged letter was sent him,—as it appears, in the name of the holy Peter of Aragon,—telling him that if he went to Italy he would be poisoned. Catharine showed him that the letter was not such as a servant of God would write, and that poison could be given him in France as well as in Italy. After all, the Pope still hesitated: he made preparations and issued orders, but it was with slowness and reluctance; and at any time a change might come over the state of affairs in Italy that might be the occasion of indefinite delay. One day again he asked her opinion. She said she was a poor weak woman; how should she give advice to the Sovereign Pontiff? “I do not ask you to counsel me,” he replied, “but to tell me what is the will of God.” Again she excused herself; and Gregory again urged her, commanding her at last, by virtue of her obedience, to tell him what she knew of God’s will as to the matter. She bowed her head,—“Who knows the will of God better than your Holiness, who have promised Him by vow to return to Rome?” Gregory had never revealed his vow to living soul; and from that moment his determination was taken. Still the opposition was great and powerful. The Cardinals urged him with the example of an excellent Pope, Clement IV., who had never done any thing without the approval of the Sacred College. Catharine met their arguments: she even went so far as to urge the Pope to depart secretly, so obstinate and so influential was the party that wished to retain him in France. At length, on September 13, 1376, amid the remonstrances of his family and the tears of his aged father, as well as the sullen complaints of the whole court, Gregory XI. left Avignon. Catharine had remained to the last, and then went on foot with her companions to Genoa, whither the Pope was to pass by sea.

It seemed as if every kind of influence that could beat down his courage was to be allowed to work upon the failing heart of Gregory. Every thing that could be turned into a bad omen was carefully noted. His horse refused to let him mount; then it became so restive that another had to be brought. As he passed by Novis, Orgon, and Aix to Marseilles, every where the inhabitants were in tears and gloom. Marseilles itself, when he came to embark, was the scene of a grand explosion of grief. Then there came the terrors of a dangerous voyage, from the extremely severe weather encoun-

tered by the fleet. The grandmaster of the Knights of St. John himself took the helm of the galley in which the Pope sailed—a weather-beaten veteran, accustomed to perils of all sorts, who had to exert all his skill under the storm that came on as they made across towards Genoa. They were obliged to put into Villafranca for some days. It was not till the 18th of October, sixteen days after leaving Marseilles, that Genoa was reached. Here the Pope was met by bad news from Rome and from Florence: the Florentines, alarmed at his approach, were preparing for the most desperate hostilities; the Romans seemed quite unwilling to put the government of the city into his hands. A consistory was held (the greater number of the Cardinals were with the Pope), and the resolution was adopted not to proceed further with the journey. All seemed lost: but Catharine with her company was in Genoa. The Pope sought her out—it is said, by night; and from her calm and fervent words gained fresh strength and courage to pursue his journey to the end.*

So, after ten days spent at Genoa, the fleet once more put to sea, to be driven again into Porto Fino, where the Feast of All Saints was kept. It arrived at Leghorn on the 7th of November, and there again lingered ten or eleven days. As far as Piombino all went well. When the galleys left that port, another storm—the most violent of all they had met with—arose, and drove them back shattered and disabled: three Cardinals were seriously ill, one of whom died at Pisa a few days later. At last Corneto was reached on December 6th, more than two months after the departure from Marseilles. Gregory remained there for several weeks to regain his strength and then sailed up the Tiber, landing near the Basilica of St. Paul on January 17th, 1377, the day before the Feast of the Roman Chair of St. Peter. His entrance was a triumph that seemed to promise him every security for peace and tranquillity; and the joy and devotion of the Romans may have taken away for the moment the mournful feelings with which he had turned his back on France. Thus, a year and a half after the revolution at Florence, which had caused so rapid and widespread a defection among the cities of the Pontifical States, and seemed to threaten the very existence of the temporal power of the Church, these very events, which might have seemed likely to furnish reason for the prolonged exile of the Papacy, brought about, under the providence of God, the fulfilment of the resolution to return to Rome which the Pope had so long delayed to accomplish. The instrument of the deliverance of the Holy See from its dangerous position was the envoy of its rebellious children, a humble maiden from Siena.

H. J. C.

* See Capececiatratro, *Storia di Santa Catarina*, lib. v. p. 222, 2d ed.

The Dream of Gerontius.

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§ 1.

GERONTIUS.

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death,
 And Thou art calling me; I know it now.
 Not by the token of this faltering breath,
 This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,—
 (Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
 'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
 (Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
 That I am going, that I am no more.
 'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
 (Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee,)
 This emptying out of each constituent
 And natural force, by which I come to be.
 Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
 Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
 The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
 Has never, never come to me before.
 'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he!
 As though my very being had given way,
 As though I was no more a substance now,
 And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
 (Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou,)
 And turn no whither, but must needs decay
 And drop from out this universal frame
 Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
 That utter nothingness, of which I came:
 This is it that has come to pass in me;
 O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
 So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.

ASSISTANTS.

Kyrie eleïson, Christe eleïson, Kyrie eleïson.
 Holy Mary, pray for him.
 All holy Angels, pray for him.
 Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.
 Holy Abraham, pray for him.

St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, pray for him.
 St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John,
 All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.
 All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.
 All holy Innocents, pray for him.
 All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,
 All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,
 All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

GERONTIUS.

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;
 And through such waning span
 Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
 Prepare to meet thy God.
 And while the storm of that bewilderment
 Is for a season spent,
 And, ere afresh the ruin on thee fall,
 Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
 Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.
 From the sins that are past;
 From Thy frown and Thine ire;
 From the perils of dying;
 From any complying
 With sin, or denying
 His God, or relying
 On self, at the last;
 From the nethermost fire;
 From all that is evil;
 From power of the devil;
 Thy servant deliver,
 For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
 Rescue him from endless loss;
 By Thy death and burial,
 Save him from a final fall;
 By Thy rising from the tomb,
 By Thy mounting up above,
 By the Spirit's gracious love,
 Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One ;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
In that manhood crucified ;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more ; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man ; as though I bent

Over the dizzy brink
 Of some sheer infinite descent;
 Or worse, as though
 Down, down for ever I was falling through
 The solid framework of created things,
 And needs must sink and sink
 Into the vast abyss. And, crueller still,
 A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
 The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,
 Some bodily form of ill
 Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse
 Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps
 Its hideous wings,
 And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
 O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!
 Some angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee
 In Thine own agony.
 Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me. Mary, pray for me.

ASSISTANTS.

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
 As of old so many by Thy gracious power:—Amen.
 Enoch and Elias from the common doom; Amen.
 Noe from the waters in a saving home; Amen.
 Abraham from th' abounding guilt of Heathenesse; Amen.
 Job from all his multiform and fell distress; Amen.
 Isaac, when his father's knife was raised to slay; Amen.
 Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment-day; Amen.
 Moses from the land of bondage and despair; Amen.
 Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair; Amen.
 And the children Three amid the furnace-flame; Amen.
 Chaste Susanna from the slander and the shame; Amen.
 David from Golia and the wrath of Saul; Amen.
 And the two Apostles from their prison-thrall; Amen.
 Thecla from her torments; Amen:

—so, to show Thy power,
 Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

GERONTIUS.

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep.
 The pain has wearied me. Into Thy hands,
 O Lord, into Thy hands.

THE PRIEST.

Proficiscere, anima Christiana de hoc mundo !
 Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul !
 Go from this world ! Go, in the Name of God,
 The omnipotent Father, who created thee !
 Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
 Son of the Living God, who bled for thee !
 Go, in the Name of th' Holy Spirit, who
 Hath been poured out on thee ! Go, in the name
 Of Angels and Archangels ; in the name
 Of Thrones and Dominations ; in the name
 Of Princedoms and of Powers ; and in the name
 Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth !
 Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets ;
 And of Apostles and Evangelists,
 Of Martyrs and Confessors ; in the name
 Of holy Monks and Hermits ; in the name
 Of holy Virgins ; and all Saints of God,
 Both men and women, go ! Go on thy course ;
 And may thy place to-day be found in peace,
 And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
 Of Sion :—through the Same, through Christ, our Lord.

§ 2.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

I went to sleep ; and now I am refreshed.
 A strange refreshment : for I feel in me
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is !
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse ;
 Nor does one moment differ from the next.
 I had a dream ; yes :—some one softly said
 “ He's gone ;” and then a sigh went round the room.
 And then I surely heard a priestly voice
 Cry “ Subvenite ;” and they knelt in prayer.
 I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low,
 And fainter and more faint the accents come,
 As at an ever-widening interval.
 Ah ! whence is this ? What is this severance ?

This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul ;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead ? I am not dead,
But in the body still ; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man ; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange ; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time ?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world ?

Another marvel : some one has me fast
Within his ample palm ; 'tis not a grasp

Such as they use on earth, but all around
 Over the surface of my subtle being,
 As though I were a sphere, and capable
 To be accosted thus, a uniform
 And gentle pressure tells me I am not
 Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
 And hark ! I hear a singing ; yet in sooth
 I cannot of that music rightly say
 Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.
 O what a heart-subduing melody !

ANGEL.

My work is done,
 My task is o'er,
 And so I come,
 Taking it home,
 For the crown is won.
 Alleluia,
 For evermore.

My Father gave
 In charge to me
 This child of earth
 E'en from its birth,
 To serve and save,
 Alleluia,
 And saved is he.

This child of clay
 To me was given,
 To rear and train
 By sorrow and pain
 In the narrow way,
 Alleluia,
 From earth to heaven.

SOUL.

It is a member of that family
 Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,
 Millions of ages back, have stood around
 The throne of God :—he never has known sin ;
 But through those cycles all but infinite,
 Has had a strong and pure celestial life,

And bore to gaze on th' unveiled face of God,
 And drank from the eternal Fount of truth,
 And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.
 Hark ! he begins again.

ANGEL.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
 But most in man, how wonderful Thou art !
 With what a love, what soft persuasive might,
 Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
 Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
 To fill the throne which angels lost through pride !

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
 Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
 With his whole essence shattered and unsound,
 And, coiled around his heart, a demon dire,
 Which was not of his nature, but had skill
 To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
 The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
 And I have waged a long relentless fight,
 Resolved that death-environed spirit to win,
 Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,
 Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

O what a shifting parti-coloured scene
 Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
 Of recklessness and penitence, has been
 The history of that dreary, lifelong fray !
 And O the grace, to nerve him and to lead,
 How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need !

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth !
 Majesty dwarfed to baseness ! fragrant flower
 Running to poisonous seed ! and seeming worth
 Cloaking corruption ! weakness mastering power !
 Who never art so near to crime and shame,
 As when thou hast achieved some deed of name ;

How should ethereal natures comprehend
 A thing made up of spirit and of clay,

Were we not tasked to nurse it and to tend,
Linked one to one throughout its mortal day?
More than the Seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed race.

SOUL.

Now know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body: had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipped as a god the voice
That was so musical; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even terror at the thought
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.

ANGEL.

All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree
The last are first, the first become the last;
By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,
By whom proud first-borns from their thrones are cast;
Who raises Mary to be Queen of heaven,
While Lucifer is left, condemned and unforgiven.

§ 3.

SOUL.

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

ANGEL.

All hail, my child!
My child and brother, hail! what wouldest thou?

SOUL.

I would have nothing but to speak with thee
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
Conscious communion; though I fain would know
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
And not a curiousness.

ANGEL.

You cannot now
Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

SOUL.

Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful Presence of its God,
There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

ANGEL.

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge:
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest
Cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—
By stars which rise and set harmoniously—
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
This way and that, of the suspended rod
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
Equal, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in th' immaterial world;
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone,
And grow or wane with its intensity.
And time is not a common property;
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
And near is distant, as received and grasped
By this mind and by that, and every one
Is standard of his own chronology.
And memory lacks its natural resting-points,
Of years, and centuries, and periods.

It is thy very energy of thought
Which keeps thee from thy God.

SOUL.

Dear Angel, say,
Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?
Along my earthly life, the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible.
I had it aye before me, and I saw
The Judge severe e'en in the Crucifix.
Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy.

ANGEL.

It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is passed.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
One and the same for the collected world—
That solemn consummation for all flesh,
Is, in the case of each, anticipate
Upon his death; and, as the last great day
In the particular judgment is rehearsed,
So now too, ere thou comest to the throne,
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

§ 4.

SOUL.

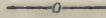
But hark! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear,
Could I be frightened.

J. H. N.

(To be continued.)

Hippolite Flandrin.

A SKETCH.



HIPPOLITE FLANDRIN, whose death in the past year threw so heavy and unexpected a gloom over art in France, as well as upon the affections of a wide circle of friends, countrymen, and lovers, was one of the noblest and purest spirits that ever followed in the wake of Raphael.* All that his biography records is most winningly prepossessing. He possessed a fine genius, framed in heart-endowments of richest excellence. Never was sterling capacity better proved than his; never were fame and full reward more worthily achieved by early trials and long professional toil.

He was the son of a miniature-painter at Lyons, whose life was one exacting struggle for the mere maintenance of his family, and whose three sons—Auguste, destined to become an eminent lithographer; Paul, now the well-known landscape-painter; and our Hippolite—devoted themselves, with his full concurrence, also to art, but in a higher range to that so discouragingly followed by him. Accordingly the brothers gave themselves up, with all the ardent impulse of youth, to such artistic education as their native city afforded, and for seven years Hippolite and Paul became sedulous pupils in its *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. Their expanding ambition then yearned for change of scene, for transference to that centre of their country's art in all its vast and various developments, all its glorious emulations—Paris. But how accomplish their momentous emigration thither? The poor household purse could little aid them. They were thrown upon their own ways and means. Their pencils, already facile in production, threw off small sketches, chiefly of military subjects; and from the casual sale of these, in a market where *centimes* and *sous* were the normal measures of value, they gradually won unconsidered trifles, which they garnered up with jealous resolution, until the accumulated budget assured them not that they might seek accommodation in *diligence* or humbler roadside *voiture*, but, with staff and wallet, enter on a heavy pilgrimage to their land of promise. And it was so. From Lyons to Paris they trod 120 leagues of weary travel,—a more than Whittingtonian toil,—the remembrance of

* A considerable collection of Flandrin's works has recently been brought together for public exhibition at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* in Paris.

which, however, was soon consigned to oblivion, when the dome of the Parthenon and the towers of Notre Dame broke upon their view.

So far the brothers might be considered to have accomplished their first act in the drama of life; their second, upon which they now entered, while urgent in great excitement, was one of still more trying severities. Their intention, on leaving home, had been to enter the studio of Hersent, then a choice favourite with the Lyons *Ecole des Beaux Arts*; but a happy accident led them to prefer a much more conspicuous leader in the French school—Ingres. Never had they reason to repent of their second thoughts and choice. In him, as it turned out, they found a most zealous master and a most affectionate parental friend. They reciprocated his goodly feelings with an unremitting ardour of study and a fond regard, which, more especially in the case of Hippolite, would seem never to have undergone modification.

Writing to his father, on this departure from previous arrangement, he says:

“My change in this instance has not been the result of caprice. In the first place, M. Ingres is esteemed at Paris to be more highly talented than M. Hersent; and, again, his school is much better regulated and more tranquil. It does not tolerate any of those evil tricks, of which the frequent result is to alienate the very best among the young students.”

Here, then, the brothers devoted themselves, for something more than three years, to the most unremitting study of their cherished art; but as “not e’en love can live on flowers,” and equally little can solid provender be derived from contemplating the mysteries of the line of beauty, so the youths, having had no resources beyond what would seem to have been the remainder store of their early sinking fund, and a meagre reinforcement, derived from the like source in Paris, found themselves not unfrequently seriously near to the approaches of inanition—seriously familiar with the practice of estimating with minuteness the minimum quiddity by which body and soul can be kept together. They held close intimacy then with

“Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet.”

Hippolite gave, in a letter to his father, a graphic sketch of their course of life at that time.

“Up at five o’clock,” he writes, “we betake ourselves to the Luxembourg, to breathe its fresh air; at six we go to work; at eight or nine we breakfast. Unfortunately, bread was never so dear. Afterwards we work on till six o’clock. You have advised me to

beware of contracting debts. Oh, be quite at ease on that point. I should much prefer enduring the severest sacrifices. Be assured of your children's love. Distant though they be, they will do nothing to incur your disapproval, and it will ever be their effort to console you."

The picture was not wholly filled up; had it been altogether faithful, it might have been rather trying than consoling to the affectionate father. Thus he might have added, that bread was unfortunately so dear that it disappeared oftentimes from their repasts. Then it was that "they dined on a sou's worth of honey and (strange conglomerate!) a sou's worth of potatoes." Then, too, "Paul, with a small vessel in his hand, followed the water-carrier's perambulatory cask through the streets, to appropriate its filtered drippings, and, if detected and repulsed by the owner, adopted, with all philosophic coolness, the alternative of replenishing his cup by a dip in the river. When evening came, in that hard winter of 1829 and '30, having neither fireplace nor stove in their attic, and unable to afford themselves candles to prolong their day with reading, they betook themselves to the bed which they shared, in order to secure for themselves thereby a modicum of warmth. All the day long, however, the ardour was unabated of their labours in the atelier of M. Ingres, whose glowing influence animated all around him."

From him they had for some time concealed the hardships which they had been compelled to bear. At length, however, he became quite aware of them, and his exclamation is recorded: "And I have been all this time taking their money!" The result is thus told by Hippolite, in a letter to his father:

"That good, that excellent man, M. Ingres, has just crowned all his acts of kindness towards us. Some days since he asked me to visit him. On my arrival he told me that he was satisfied with our progress, and that, from that date forward, we should cease to pay him; that he made us a full and entire acquittal of the amount which we should be indebted to him for our instruction. I was overwhelmed in my efforts to thank him; and every day I labour to testify how deeply grateful I am for so great a favour. For some time back I have been fortunate in making copies of certain pictures which have pleased him, and which he has honoured by placing them in his cabinet. I cannot tell how much I love this great man. I should wish to make all the world participate in my feelings, and for that end it would merely be necessary to make him known as he is. Were it not for his express interdict, I should publish at large the acts of kindness for which he has made us his debtors; for gratitude is no burden to us. It will only impose on us a duty of greater

efforts to render ourselves worthy pupils of so great a master. Our liabilities, henceforward, will only amount to ten francs per month—a prodigious diminution. Dear father, do tell all this to Aunt Martin and the whole family. They are so kind that they will join with you and with us in our rejoicings.”

That the excellent M. Ingres had every reason to be satisfied with his pupil, Hippolite Flandrin, was now evident from the simple fact, that, although but in the second year of his studies, he had become candidate for the Roman prize, and, in the opinion of his master, ought to have obtained it. But in that day jealousies and animosities—such as, *miserabile dictu*, so commonly occur in those great academic hotbeds of the *artes et litteræ humaniores*—were especially rife in the French Academy; and the pupil of Ingres was sacrificed to some such unholy partisanship.

Again, in the next year, 1832, he became a candidate and competitor for the same important honour, and—after what a turmoil!—with success. Could any thing have happened more untowardly, more depressingly, for the young intellectual gladiator than the incidents attending this struggle? The cholera, at that juncture, had burst forth in its full virulence, and upon him that remorseless cholera seized. Of the period of competition, when he, like his opponents, should have been in his secluded cell working out his picture, he was for one month thrown upon his back; and it was with an utter desperation of resolve that he dragged himself, aided by his brother's arm, to that locale of his labours.

An amusing and characteristic incident is recorded in connection with this crisis. The last day for work had arrived, and all Flandrin's competitors had thrown open their hitherto jealously-closed quarters, in order that, according to custom, each should inspect what his rivals had produced. He alone continued shut up, and by locks, bolts, and bars, tried to render his precious seconds more secure. But he soon heard the turbulent cohort approaching to exact their due. They shouted for him, and rattled and kicked at his reculant door, but all to no purpose; until one of their number, of herculean ponderosity, dashed himself headlong against the frail portal, and in it flew in fragments. Still the pale emaciated youth held to his pencil and palette, and the noisy intruders soon changed their mood into quiet admiration of his canvas.

The public exhibition of the competing pictures now took place; and he thus tells of it to the dear ones at Lyons:

“MY DEAR FATHER AND DEAR MOTHER,—I must impart to you our joy. I have worked hard and put myself through much tribula-

tion; but I am recompensed in the satisfaction of my dear master. Let me, without more ado, tell you all that has happened.

"To-day, September the 25th, the exhibition of our pictures took place. How my heart throbbed as the hour of its opening approached! for it is terrible to present oneself, for the first time, to criticism—to the animadversion of the public. At length the doors open, and that public pours in. From a position in the rear, I noticed the grouping of the spectators. I presently beheld an enormous number gathering in front of my picture, and then many, wholly strangers to me, demanded if I were not M. Flandrin. Answering in the affirmative, I was complimented. A moment later, and all our comrades of the atelier arrived in a mass. They scrutinised—they came to their conclusions. Then they circled round me, pressed and embraced me. Oh, how gratified I was by these testimonies of friendship! Presently arrived the students of other ateliers. Many of them joined in the manifestations of my comrades, and their number was augmented by a crowd of persons totally unknown to me, amongst whom were the journalists, as you may perceive by looking over the *Constitutionnel* of the 26th. I was very happy at this general approval, but I still wanted that of M. Ingres. He had not as yet seen my picture, and I trembled. Towards midday I went to see him, and narrated to him what had occurred at the exhibition. He shed tears of joy, and bid me come to him again at five o'clock, when he should have seen the work. Meantime I returned to the exhibition. The crowd was still round my picture, and so continued up to five o'clock. The appointed five o'clock had arrived. I was precise with my master. He approached me with open arms, embraced me, and exclaimed, that few painters had ever made so brilliant a *début*—that he was proud to have been my instructor; in a word, he was profuse in flattering remarks. All this I repeat to you, because you are my father, my mother, my brother—and that which gives me pleasure fills you with joy. And assuredly I could not receive a sweeter recompense than the satisfaction of M. Ingres, and the manner in which it was evinced. In fine, the result of this day is, that artists and the public have decided, by an immense majority, that I deserved the prize. With the public and M. Ingres, I feel convinced that such is the case; but I do not believe that it shall be mine.

"To-day, the 27th, the crowd is as numerous as it was yesterday, and invariably expresses the same opinion. Many persons have been to congratulate M. Ingres, which gives him great pleasure. This morning he had a meeting with his pupils, and has praised my picture much to them. All this is infinitely more than I had anticipated.

"To-day, the 28th, the crowd is still before my picture. Every one assures me that I shall win, but I cannot believe it, for the cabal is horribly excited.

"Here we are at Saturday, the 29th, the day of adjudication, and yet I am more calm than when I awaited the decision of M. Ingres. Now he and the public have given me the prize, and thence my calmness. I have done all that I could; and as I have fulfilled my duty, I hope I shall meet injustice with fortitude.

"As it concerns painters, the struggle now is one of good and evil—two principles which can never be reconciled. Our adversaries are about to muster all their forces. M. Ingres has left me to take part in the judgment, and his parting words were, 'We are about to see how far men can push iniquity.'"

Beneath these lines, the following words, written in large characters and with a hand trembling with emotion, may be read:

"Well, I have been mistaken; this prize is mine. I shall shortly give you more details. Adieu!—Your loving, loving son."

The record of this transaction would not be complete, if the following proof of the justness of the young Flandrin's apprehensions were not added. It is told, that when the professional judges had met—"a terrible show"—on this occasion, they scarcely condescended to glance at his work, and were about to return an award, previously agreed upon. Ingres looked on silent and impassive; then, suddenly directing his hand towards the wilfully-overlooked picture, "I," he exclaimed, "notify that to you. I say no more; it speaks for itself." This emphatic expression had its effect. The considerate judges paused. They could not but admit that there were great merits in this work; but its producer was so young. He could afford to wait. His competitor was of thirty mature years, and, moreover, was pupil of a professor very consequential amongst his colleagues. Thereupon Ingres seated himself, saying that the prize was due to the canvas to which he had drawn attention; that so it should be adjudged, or else he should but rise from his chair to hand-in the resignation of his office. These decisive words were effective; the judges did their duty, and merit received its reward.

The recent exhibition in Paris contained a hundred of the works of Hippolite Flandrin, independent of a most interesting series of sketches for his sacred mural subjects. Among the former might be seen the picture about which there was, in the year 1832, such excitement, both kindly and hostile. The subject—given, of course, and not selected by the young artist—was "Theseus recognised by his Father at a Banquet;" and the great merit of its treatment by him will be found in its correctness of drawing and its elaborate finish of

colouring in oils. It indicates ripe education, but presents no inspiration of expression. His thoughts, however, were not with themes of pagan antiquity. Already his mind, so full of every amiable, elevated, hopeful yet unassuming quality, had devoted itself—so it was felt to be in the studio of M. Ingres—to religious illustration. With that sacred spell upon him, it may be conceived how this triumph of competition, which relieved all his pecuniary strummings, and transported him to the consecrated soil of Rome for an assured residence of five good years, must have filled his breast to overflowing with happy and exultant anticipations. He grasped the passport and supplies with which he was furnished, and, again afoot, strode homewards to share his happiness with those whom he so fervidly loved in Lyons, and from thence on and on for the “City of the Soul.”

Upon the third, and probably happiest, act of his life's drama, Flandrin may now be taken to have entered. He gave himself up, with the zeal of a pilgrim who had attained his cherished shrine, to all the various absorbing impressions and meditations which the scenes, amidst which he stood or wandered, so vividly suggested to a mind of the calibre of his. He was in the habit, long afterwards, of recurring to those familiar associations with the Rome of the ruins, Rome of the Christian revival, with all its varied reminiscences, and then the Roma, Alma Mater of that art to which all his ardent aspirations were given. He realised, no doubt, all that has been so eloquently and feelingly set forth by the late Cardinal Wiseman, in a charming passage in his *Recollections of the last Four Popes*.

“The life of the student in Rome should be one of unblended enjoyment. If he loves his work, or, what is the same, if he throws himself conscientiously into it, it is sweetened to him as it can be nowhere else. His very relaxations become at once subsidiary to it, yet most delightfully recreative. His daily walks may be through the field of art; his resting-place in some seat of the Muses; his wanderings along the stream of time, bordered by precious monuments. He can never be alone; a thousand memories, a thousand associations, accompany him, rise up at every step, bear him along. There is no real loneliness in Rome now any more than of old, when a thoughtful man could say that he ‘was never less alone than when alone.’”

Flandrin, however, was not one to give too much of his time to either musings or meanderings; he soon set himself seriously to work; and in consequence sent home to Paris, in the course of his five years, considerably more testimonial pictures than he was bound to do by the strict rules of the Academy. Of these the more remarkable were an illustration of “Dante leading Virgil to console the

Souls of the Envious;" "St. Clair, first Bishop of Nantes, healing the Blind;" the nude crouching figure of a boy on a sea-rock; and "Suffer little Children to come unto Me."

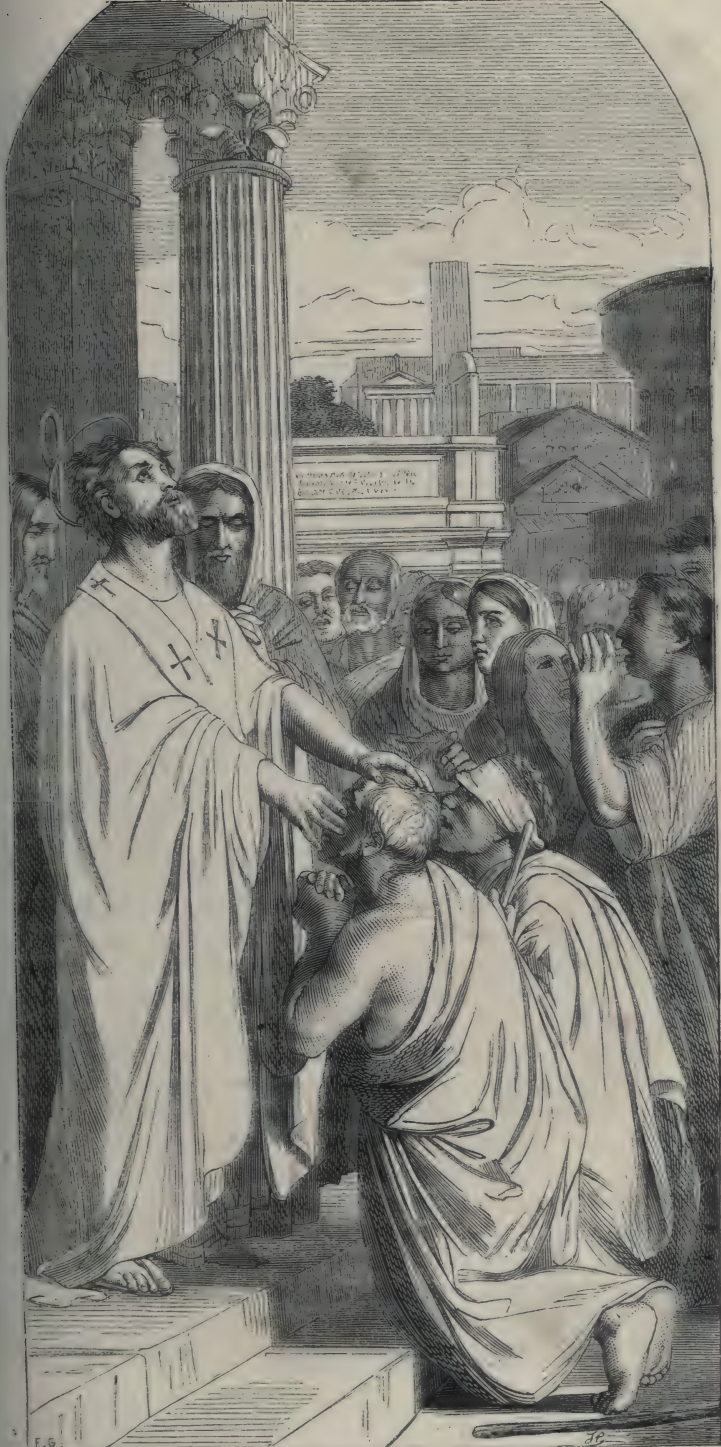
When the "St. Clair" was seen by Ingres, who at the time of its finish had become Director of the French Academy at Rome, "he exclaimed," writes Hippolite to an intimate friend, "'No, no, my friend! painting is not lost—I shall not have lived in vain!' On hearing these expressions," adds the young painter, "of which I am so little worthy to be either object or occasion, I shrunk within myself, and could only reply with tears." (See illustration, p. 435.) When "Christ and the Children" was seen at Paris by Ary Scheffer, that eminent man being then in the highest brilliancy of his renown, he studied it attentively for a while, and then said, "Why wear oneself out in practice, when a very child springs at a bound to the summit? I know nothing—nothing have they taught me. Why have not I too been a pupil of Ingres?"

The fourth and great working act of Flandrin's career now opened, in a manner to sustain the opinions expressed by those two great masters, with a full tide of engagements. He was at once recognised as an artist devoted, by special vocation, to "heavenly themes." In their development he was truly desirous to isolate himself. This temperament, and his unaffectedly sincere convictions, happily led him to a predominant sympathy with these sublimer suggestions of art. True it is that, subsequently, his practice in portraiture became very considerable; but it appeared to be intruded upon his atelier by an uncontrollable pressure from without. He was commissioned, in less than two years after his return from Rome, to decorate with frescoes the old church of St. Severin. From thence he proceeded to commence the elaborate series of paintings which were intended to render complete the restoration of the similarly ancient and venerable structure, the church of St. Germain de Prés, in the sanctuary of which he then executed, after the Byzantine mode, upon a golden ground, his two greatest compositions—"The Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem," and "The Ascent unto Calvary." The entire mural decoration of the new church of St. Paul de Nismes was then intrusted to him; as subsequently was that of the abbey-church of Ainay, in his native Lyons. Finally, he executed his crowning works of the frieze-painting of St. Vincent de Paul and the nave of St. Germain de Prés. He also had commissions, upon which he was never destined to enter, to decorate the choir of the Strasburg Cathedral, and the new church of St. Augustin in Paris.

Of all these important works, the most extensive in area and the most successful was the frieze of St. Vincent de Paul. With it, it

may be anticipated, the name of Hippolite Flandrin will be hereafter most associated; with it, while that fine church lasts, towering over Paris from its loftiest northern bounds, and while its walls are true to their singular embellishment, his artistic greatness, in comparison with that of his precursors and his contemporaries in his great walk, will best be testified. Architecturally, this spacious frieze, while it passes along, surmounting the noble line of columns on each side of the church-nave, becomes the basis for another series of lesser columns, which spring up to the roof—presenting an ample breadth of wall, upon which, and on a golden ground, the processional lines of illustrative figures are long drawn out. These figures marshal, in separate companies, the different orders of saints, which are classified by the Roman Catholic Church—apostles, martyrs, and confessors; ecclesiastic, laic, and military,—besides a long train of female saints and martyrs. Now, it is of essential importance to note, that in this series of figures there is but little of the complex grouping which should necessarily attend on historic compositions. In the fall of their drapery a line of very gentle wave also prevails. Yet there is so much of beauty and elevated expression in the presentment of each particular form, that no sensation of monotony wearies the eye in the survey of the whole. The colouring of this work is throughout extremely delicate, with a happy harmony in its varieties of tint; and, backed as it is by the rich golden ground, its resulting general effect is singularly beautiful—most brilliant in its prismatic tints, without even a venial error of garishness.

The comparison of this frieze of the St.-Vincent-de-Paul church with the more ambitious series of frescoes, which Flandrin almost completed for the church of St. Germain de Prés, and in which subjects from both the Old and New Testament are illustrated—as, for instance, “The Adoration of the Magi,” “The Passage of the Red Sea,” “Joseph sold by his Brethren,” “The Annunciation,” or “The Baptism of Christ,”—leaves behind an irrésistible conclusion, that it is neither amongst intellects of great original inventive power, nor colourists of potent palette, that he can be classed. At the same time, it would be a palpable injustice to suggest that his perceptions could ever be reproached with a descent into commonplace. It may seem strange to affirm, but we should venture so far, that the finer calibre of Flandrin’s artistic powers could best be seen and felt in his studies for the more pretentious canvas. The recent exhibition at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* presented abundant evidence of this affirmation. There were ranged some seventy or eighty of the first conceptions of characters destined for development, either singly or in groupings, in figures as large or larger than life. What a firm





hand!—how accomplished a pencil did they not attest! What faultless drawing! What unerring grace and truth of drapery! And, finally, what sincerity and exquisite delicacy of expression were imprinted on them by touches the most subtle! The fastidious anxiety with which these sketches were made was illustrated in several instances by varied repetitions. Thus the subject of “Adam and Eve reproached by the Deity for their Disobedience” is given in five different modifications of attitude, of which that ultimately adopted by the nicely-susceptible judgment of the artist was unequivocally the fittest for transmission to the walls of a church. Again, the attitude of “Moses commanding the Red Sea to overwhelm the Egyptians” was triply studied. In all these drawings the hand of, in its fullest sense, a master was obvious; and kept, as it is understood they will be, amongst the kindred treasures of the Louvre, they cannot fail to be most captivating objects of study to young artists in a long hereafter. They attest, however, a special faculty for giving concentrated individual expression, while their occasional combination in dramatic grouping intimates rather elaborate effort than a pervading inspiration. A special instance of this faculty for condensing, as it were, the very essence of character appeared amongst the larger canvases of this exhibition, in the full-length figure of the “Mater Dolorosa,” or the Mother of Christ, standing in front of a cross, with the crown of thorns in her hand, and with a very desolation of anguish in the eyes, which fix their regard intensely on those of the spectator. It is said, with regard to this picture, that when it was beheld by Queen Marie-Amelie, in the first exhibition which she visited after the tragic death of the Duke of Orleans, her majesty was wholly overcome by its influence, and burst into a paroxysm of tears and sobs.

Further evidence of Flandrin’s characteristic faculty of individualising may be discerned in his excellence as a portrait-painter, which entailed upon him, in spite of his devotion to those higher engagements to which, with all his heart, he was devoted, a very extensive practice in that branch of his profession. He possessed, it appears, the most facile promptness in selecting expression and making out his likenesses. His pencil was eminently firm, free, and faithful. The result was a delicate finesse of significance in his heads, giving them an assured individuality quite apart from any Titianesque force of *chiaro scuro*. This rendered his female heads highly refined and quietly expressive. The natural consequence was that his practice as a portrait-painter gradually flowed in upon him in such exacting abundance, that he was forced to discourage and repel it; it veritably swelled to a flood, against which he had to erect most rigid barriers. It is affirmed that he was resolute enough to

refuse as many as two hundred commissions of this class, urged on him, as they frequently were, by the most influential instances. How nobly his mind soared above pecuniary temptations in the matter may be estimated from the following singular and amusing anecdote :

One of the reigning belles of the day in the world of fashion was anxious to reserve for her own contemplation, as well as for the admiration of days succeeding her but too-transitory triumphs, an enduring presentment of her transcendent charms, and, with unfaltering confidence in their influence upon the artist, had herself introduced to him. The purport of her visit being made known, was met on his part with a polite negative. She offered 20,000 francs—to no purpose: 25,000; still, and with more coldness, declined. Well, yield he must, and 80,000 was uttered. The artist disdained to reply, but silently opened the door of the atelier and bowed-out the indignant beauty.

In his portraits of men Flandrin was equally successful; always faithful, always characteristic. This was strongly illustrated in the late exhibition by two whole-lengths—that of the Emperor of the French, and another of the financial potentate Baron James Rothschild. In both one and the other there is a higher vigour of colouring, a bolder, more perceptible touch, than generally characterises his pencil. The portrait of the Emperor appeared amongst the French collection, in the great art-review of 1861, where its merits were duly estimated. While true, it is the most prepossessing of the myriad likenesses that have appeared of Louis Napoleon, combining, in great delicacy of expression, a quiet concentrated penetration of observation with firmness unequivocal and amiability somewhat ambiguous. It has been placed in the Luxembourg Gallery. These were the last and best works, in their class of art, of Hippolite Flandrin.

And now, in all these unrelenting toils and triumphs, and after all the variations of sunshine and shadow which attend even the most successful public life, Flandrin began to feel that he had tried to the uttermost the resources of his constitution. Weariness and ill-health came upon him with untoward menace. There was, he deemed, one sure restorative, one sovereign tonic for both, and that was a temporary withdrawal from his engagements, in order to revisit Rome. The recollection of his sojourn in the Eternal City had ever remained garnered, like a precious gem, in his heart. Let us, in order to appreciate this circumstance, revert to the concluding passage in a letter written by him, in the year 1836, to his friend Lacuria :

“Some time since you asked me whether I really loved this country; believe me, my attachment to it is inexpressible. I dearly love France, the land of my family and friends—true, I love it best;

but to think that I must leave Rome rends my very heart. When, from my window alone, I contemplate this lovely plain; then that fair Sabine chain—those charming hills, with their old names, their antique associations; beneath me our noble garden; and then that delicious palace, in one wing of which I have my dwelling—when all this I see from one of my windows, and then, turning to another, my view commands the whole city, with the sea for its horizon-line, oh! trust me, that I suffer deeply at the thought that one day I shall be compelled to abandon all this. Reluctantly indeed shall I depart; but one must conquer oneself; I feel but too well that it is not here my life should be spent.”

Contrast this, or rather mark its continuousness, with a letter written, when he had worked-out that return, for which he had yearned, to these scenes: “We have arrived,” he writes in 1864, “full of joy at Rome. My emotions were deeper than those of all my family; for the sight of all these noble and beautiful things brought me back so vividly to the age when, full of youth and hope, I had life before me, that for a moment the academic pensioner of 1832 reappeared, only still more enthusiastic, still more deeply touched than ever, with the marvels of Rome.”

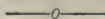
But with this crowning gratification of his dearest wishes, we are brought, alas! to the last brief act of Hippolite Flandrin's career. Rome, in its solemn, soothing calm, might have been hailed by him with feelings similar to those so exquisitely embodied by Byron in his apostrophe to the Swiss lake:

“Sweet placid Lemman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I've dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, in its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.”

The angel of death awaited him, to guide him to that purer spring. A rapid attack of illness broke upon him, and he was abruptly carried off, like Raphael, in the full ripeness of his powers. Amongst the spots to which his exploring reminiscences led him, ere this occurred was—can it be doubted?—the studio in the French Academy, in which he had whilom worked, and from the windows of which he contemplated so lovingly the scenes sketched by him so vividly in the letter to Lacuria. Peradventure even from thence he may have derived a happy consolation in his departing moments, when he may have found still unobliterated on a corner of its door—for such things are at times held sacred—these lines from Holy Writ, which, in his youthful fervour, he had firmly written:

“*Mon Dieu! vous m'avez inondé de joie, par le spectacle de vos ouvrages, et je serai ravi en chantant les œuvres de vos mains!*”

A Pen-and-Ink Sketch in France.



WHY need one remain in Paris during these hot dusty days, overwhelmed with the *distractions du monde*, while so many beautiful spots, almost unknown to the English, are so easily to be reached? Who would not rather wish to be strolling by the high ramparts, or across the gray bridges, and under the trim lime-trees of one of the inexpressibly beautiful old country towns of France? Who dares to say that Paris is the centre of all attraction, when the exquisitely graceful architecture of mediæval times, and the fair green beauty of June, and the grand traditions of the past, await one on every side? See! the map is studded with historic names: Maintenon, Le Mans, Chartres. I never actually knew any body who had been at Chartres, though every body agrees that the Cathedral is one of the finest in the world.

Chartres then let it be; but one cannot now mount the banquette of a diligence, and leaving Paris at early morn, travel for hours through those richly-sown arable plains till the twin towers appear on the horizon. Out by the Versailles railway we must go, and presently past Rambouillet, in whose royal château lived, for the greater part of his long life, the sainted Duc de Penthièvre, grandson, by the bar-sinister, of Louis XIV., and grandsire, by the mother's side, of Louis Philippe. Rambouillet, inhabited for two generations by this quasi-royal stock, was reclaimed by Louis XVI.; and the aged Duc removed to Vernon on the Seine, taking with him nine coffins; those of his parents (Count and Countess of Toulouse), of his wife, and six children; one of whom was the Prince de Lamballe, husband of the beloved friend of Marie Antoinette. These coffins, together with the Duc's own, were rifled in the Revolution, and the contents thrown into a fosse. In 1816, when the mother of Louis Philippe returned from exile, all she could do was to raise a memorial over the spot. What a subject for a picture would be the removal of those nine coffins leaving Rambouillet by torch-light; and how touching the old man's desire that these sad remains of a once happy home should go with him whithersoever he himself did go to end his days! Vain was the hope that he and his might sleep together in honoured repose. Together they mingle with the common earth,—nay, not even all together; for the fair features and graceful form of Marie Therese

de Lamballe, found (so far as can be known) a last rest in a graveyard on the south side of Paris, carried thither in one of those terrific dead-carts which slowly toiled up the steep narrow Rue St. Jacques after the "days of September." One who walked there in the morning sunshine of that fatal autumn saw the row of carts as they came onwards bearing their ghastly freight. From one pitiful heap protruded a fair white foot,—*un pied de femme!* "Perhaps," says her biographer, "that of Madame de Lamballe!"

But we must leave Rambouillet; the train bears us on to Maintenon; the château of which was given by Louis le Grand to Françoise d'Aubigné, when he married her and made her Marquise de Maintenon, famous for all time. The marriage is said to have taken place in the castle chapel, and to have been celebrated by Père la Chaise. Ere the mind ceases to recall the gentle gravity and possible dullness of those closing years of the great man's domestic state, we see the "twin towers" of Chartres rise above the green horizon, richly gilded by the setting sun. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to call them twin towers, for, on approaching the town, one is seen to be worked and fretted and pinnacled, the other severely plain. No more beautiful sunset-glow than shone that evening over the ancient city ever greeted a traveller's eyes; it transfigured the mighty pile of the church, and was cast back from tower and gable and high-pitched roof. The inhabitants walked in the midst, radiant figures in a radiant world of light. But before the hotel was reached and appropriated, the sun had sunk below the fields of corn; and before I made my way through a knot of intricate streets to the cathedral, a heavy twilight had descended on the town. A heavy twilight! No better words can be chosen! Not the evening glow,—that was fading sombrely in the west; not the black depth nor the starry splendour of the summer night; but a wrapping veil of twilight, which fell over the huge cathedral with its closed doors, over the narrow streets whose footways were hidden under the projecting stories of the gable-ended houses. There was not a sound in those dim streets, though the great clock had not struck nine of the summer eve. There was hardly a passer-by. Chartres had retired to rest; or were there any but ghosts inhabiting its antique dwellings? Ghosts that would peer out as one stole past those barred windows, ready perhaps to troop to midnight mass of their own. The space around the cathedral is narrow; and from a rope flung across from its wall to a neighbouring house depended a *lanterne*, its dim oil flame just marking a point in the diffusive shadow. I walked all round the vast edifice, which looked of incredible size in that uncertain atmosphere, and ascended the great steps on either side, leading up to broad portals, fit to be

flung open for the solemn entry of a king and his people; seeking whether haply some small door might be found yet unlatched which would admit me into the inner shrine. But all was closed for the night. The statues of royal saints grouped about the west portal,—the “Porte Royale,”—looked down with calm Byzantine faces, the Prophets, and the Elders of the Apocalypse, and all the great and glorious company which do inhabit the outer walls of Chartres cathedral, kept a stern impassive guard that night. The church was as dark and silent as those wonderful streets; the *lanterne* was the only sign of human life; and that might have been believed to have been a mystic and self-supporting lamp, burning for ever before the vast tabernacle. I felt as if suddenly plunged *en plein moyen âge*. Was it possible that here too the Revolution had passed with its swift and terrible wing?

Seen by daylight, Chartres is also strangely antique; these provincial towns of France are a hundred years older than any of our own. *We* date at farthest from the red brick of the Tudors; *they* from the carved stone of the date of our last invading Plantagenets. The streets of Chartres are steep, and break into frequent steps. No carriage can pass up or down; the laborious peasant women, with their white caps, emerge from the shadow into the sunshine, brilliant points of light. Green trees overhang the walled gardens; in one luxuriant *plaisance*, on the brow of the hill, immediately behind the cathedral, a party of young priests employ their recreation in a game of bowls. A boulevard extends over the site of the ancient ramparts, but the Eure creeps quietly beside, overhung with quaint half-ruined buildings of uncertain date; and yonder rises a ruined church, of which the remaining portion is turned into a warehouse. St. André was its name; founded more than seven hundred years ago. The choir was carried across the river; it is gone, but a crypt extends to the brink, or rather below the level. The round arches, the massive half-Romanesque architecture, tell of an almost immemorial time. Yellow water-lilies float upon the Eure; tall poplars tremble beside it. Over the steep slope of this side of the town rises the immense cathedral; and on every side lie the rich corn-fields of La Béance.

Over a queer little old bridge, and through an old, old gate, one passes from the boulevard to the crooked street; and here, immediately in the thoroughfare, stood on that June Sunday, a little altar, which a group of eager young people were decorating with white and pink calico; a priest gave the directions, and sundry little urchins sat on neighbouring door-steps watching the preparations. It was not the first glimpse of white and pink calico, intermixed with flowers, which I had seen during my walk. In fact one of the parishes was

keeping the Octave of the *Fête Dieu*, by a procession—"not like the great procession of M. l'Evêque," said the people; "*that* took half an hour to file past one; it was endless!" Nevertheless, this lesser ceremony was a beautiful sight in that sunshiny old Chartres. When I had ascertained the hour, I retraced my steps to the boulevard, and waited by the principal *Reposoir*, which was further decorated with a white image of the Blessed Virgin, and a profusion of lights and flowers. The procession came up to the music of a brass-band, performed by striplings from sixteen to twenty. Then came troops of children, some of whose parents walked with them,—they being little toddling creatures, dressed in white, and so small as to be barely steady on their legs; there were the usual flock of townspeople, and a small congregation of gaily-dressed ladies, seated on chairs near the temporary altar; the whole scene lit up by the blazing sunshine, just mitigated by the trees of the boulevard with faint flickering shadow. It took about ten minutes for the procession to file up and group itself round the *Reposoir*; and then the whole company fell on their knees, as if we had been in Italy or Spain,—indeed the scene was southern in its beauty and romantic expression of devotion,—a scene which English Catholics can hardly look upon without being strangely moved. When all had passed away in the intricate streets of the town, I threaded my way to the church whence they had started and to which they would return. The small quiet square in which it stands was ornamented with flowers, ingeniously sewn on to white sheets fastened up against the brick-walls. This pretty device must be seen to be appreciated. Three banners hung from the windows of a house opposite to the open portal of the empty church. It was so hot and tranquil,—somehow it reminded one of Rome. A few people gradually collected, standing in groups about the square, half in sunshine, half in shadow; until at last the procession and its attendant crowd poured into the quiet precincts, filed up the centre of the church, and then arose the slow beat of the Gregorian Chant.

Such was the Chartres which presented itself that summer afternoon,—a city wearing its robes of antique beauty and picturesque devotion; but there is another and a very different Chartres existing in the associations of history, and which have left their visible trace. Pétion was born here; and the hero of the town, doubly commemorated by an obelisk and a statue, is Marceau, the revolutionary general, who beat the Vendean army at Le Mans, and condensed much military glory into so short a span that he was "Soldat à 16 ans, général à 23; il mourut à 27." He was killed upon the borders of the Rhine; and only a month ago I found a half-tint engraving in an

old portfolio—the funeral of Marceau—arms reversed, drooping feathers, melancholy officers on horseback.

“Honour to Marceau! o’er whose early tomb
 Tears, big tears, gush’d from the rough soldier’s lid,
 Lamenting, and yet envying such a doom,
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.
 Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit’s bright repose;
 For he was Freedom’s champion, one of those,
 The few in number, who had not o’erstept
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o’er him wept.”

Had he lived, one is tempted to ask, might not the career of Napoleon himself have been warped from its aim of empire? A statue to Marceau in the town where Henry IV. was crowned King of France about two hundred years before; what a gulf lies between! a gulf into which went down the traditions of a thousand years.

This Sunday evening I lingered in the cathedral till the last gleam died through the marvellous windows of thirteenth-century glass; jewelled panes, under whose dim religious light the lamps shine like glow-worms. Many days might one spend in deciphering their stories; many days in learning to know the manifold beauty of the glorious temple. What can the casual traveller acquire, beyond that deep ineffaceable impression made equally upon the imagination by the mountain and the sky at midnight; by

“The leaves of the illimitable forest;
 The waves of the unfathomable sea.”

The next day, being bound for Tours, an hour’s delay at Le Mans gave just time for a glimpse of the upper town, where is to be seen a group of architecture, close under the cathedral walls, not even mentioned in the guide-book, named by passers-by simply “un château,” but whose profusion of peaked turrets and black cobwebby ghostful aspects would have sent a thrill through the heart of Mrs. Radclyffe. It was inhabited too; not set apart as a museum, nor kept up as a trophy by any long-descended family. Naturally, and by the slow transitions of time, it seemed to have become the dwelling of the poorest of the poor. Without exception, it was the “oldest inhabitant” even among old French houses, and affected the eye like some forlorn centenarian among human beings, left standing amidst the rejoicing strength of a new generation. In the cathedral is a

monumental effigy of Berengaria, wife of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, the beautiful golden-haired woman whom Scott has called to life in his *Tales of the Crusaders*. The effigy is stiff, straight, formal, like one of the quaint figures in St. Denis'; the vision evoked by the poet, how radiant and glowing! I wondered if the two Berengarias typified the reality of that mediæval past and the picture which we make of it for ourselves! Coming away from the cathedral, the traveller bound for the railway crosses that great open square where the Royalists and the Republican troops under Marceau fought desperately; the former, with their leader Larochejacquelin, were expelled with fearful slaughter. By order of the Commissioners of the Convention, 10,000 persons, many of them defenceless women and children, were massacred for adhering to the dynasty and the faith under which France grew to be great among the nations. The memory of these things is sad and awful as one passes through the somewhat sleepy-looking streets of Le Mans. It is so short a time since; men are now living who may remember it; though the vastness of the tragedy seems to make it a thing of the remote past. Are those contending passions truly laid to rest? Is the dream of a free and glorious republic yet cherished in the heart of the French "man of the people"? Do loyal bosoms yet beat tenderly for the exile who keeps no kingly state on the borders of the Adriatic—the one white blossom of the Fleur-de-lis?

The other town jotted down in the note-book is Blois; and Blois, though not a large place, should be taken in a leisurely manner. That great gloomy château, that terraced garden of the Evêché, require thoughtful footsteps to explore the poetry of their sites. From the garden is to be seen a long panorama of the Loire. In the château inhabit the memories of a fearful past. A good spyglass ought to show Chambord from the former spot. The "Versailles of Touraine" gives his only acknowledged title to Henri Cinq. It was purchased for him by public subscription. What a commentary on the Revolution!—a royal palace, built by Francis I., and occupied by Louis XIV., bought by subscription for the descendant who has hardly where to lay his head. He "has been confirmed in his possession, though the Bourbons have forfeited other estates in France, by the decision of the French law-courts." It was purchased from the widow of Marshal Berthier, to whom it had been presented by Napoleon, and thus enters into a different category to that of the inherited estates. The rental is about 3000*l.* a year, and was for some time expended by the Comte de Chambord on a restoration of the château; but for him its only charm can be the dear delight of possessing a hold on his ancestral France; for he cannot reside on

his own land, and no son of his exists, within whose future might lie the real heirship of the fair domain.

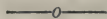
The great gloomy pile of the Château de Blois is full of historical associations of Catherine de Medicis; and her chamber, lined with suspicious and suggestive little cupboards, is shown to the traveller, together with the suite of rooms in one of which the Duc de Guise was murdered. There is something in the rich fantastic architecture which adds greater horror to the scene: most of our English tragedies were consummated in barbarous donjons, in old feudal castles: we were less refined and luxurious than Italy and France in the Middle Ages: *they* had blazoned ceilings and deep oriel windows, and twisted pillars, and a thousand interior elegancies of domestic life, which yet remain visible in the silent grandeur of these old châteaux, and are nevertheless streaked with blood, heavy with the vapour of poison, haunted with cruel crime. When one considers these things, one can half forgive Gaston d'Orleans, who passed here the last eight years of his life, and occupied himself in pulling down one side of the beautiful building, and reërecting it in the villanous taste of the seventeenth century: had he not died when he did, it is probable that the whole would have been sacrificed. He is buried in a neighbouring church, and so is his daughter—that strange compound of passion and vanity and sad misfortune, “La grande Mademoiselle.”

One might wander thus, note-book in hand, through the whole valley of the Loire. Touraine, the garden of France, is confessedly richer than almost any other province in its historical monuments; and there is a singular pleasure in referring to written reminiscences made amidst scenes like these, and in reviving once more the impressions made by their reposeful beauty and suggestive traditions. May these few touches refresh the traveller's memory, and serve to inspire the untraveller with a wish to visit one of those fair provinces whose names, rich with the associations of centuries, may indeed be banished from the map of modern Europe, but must ever live in history and in song!

B. R. P.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



CHAPTER XIX.

My first thought when Muriel had announced to me the coming of the pursuivants in search of Mistress Ward, was to thank God she was beyond their reach, and with so much prudence had left us in ignorance of her abode. Then making haste to dress—for I apprehended these officers should visit every chamber in the house—I quickly repaired to my aunt's room, who was persuaded by Muriel that they had been sent for to take an inventory of the furniture, which she said was a very commendable thing to do, but she wished they had waited until such time as she had had her breakfast. By an especial mercy, it so happened that these officers—or, leastways, two out of three of them—were quiet, well-disposed men, who exercised their office with as much mildness as could be hoped for, and rather diminished by their behaviour than in any way increased the hardships of this invasion of domestic privacy. We were all in turns questioned touching Mistress Ward's abode, except my aunt, whose mental infirmity was pleaded for to exempt her from this ordeal. The one officer who was churlish said, "If the lady's mind be unsound, 'tis most like she will let the cat out of the bag," and would have forced questions on her; but the others forcibly restrained him from it, and likewise from openly insulting us, when we denied all knowledge of the place she had resorted to. Howsoever, he vented his displeasure in scornful looks and cutting speeches. They carried away sundry prayer-books, and notably the *Spiritual Combat*, which Mrs. Engerfield had gifted me with, when I slept at her house at Northampton, the loss of which grieved me not a little, but yet not so much as it would have done at another time, for my thoughts were then wholly set on discovering who had betrayed Mistress Ward's intervention, and what had been Mr. Watson's fate, and if Basil also had been implicated. I addressed myself to the most seemly of the three men, and asked him what her offence had been.

"She assisted," he answered, "in the escape of a prisoner from Bridewell."

"In what manner?" I said, with so much of indifferency as I could assume.

"By the smuggling of a rope into his cell," he answered, "which was found yet hanging unto his window, and which none other than that pestilent woman could have furnished him with."

Alas! this was what I feared would happen, when she first formed this project; but she had assured us Mr. Watson would let himself down holding the two ends of the cord in his hands, and so would be enabled to carry it away with him after he had got down, and so it would never be discovered by what means he had made his escape.

"And this prisoner hath then escaped?" I said, in a careless manner.

"Marry, out of one cage," he answered; "but I'll warrant you he is by this time lodged in a more safe dungeon, and with such bracelets on his hands and feet as shall not suffer him again to cheat the gallows."

I dared not question him further; and finding nothing more to their purpose, the pursuivants retired.

When Mr. Congleton, Muriel, and I afterwards met in the parlour, none of us seemed disposed to speak. There be times when grief is loquacious, but others when the weight of apprehension doth check speech. At last I broke this silence by such words as "What should now be done?" and "How can we learn what hath occurred?"

Then Mr. Congleton turned towards me, and with much gravity and unusual vehemency,

"Constance," quoth he, "when Margaret Ward resolved on this bold action, which in the eyes of some savoured of rashness, I warned her to count the cost before undertaking it, for that it was replete with many dangers, and none should embark in it which was not prepared to meet with a terrible death. She told me thereupon that for many past years her chief desire had been to end her life by such a death, if it should be for the sake of religion, and that the day she should be sentenced to it would prove the joyfulest she had yet known. This she said in an inflamed manner, and I question not but it was her true thinking. I do not gainsay the merit of this pining, though I could wish her virtue had been of a commoner sort. But such being her aim, her choice, and desire, I am not of opinion that I should now disturb the peace of my wife's helpless days or mine own either (who have not, I cry God mercy for it, the same wish to suffer the pains reserved to recusants, albeit I hope in Him He would give me strength to do so, if conscience required it), not to speak of you and Muriel and my other daughters, for the sake of unavailing efforts in her so desperate case, who hath made her own bed (and I deny it not to be a glorious one), and, as she hath made

it, must lie on it. So I will betake myself to prayer for her, which she said was the whole scope of the favour she desired from her friends, if she fell into trouble, and dreaded nothing so much as any other dealings in her behalf; and if Mr. Roper, or Brian Lacy, or young Rookwood, have any means by which to send her money for her convenience in prison, I will give it; but other measures I will not take, nor by any open show of interest in her fate draw down suspicions on us as parties and abettors in her so-called treason."

Neither of us replied to this speech; and after that our short meal was ended, Muriel went to her mother's chamber, and I set myself to consider what I should do; for to sit and wait in this terrible ignorance of what had happened seemed an impossible thing. So taking my maid with me, albeit it rained a little, I walked to Kate's house, and found she and her husband had left it an hour before for to return to Mr. Benham's seat. Polly and Sir Ralph, who slept there also, were yet abed, and had given orders, the servant said, not to be disturbed. So I turned sorrowfully from the door, doubting whither to apply myself; for Mr. Roper lived at Richmond, and Mr. and Mrs. Wells were abroad. I thought to go to Mr. Hodgson, whose boatman had drawn Basil into this enterprise, and was standing forecasting which way to turn, when all of a sudden who should I see but Basil himself coming down the lane towards me. I tried to go for to meet him, but my legs failed me, and I was forced to lean against my maid till he came up to us, and drew my arm in his. Then I felt strong again, and bidding her to go home, walked a little way with him. The first words he said were:

"Mr. Watson is safe, but hath broke his leg and his arm: Know you aught of Mistress Ward?"

"There is a warrant out against her," I answered, and told him of the pursuivants coming to seek for her at our house.

"God shield," he said, "she be not apprehended! for sentence of death would then be certainly passed upon her."

"Oh, Basil," I exclaimed, "why was the cord left?"

"Ah, the devil would have it," he began; but chiding himself, lifted off his hat, and said, "Almighty God did so permit it to happen that this mishap occurred. But I see," he subjoined, "you are not fit to walk or stand, sweetheart. Come into Mr. Wells's house. Albeit they are not at home, we may go and sit in the parlour; and it may be more prudent I should not be seen abroad to-day. I pray God Mr. Watson and I will sail to-night for Calais."

So we rang the bell at the door of Mr. Wells's house; and his

housekeeper, who opened it, smiled when she saw Basil, for he was a great favourite with her, as, indeed, methinks he always was with all kinds of people. She showed us into Mr. Wells's study, which she said was the most comfortable room and best aired in the house, for that, for the sake of the books, she did often light a fire in it; and nothing would serve her but she must do so now. And then she asked if we had breakfasted, and Basil said i' faith he had not, and should be very glad of somewhat to eat, if she would fetch it for him. So when the fire was kindled—and methought it never would burn, the wood was so damp—she went away for a little while, and he then told me the haps of the past night.

“Tom Price (Hodgson's boatman) and I,” he said, “rowed his boat close unto the shore, near to the prison, and laid there under the cover of some penthouses which stood betwixt the river and the prison's wall. When the clock struck twelve, I promise you my heart began to beat as any girl's. I was so frightened lest Mr. Watson should not have received the cord, or that his courage should fail. Howsoever, in less than one minute I thought I perceived something moving about one of the windows, and then a body appeared sitting at first on the ledge, but afterwards it turned itself round, and facing the wall, sank down slowly, hanging on by a cord.”

“Oh, Basil!” I exclaimed, “could you keep on looking?”

“Yea,” he answered; “as if mine eyes should start out of my head. He came down slowly, helping himself, I ween, with his feet against the wall; but when he got to about twenty or thirty feet, I guess it to have been, from the roof of the shed, he stopped of a sudden, and hung motionless. ‘He is out of breath,’ I said to Tom. ‘Or the rope proves too short,’ quoth he. We watched him for a moment. He swung to and fro, then rested again, his feet against the wall. ‘Beshrew me, but I will climb on to that roof myself, and get nigh to him,’ I whispered to Tom, and was springing out of the boat, when we heard a noise more loud than can be thought of. ‘I'll warrant you he hath fallen on the planks,’ quoth Tom. ‘Marry, but we will pick him up then,’ quoth I; and found myself soon on the edge of the roof, which was broken in at one place, and looking down, I thought I saw him lying on the ground. I cried as loud as I durst, ‘Mr. Watson, be you there? Hist! Are you hurt? Speak if you can.’ Methinks he was stunned by the fall, for he did not answer; so there remained nothing left to do but leap myself through the opening into the shed, where I found him with his eyes shut, and moaning. But when I spake to him, he came to himself, and tried to rise, but could not stand, one of his legs being much hurt. ‘Climb on to my back, reverend sir,’ I said, ‘and with God's help we shall

get out.' Howsoever, the way out did not appear manifest, and mostly with another beside oneself to carry. But glancing round the inside of the shed, I perceived a door, the fastening of which, when I shook it, roughly enough I promise you, gave way; and the boat lay, God be praised, close to it outside. I gave one look up to the prison, and saw lights flashing in some of the windows. 'They be astir,' I said to Tom. 'Hist! lend a hand, man, and take the reverend gentleman from off my back and into the boat.' Mr. Watson uttered a groan. He must have suffered cruel pain; for, as we since found, his leg and also his arm were broken, and he looked more dead than alive.

We began to row as fast as we could; but now he, coming to himself, feels in his coat, and cries out:

"Oh, kind sirs—the cord, the cord! Stop, I pray you; stop, turn back."

"Not for the world," I cried, "reverend sir."

Then he, in a lamentable voice:

"Oh, if you turn not back and bring away the cord, the poor gentlewoman which did give it unto me must needs fall into sore trouble. Oh, for God's sake, turn back!"

I gave a hasty glance at the prison, where increasing stir of lights was visible, and resolved that to return should be certain ruin to ourselves and him for whom Mistress Ward had risked her life, and little or no hope in it for her, as it was not possible there should be time to get the cord and then escape, which with best speed now could with difficulty be effected. So I turned a deaf ear to Mr. Watson's pleadings, with an assured conscience she should have wished no otherwise herself; and by God's mercy we made such way before they could put out a boat, landing unseen beyond the next bridge, that we could secretly convey him to the house of a Catholic not far from the river on the other side, where he doth lie concealed. I promise you, sweetheart, we did row hard. Albeit I strove very much last year when I won the boat-match at Richmond, by my troth it was but child's-play to last night's racing. Poor Mr. Watson fainted before we landed, and neither of us dared venture to stop from pulling for to assist him. But God be praised he is now in a good bed; and I fetched for him at daybreak a leech I know in the Borough, who hath set his broken limbs; and to-night, if the weather be not foul, when it gets dark, we will convey him in a boat to a vessel at the river's mouth, which I have retained for to take us to Calais. But I would Mistress Ward was on board of it also."

"Oh, Basil," I exclaimed, "if we can discover where she doth lodge, it would not then be impossible. If we had forecasted this

yesterday, she would be saved. Yet she had perhaps refused to tell us."

"Most like she would," he answered; "but if you do hit by any means upon her abode to-day, forthwith despatch a trusty messenger unto me at Mr. Hodgson's, and I promise you, sweetheart, she shall, will she nill she, if I have to use force for it, be carried away to France, and stowed with a good madame I know at Calais."

The housekeeper then came in with bread and meat and beer, which my dear Basil did very gladly partake of, for he had eat nothing since the day before, and was greatly in want of food. I waited on him, forestalling housewifely duties, with so great a contentment in this quiet hour spent in his company that nothing could surpass it. The fire now burnt brightly; and whilst he eat, we talked of the time when we should be married and live at Euston, so retired from the busy world without as should be most safe and peaceful in these troublesome times, even as in that silent house we were for a short time shut out from the noisy city, the sounds of which reached without disturbing us. Oh how welcome was that little interval of peace which we then enjoyed! I ween we were both very tired; and when the good housekeeper came in for to fetch away his plate he had fallen asleep, with his head resting on his hands; and I was likewise dozing in a high-backed chair opposite to him. The noise she made awoke me, but not him, who slept most soundly. She smiled, and in a motherly manner moved him to a more comfortable position, and said she would lay a wager on it he had not been abed at all that night.

"Well, I'll warrant you to be a good guesser, Mistress Mason," I answered. "And if you did but know what a hard and a good work he hath been engaged in, methinks you would never tarry in his praise."

"Ah, Mistress Sherwood," she replied, "I have known Master Basil these many years; and a more noble, kindly, generous heart never, I ween, did beat in a man's bosom. He very often came here with his father and his brother when both were striplings; and Master Hubert was the sharpest, and some said the most well-behaved of the twain. But beshrew me if I liked not better Master Basil, albeit he was sometimes very troublesome, but not tetchy or rude, as some boys be. I remember it well how I laughed one day, when these young masters—methinks this one was no more than five years, and the other four—were at play together in this room, and Basil had a new jerkin on, and coloured hose for the first time. Hubert wore a kirtle, which displeased him, for he said folks should take him to be a wench. So he comes to me half-crying, and says, 'Why hath Baz

that fine new suit, and me not the same?" "Because, little sir, he is the eldest," I said. "Ah," quoth the shrewd imp, "the next time I be born, methinketh I will push Baz aside, and be the eldest." If I should live one hundred years I shall never forget it, the little urchin looked so resolved and spiteful."

I smiled somewhat sadly, I ween, but with better cheer when she related how tender a heart Basil had from his infant years towards the poor, taking off his clothes for to give them to the beggars he met, and one day, she said, praying very hard Mrs. Wells for to harbour a strolling man which had complained he had no lodging.

"Mistress," quoth he, "you have many chambers in your house, and he hath not so much as a bed to lie in to-night;" and would not be contented till she had charged a servant to get the fellow a lodging. And me he once abused very roundly in his older years for the same cause. There was one Jack Morris, an old man which worked sometimes in Mr. Wells's stable, but did lie at a cottage out of the town. And one day in winter, when it snowed, Master Basil would have me make this fellow sleep in the house, because he was sick, he said, and he would give him his own bed, and lie himself on straw in the stable; and went into so great a passion when I said he should not do so, for that he was a mean person and could not lie in a gentleman's chamber, that my young master cries out, 'Have a care, Mistress Mason, I do not come in the night and shake you out of your own bed, for to give you a taste of the cold floor, which yet is not, I promise you, so cold as the street into which you would turn this poor diseased man.' And then he fell to coaxing of me till I consented for to send a mattress and a warm rug to the stable for this pestilent old man, who, I warrant you, was not so sick as he did assume to be, but had sufficient cunning for to cozen Master Basil out of his money. Lord bless the lad! I have seen him run out with his dinner in his hand, if he did but see a ragged urchin in the streets, and gift him with it; and then would sing lustily about the house—methinks I do hear him now—

'Dinner, O dinner's a rare good thing
Alike for a beggar alike for a king.'

Basil opened then his eyes and stared about him.

"Why, Mistress Mason," he cried, "beshrew me if you are not rehearsing a rare piece of poesy!—the only one I ever did indite." At the which speech we all laughed; but our merriment was short; for time had sped faster than we thought, and Basil said he must needs return to the Borough to forecast with Mr. Hodgson and Tom Price means to convey Mr. Watson to the ship, which was out at sea

nigh unto the shore, and a boat must be had to carry them there, and withal such appliances procured as should ease his broken limbs.

"Is there not danger," I asked, "in moving him so soon?"

"Yea," he said, "but a less fearful danger than in long tarrying in this country."

This was too true to be gainsayed; and so, thanking the good housekeeper, we left the house, which had seemed for those few hours like unto a harbour from a stormy sea, wherein both our barks, shattered by the waves, had refitted in peace.

"Farewell, Basil," I mournfully said; "God knoweth for how long."

"Not for very long," he answered. "In three months I shall have crept out of my wardship. Then, if it please God, I will return, and so deal with your good uncle that we shall soon after that be married."

"Yea," I answered, "if so be that my father is then in safety."

He said he meant no otherwise, but that he had great confidence it should then be so. When at last we parted, he went down Holborn Hill very fast, and I slowly to Ely Place, many times stopping for to catch one more sight of him in the crowd, which howsoever soon hid him from me.

When I arrived at home I found Muriel in great affliction, for news had reached her that Mistress Ward had been apprehended and thrown into prison. Methinks we had both looked for no other issue than this, which she had herself most desired; but nevertheless when the certainty thereof was confirmed to us, it should almost have seemed as if we were but ill-prepared for it. The hope I had conceived a short time before that she should escape in the same vessel with Basil and Mr. Watson, made me less resigned to this mishap than I should have been had no means of safety been at hand, and the sword as it were hanging over her head from day to day. The messenger which had brought this evil news being warranted reliable by a letter from Mr. Hodgson, I intrusted him with a few lines to Basil, in which I informed him not to stay his departure on her account, who was now within the walls of the prison which Mr. Watson had escaped from, and that her best comfort now should be to know he was beyond reach of his pursuers. The rest of the day was spent in great heaviness of spirit. Mr. Congleton sent a servant to Mr. Roper for to request him to come to London, and wrote likewise to Mr. Lacy for to return to his house in town, and confer with some Catholics touching Mistress Ward's imprisonment. Muriel's eyes thanked him, but I ween she had no hope therein, and did resign herself to await the worst tidings. Her mother's unceasing

asking for her, whose plight she dared not so much as hint at in her presence, did greatly aggravate her sufferings. I have often thought Muriel did then undergo a martyrdom of the heart as sharp in its kind as that which Mrs. Ward endured in prison, if the reports which did reach us were true. But more of that anon. The eventful day which had opened with so much of fear and sorrow, had yet in store other haps, which I must now relate.

About four of the clock Hubert came to Ely Place, and found me alone in the parlour, my fingers busied with some stitching, my thoughts having wandered far away, where I pictured to myself the mouth of the river, the receding tide, the little vessel which was to carry Basil away once more to a foreign land, with its sails flapping in the wind; and boats passing to and fro, plying on the fair bosom of the broad river, and not leaving so much as a trace of their passage. And *his* boat with its freight more precious than gold—the rescued life bought at a great price—methought I saw it glide in the dark amidst those hundred other boats unobserved (so I hoped), unstayed on its course. Methought that so little bark should be a type of some lives, which carry with them, unwatched, undiscerned—a purpose, which doth freight them on their way to eternity,—somewhat hidden, somewhat close to their hearts, somewhat engaging their whole strength; and all the while they seem to be doing the like of what others do; and God only knoweth how different shall be the end!

“Ah, Hubert,” I exclaimed when the door opened, “is it you? Methinks in these days I see no one come into this house but a fear or a hope doth seize me. What bringeth you? or hath nothing occurred?”

“Something may occur this day,” he answered, “if you do but will it to be so, Constance.”

“What?” I asked eagerly, “what may occur?”

“Your father’s deliverance,” he said.

“Oh, Hubert,” I cried, “it is not possible!”

“Go to!” he said in a resolved manner. “Don your most becoming suit, and follow my directions in all ways. Lady Ingoldsby, I thank God, hath not left London, and will be here anon to carry you to Sir Francis Walsingham’s house, where her familiar friend Lady Sydney doth now abide during Sir Philip’s absence. You shall thus get speech with Sir Francis; and if you do behave with diffidency, and beware of the violence of your nature and exorbitancy of your tongue, checking needless speeches, and answering his questions with as many words as courtesy doth command, and as few as civility doth permit, I doubt not but you may obtain your father’s release in

the form of a sentence of banishment; for he is not ill-disposed thereunto, having received notice that his health is sinking under the hardships of his confinement, and his strength so impaired, that once beyond seas, he is not like to adventure himself again in this country."

"Alas!" I cried, "mine eyes had discerned in his shrunken form and hollow cheeks tokens of such a decay as you speak of; and I pray God Mr. Secretary may deal mercifully with him before it shall be too late."

"I'll warrant you," he replied, "that if you do rightly deal with him, he will sign an order which shall release this very night your father from prison, and send him safe beyond seas before the week is ended."

"Think you so?" I said, my heart beating with an uncertain kind of hope mixed with doubting.

"I am assured of it," Hubert confidently replied.

"I must ask my uncle's advice," I doubtfully said, "before I go with Polly."

A contemptuous smile curled his lip. "Yea," he said, "be directed in these weighty matters, I do advise you, by your aunt also, and the saintly Muriel, and twenty hundred others besides, if you list; and the while this last chance shall escape, and your father be doomed to death. I have done my part, God knoweth. If he perish, his blood will not be on my head; but mark my words, if he be not presently released, he will appear before the council in two days, and the oath be tendered to him, which you best know if he will take, and his refusal without fail will send him to the scaffold."

"God defend," I exclaimed, greatly moved, "I should delay to do that which may yet save him. I will go, Hubert. But I pray you, who are familiar with Sir Francis, what means should be best for to move him to compassion. Is there a soft corner in his heart which a woman's tears can touch? I will kneel to him if needful, yea, kiss his feet—mind him of his own fair daughter, Lady Sydney, which, if he was in prison, and my father held his fate in his hands, would doubtless sue to him with the like ardour, yea, the like agony of spirit for mercy. Oh tell me, Hubert, what to say, which shall drive the edge of pity into his soul."

"Silence will take effect in this case sooner than the most moving speeches," he answered. "Steel your soul to it, whatever he may say. Your tears, your eyes, will, I warrant you, plead more mightfully than your words. He is as obliging to the softer but predominant parts of the world as he is serviceable to the more severe. To him men's faces speak as much as their tongues, and their counten-

ances are indexes of their hearts. Judge if yours, the liveliest piece of eloquence which ever displayed itself in a fair visage, shall fail to express that which passionate words, missing their aim, would of a surety ill convey. And mind you, Mistress Constance, this man is of extreme ability in the school of policy, and albeit inclined to recusants with the view of winning them over by means of kindness, yet an extreme hater of the Pope and Church of Rome, and moreover very jealous to be considered as such; so if he do intend to show you favour in this matter, make your reckoning that he will urge you to conformity with many strenuous exhortations, which, if you remain silent, no harm shall ensue to yourself or others."

"And not to mine own soul, Hubert?" I mournfully cried. "Methinks my father and Basil would not counsel silence in such a case."

"God in heaven give me patience!" he exclaimed. "Is it a woman's calling, I pray you, to preach? When the Apostles were dismissed by the judges, and charged no longer to teach the Christian faith, went they not forth in silence, restraining their tongues then, albeit not their actions when once at liberty? Methinks modesty alone should forbid one of your years from dangerous retorts, which, like a two-edged sword, wound alike friend and foe."

I had no courage left to withstand the promptings of mine own heart and his urgency.

"God forgive me," I cried, "if I fail in aught wherein truth or honesty are concerned. He knoweth I would do right, and yet save my father's life."

Then falling on my knees, unmindful of his presence, I prayed with an intense vehemency, which overcame all restraint, that my tongue might be guided aright when I should be in his presence who under God did hold my father's life in his hands. But hearing Polly's voice in the hall, I started up, and noticed Hubert leaning his head on his hand, seemingly more pitifully moved than was his wont. When she came in, he met her, and said:

"Lady Ingoldsby, I pray you see that Mistress Constance doth so attire herself as shall heighten her natural attractions; for, be-shrew me, if grave Mr. Secretary hath not, as well as other men, more pity for a fair face than a plain one; and albeit hers is always fair, nature doth nevertheless borrow additional charms from art."

"Tut, tut!" quoth Polly. "She is a perfect fright in that hat, and her ruff hideth all her neck, than which no swan hath a whiter; and I pray you what a farthingale is that? Methinks it savours of the fashions of the late Queen's reign. Come, Con, cheer up, and

let us to thy chamber. I'll warrant you, Master Rookwood, she will be twice as winsome when I have exercised my skill on her attire."

So she led me away, and I suffered her to dress mine hair herself, and choose such ornaments as she did deem most becoming. Albeit she laughed and jested all the while, methinks the kindness of her heart showed through this apparent gaiety; and when her task was done, and she kissed my forehead, I threw my arms round her neck and wept.

"Nay, nay!" she cried; "no tears, coz—they do serve but to swell the eyelids and paint the nose of a reddish hue;" and shaping her own visage into a counterfeit of mine, she set me laughing against my will, and drew me by the hand down the stairs and into the parlour.

"How now, sir?" she cried to Hubert. "Think you I have indifferently well performed the task you set me?"

"Most excellently well," he answered, and handed us to her coach, which was to carry us to Seething Lane. When we were seated in it, she told me Hubert had disclosed to her the secret of my father's plight, and that she was more concerned than she could well express at so great a mishap, but nevertheless entertained a comfortable hope this day should presently see the end of our troubles. Howsoever, she did know but half of the trouble I was in, weighty as was the part she was privy to. Hubert, she told me, had dealt with a marvellous great zeal and ability in this matter, and proved himself so good a negotiator that she doubted not Sir Francis himself must needs have appreciated his ingenuity.

"That young gentleman," she added, "will never spoil his own market by lack of timely boldness or opportune bashfulness. My Lady Arundell related to me last night at Mrs. Yates's what passed on Monday at the banquet-hall at Whitehall. Hath he told you his hap on that occasion?"

"No," I answered. "I pray you, Polly, what befell him there?"

"Well, her Majesty was at dinner, and Master Hubert comes there to see the fashion of the court. His handsome features and well-set shape attract the Queen's notice. With a kind of an affected frown she asks Lady Arundell what he is. She answers she knows him not. Howsoever, an inquiry is made from one to another who the youth should be, till at length it is told the Queen he is young Rookwood of Euston, in Suffolk, and a ward of Sir Henry Stafford's."

"Mistaking him then for Basil?" I said.

Then she: "I think so; but howsoever this inquisition with the eye of her Majesty fixed upon him (as she is wont to fix it, and

thereby to daunt such as she doth make the mark of her gazing), stirred the blood of our young gentleman, Lady Arundell said, inso-much that a deep colour rose in his pale cheek and straightway left it again; which the Queen observing, she called him unto her, and gave him her hand to kiss, encouraging him with gracious words and looks; and then diverting her speech to the lords and ladies, said that she no sooner observed him than she did note there was in him good blood, and she ventured to affirm good brains also; and then said to him, 'Fail not to come to court, sir, and I will bethink myself to do you good.' Now I warrant you, coz, this piece of a scholar lacked not the wit to use this his hap in the furtherance of his and your suit to Sir Francis, whom he adores as his saint, and courts as his Mæcenæ."

This recital of Polly's worked a tumultuous conflict in my soul; for verily it strengthened hope touching my father's release; but methinks any other channel of such hope should have been more welcome. A jealousy, an unsubstantial fear, an uneasy misdoubt, oppressed this rising hope. I feared for Hubert the dawn of such favour as was shown to him by her whose regal hand doth hold a magnet which hath oftentimes caused Catholics to make shipwreck of their souls. And then truth doth compel me to confess my weakness. Albeit God knoweth I desired not for my true and noble sweetheart her Majesty's gracious smiles, or a higher fortune than Providence hath by inheritance bestowed on him, a vain humane feeling worked in me some sort of displeasure that his younger brother should stand in the Queen's presence as the supposed head of the house of Rookwood, and no more mention made of him than if he had been outlawed or dead. Not that I had then reason to lay this error to Hubert's door, for verily nought in Polly's words did warrant such a suspicion; but my heart was sore, and my spirits chafed with apprehensions. God forgive me if I then did unjustly accuse him, and, in the retrospect of this passage in his life, do suffer subsequent events to cast backward shadows on it, whereby I may wrong him who did render to me (I write it with a softened—yea, God is my witness—a truly loving, albeit sorrowing, heart) a great service in a needful time. Oh, Hubert, Hubert! my heart acheth for thee. Methinks God will show thee great mercy yet, but, I fear me, by such means only as I do tremble to think of.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN we reached Seething Lane, Polly bade me be of good heart, for that Lady Sydney was a very affable and debonnaire lady,

and Sir Francis a person of toward and gentle manners, and exceedingly polite to women. We were conducted to a neat parlour, where my Lady Sydney was awaiting us. A more fair and accomplished lady is not, I ween, to be found, in England or any other country, than this daughter of a great statesman, and wife at that time of Sir Philip Sydney, as she hath since been of my Lords Essex and St. Albans. Methinks the matchless gentleman, noble knight, and sweet writer, her first husband, who did marry her portionless, not like as is the fashion with so many in our days, carrying his love in his purse, must have needs drawn from the fair model in his own house the lovely pictures of beauteous women he did portray in his Arcadia. She greeted us with so much heartfelt politeness, and so tempered gay discoursing with sundry marks of delicate feeling, indicative, albeit not expressive, of a sense of my then trouble, that, albeit a stranger, methinks her reserved compassion and ingenious encouragements served to tranquillise my discomposed mind more than Polly's efforts towards the same end. She told us Lord Arundel had died that morning; which tidings turned my thoughts awhile to Lady Surrey, with many cogitations as to the issue of this event in her regard.

After a short space of time, a step neared the door, and Lady Sydney smiled and said, "Here is my father." I had two or three times seen Sir Francis Walsingham in public assemblies, but his features were nevertheless not familiar to me. Now, after he had saluted Polly and me, and made inquiry touching our relatives, while he conversed with her on indifferent topics, I scanned his face with such careful industry as if in it I should read the issue of my dear father's fate. Methinks I never beheld so unreadable a countenance, or one which bore the impress of so refined a penetration, so piercing an inquisitiveness, so keen a research into others' thoughts, with so close a concealment of his own. I have since heard what his son-in-law did write of him, that he impoverished himself by the purchase of dear intelligence; that, as if master of some invisible spring, all the secrets of Christendom met in his closet, and he had even a key to unlock the Pope's cabinet. His mottoes are said to be *video et taceo*, and that knowledge can never be bought at too high a price. And verily methinks they were writ in his face, in his quick-turning eyes, his thin compressed lips, and his soft but resolved accents, minding one of steel cased in velvet. 'Tis reported he can read any letter without breaking the seal. For mine own part, I am of opinion he can see through parchment, yea, peradventure, through stone walls, when bent on some discovery. After a few minutes he turned to me with a gracious smile, and said he was very glad to hear that I was a

young gentlewoman of great prudence, and well disposed in all respects, and that he doubted not that, if her Majesty should by his means show me any favour, I should requite it with such gratitude as should appear in all my future conduct.

"God knoweth," I stammered, mine eyes filling with tears, "I would be grateful to you, sir, if it should please you to move her Majesty to grant my prayer, and to her Highness for the doing of it."

"And how would you show such gratitude, fair Mistress Constance?" he said, smiling in an encouraging manner.

"By such humble duty," I answered, "as a poor obscure creature can pay to her betters."

"And I hope also," he said, "that such dutifulness will involve no unpleasing effort, no painful constraint on your inclinations; for I am assured her Majesty will never desire from you any thing but what will well accord with your advantage in this world and in the next."

These words caused me some kind of uneasiness; but as they called for no answer, I took refuge in silence; only methinks my face, which he did seem carefully to study, betrayed anxiety.

"Providence," Sir Francis then said, "doth oftentimes marvelously dispose events. What a rare instance of its gracious workings should be seen in your case, Mistress Constance, if what your heart doth secretly incline to should become a part of that dutifulness which you do intend to practise in future!"

Before I had clearly apprehended the sense of his words, Lady Sydney said to Polly:

"My father hath greatly commended to Sir Philip and me a young gentleman, which I understand, Lady Ingoldsby, to be a friend of yours, Mr. Hubert Rookwood, of Euston. He says the gracefulness of his person, his excellent parts, his strong and subtle capacity, do excellently fit him to learn the discipline and garb of the times and court."

"Ay," then quoth Sir Francis, "he hath as large a portion of gifts and endowments as I have ever noticed in one of his age, and I'll warrant he proves no mere vegetable of the court, springing up at night and sinking at noon."

Polly did warmly assent to these praises of Hubert, for whom she had always entertained a great liking; but she merrily said he was not gay enough for her, which abhorred melancholy as cats do water.

"Oh, fair lady," quoth Sir Francis, "God defend we should be melancholy; but verily 'tis fitting we should be sometimes serious, for while we laugh all things are serious round about us. The whole

creation is serious in serving God and us. The holy Scriptures bring to our ears the most serious things in the world. All that are in heaven and hell are serious. Then how should we be always gay?"

Polly said—for when had she not, I pray you, somewhat to say—that certain things in nature had a propensity to gaiety which nought could quell, and instanced birds and streamlets, which never cease to sing and babble as long as they do live or flow. And to be serious, she thought, would kill her. The while this talk was ministered between them, my Lady Sydney, on a sign from her father, I ween, took my hand in hers, and offered to show me the garden; for the heat of the room, she said, was like to give me the headache. Upon which I rose, and followed her into a court planted with trees, and then on to an alley of planes strewed with gravel. As we entered it I perceived several persons walking towards us. When the first thought came into my mind who should be the tall personage in the centre, of hair and complexion fair, and of so stately and majestic deportment, I marvel my limbs gave not way, but my head swam, and a mist obscured mine eyes. Methinks, as one dreaming, I heard Lady Sydney say, "The Queen, Mistress Sherwood; kneel down, and kiss her Majesty's hand." Oh, in the brief moment of time when my lips pressed that thin white jewelled hand, what multiplied thoughts, resentful memories, trembling awe, and instinctive homage to royal greatness, met in my soul, and worked confusion in my brain!

"Ah, mine own good Sydney!" I heard her Majesty exclaim; "is this the young gentlewoman your wise father did speak of at Greenwich yesterday? The daughter of one Sherwood now in prison for Popish contumacy?"

"Even so," said Lady Sydney; "and your sacred Majesty hath it now in her power to show

'The quality of mercy is not strained—'

"'But droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath,'"

interrupted the Queen, taking the words out of her mouth. "We be not ignorant of those lines. Will Shakespeare hath it,

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.'

And i' faith we differ not from him, for verily mercy is our habit and the propension of our soul; but, by God, the malice and ingratitude of recusant traitors doth so increase, with manifold dangers to our person and state, that mercy to them doth turn into treason against ourselves, injury to religion, and an offence to God. Rise," her Ma-

jesty then said to me; and as I stood before her, the colour, I ween, deepening in my cheeks, "Thou hast a fair face, wench," she cried; "and if I remember aright good Mr. Secretary's words, hast used it to such purpose that a young gentleman we have of late taken into our favour is somewhat excessive in his doting on it. Go to, go to; thou couldst go farther and fare worse. We ourselves are averse to marriage; but if a woman must needs have a husband (and that deep blushing betokeneth methinks thy bent thereon), she should set her heart wisely, and govern it discreetly."

"Alas, madam!" I cried, "'tis not of marriage I now do think; but, on my knees" (and falling again at her feet, I clasped them with tears), "of my father's release; I do crave your Majesty's mercy."

"Content thee, wench; content thee. Mr. Secretary hath obtained from us the order for that foolish man's banishment from our realm."

"Oh, madam!" I cried, "God bless you!"

Then my heart did smite me, I should with so great vehemency bless her who, albeit in this nearest instance pitiful to me, did so relentlessly deal with others; and I bethought me of Mistress Ward, and the ill-usage she was like to meet with. And her words touching Hubert, and silence concerning Basil, weighed like lead on my soul; yet I taxed myself with folly therein, for verily at this time the less he was thought of, the greater should be his safety. Sir Francis had now approached the Queen, and I did hear her commend to him his garden, which she said was very neat and trim, and the pattern of it most quaint and fanciful. Polly did also kiss her hand, and Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton, which accompanied her Majesty, whilst she talked with Sir Francis, conversed with Lady Sidney. I ween my Lord Leicester and many other noblemen and gentlemen were also in her train, but mine eyes took scant note of what passed before them; the Queen herself was the only object I could contemplate, so marvellous did it seem I should thus have approached her, and had so much of her notice as she did bestow on me that day. And here I cannot choose but marvel how strangely our hearts are made. How favours to ourselves do alter the current of our feelings; how a near approach to those which at a distance we do think of with unmitigated enmity, doth soften even just resentments; and what a singular fascination doth lie in royalty for to win unto itself a reverence which doth obliterate memories which in common instances should never lose their sting.

The Queen's barge, which had moored at the river-side of Sir Francis's garden, was soon filled again with the goodly party it had

set down; and as it went up the stream, and I stood gazing on it, methought the whole scene had been a dream.

Lady Sydney and Polly moved Sir Francis to repeat the assurance her Majesty had given me touching the commutation of my father's imprisonment into an order of banishment. He satisfied me thereon, and did promise to procure for me permission to see him once more before his departure; which interview did take place on the next day; and when I observed the increased paleness of his face and feebleness of his gait, the pain of bidding that dear parent farewell equalled not the joy I felt in the hope that liberty and the care of those good friends to whose society he would now return, should prolong and cheer the remaining days of his life. Methinks there was some sadness in him that the issue he had so resolutely prepared for, and confidently looked to, should be changed to one so different, and that only by means of death would he have desired to leave the English mission; but he meekly bowed his will to that of God, and said in an humble manner he was not worthy of so exalted an end as he had hoped for, and he refused not to live if so be he might yet serve God in obscure and unnoticed ways.

When I returned home after this comfortable, albeit very sad parting, I was too weary in body and in mind for to do aught but lie down for a while on a settle, and revolve in my mind the changes which had taken place around me. Hubert came for a brief time that evening; and methinks he had heard from Polly the haps at Seething Lane. He strove for to move me to speak of the Queen, and to tell him the very words she had uttered. The eager sparkling of his eyes, the ill-repressed smilingness of his countenance, the manner of his questioning, worked in me a secret anger, which caused the thanks I gave him for his successful dealings in my father's behalf to come more coldly from mine heart than they should otherwise have done, albeit I strove to frame them in such kind terms as were befitting the great service he had rendered us. But to disguise my thoughts my tongue at last refused, and I burst forth:

"But, for all that I do thank you, Hubert, yea, and am for ever indebted to you, which you will never have reason, from my conduct and exceedingly kind sisterly love, to doubt; bear with me, I pray you, when I say (albeit you may think me a very foolish creature) that I wish you not joy, but rather for your sake do lament the new favour you stand in with the Queen. O Hubert, bethink you, ere you set your foot on the first step of that slippery ladder, court favour, that no man can serve two masters."

"Marry," he answered in a light manner, "by that same token or text, Papists can then not serve the Queen and also the Pope!"

There be nothing which so chilleth, or else cutteth, the heart, as a jesting retort to a fervent speech.

I hid my face on my arm to hide some tears.

"Constance," he softly said, seeing me moved, "do you weep for me?"

"Yea," I murmured; "God knoweth what these new friendships and this dangerous favour shall work in you contrary to conscience, truth, and virtue. Oh! Heaven shield Basil's brother should be a favourite of the Queen!"

"Talk not of Basil," he fiercely cried; "I warrant you the day may be at hand when his fate shall hang on my favour with those who can make and mar a man, or ruin and mend his fortunes as they will, by one stroke of a pen!"

"Yea," I replied; "I doubt not his fortune is at their mercy. His soul, God be praised, their arts cannot reach."

"Constance," he then said, fixedly gazing on me, "if you only love me, there is no ambition too noble, no heights of virtue too exalted, no sacrifices too entire, but I will aim at, aspire to, resolve on, at your bidding."

"Love *you*!" I said, raising mine eyes to his, somewhat scornfully I fear, albeit not meaning it, if I judge by his sudden passion.

"God defend," he cried, "I do not arrive at hating you with as great fervency as I have, yea, as even yet I do love you! O Constance, if I should one day be what I do yet abhor to think of, the guilt thereof shall lie with you, if there be justice on earth or in heaven!"

I shook my head, and laying my hand on his, sadly answered: "I choose not to bandy words with you, Hubert, or to charge you with what, if I spoke the truth, would be too keen and resentful reproaches for your unbrotherly manner of dealing with Basil and me; for it would ill become the close of this day, on which I do owe you, under God, my dear father's life, to upbraid where I would fain only from my heart yield thanks. I pray you, let us part in peace. My strength is well-nigh spent, and my head acheth sorely."

He knelt down by my side, and whispered, "One word more before I go. You do hold in your keeping Basil's fate and mine. I will not forsake the hope that alone keepeth me from desperation. Hush! say not the word which would change me from a friend to a foe, from a Catholic to an apostate, from a man to a fiend. I have gone well-nigh into the gate of hell; a slender thread yet holds me back; snap it not in twain."

I spoke not, for verily my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and a fainting sensation of a sudden came over me. I felt his lips pressed on my hand, and then he left me; and that night I felt

very ill, and for nigh unto a fortnight could by no means leave my bed.

One morning, being somewhat easier, I sat up in a high-backed chair, in what had once been our schoolroom; and when Muriel, who had been a most diligent nurse to me in that sickness, came to visit me, I pressed her for to tell me truly if she had heard aught of Basil or of Mistress Ward; for every day when I had questioned her thereon, she had denied all knowledge of their haps, which now began to work in me a suspicion she did conceal from me some misfortune, which doubt, I told her, was more grievous to me than to be informed what had befallen them; and so constrained her to admit that, albeit of Basil she had in truth no tidings which she judged to be favourable to our hopes, of Mistress Ward she had heard, in the first instance, a report, eight or ten days before, that she had been hung up by the hands and cruelly scourged; which torments she was said, by the jailers which Mr. Lacy had spoken with, to have borne with exceeding great courage, saying they were the preludes of martyrdom, with which, by the grace of God, she hoped she should be honoured. Then Mr. Roper and Mr. Wells, who was now returned to London, had brought tidings the evening before that on the preceding day she had been brought to the bar, where, being asked by the judges if she was guilty of that treachery to the Queen and to the laws of the realm of furnishing the means by which a traitor of a priest had escaped from justice, she answered with a cheerful countenance in the affirmative; and that she never in her life had done any thing of which she less repented than of the delivering that innocent lamb from the wolves which should have devoured him.

"Oh, Muriel," I cried, "cannot you see her dear resolved face and the lighting-up of her eyes, and the quick fashion of her speech, when she said this?"

"I do picture her to myself," Muriel answered in a low voice, "at all hours of the day, and marvel at mine own quietness therein. But I doubt not her prayers do win for me the grace of resignation. They sought to oblige her to confess where Mr. Watson was, but in vain; and therefore they proceeded to pronounce sentence upon her. But withal telling her that the Queen was merciful, and that if she would ask pardon of her Majesty, and would promise to go to church, she should be set at liberty; otherwise that she must look for nothing but certain death."

I drew a deep breath then, and said, "The issue is, then, not doubtful."

"She answered," Muriel said, "that as to the Queen, she had

never offended her Majesty; that as to what she had done in favouring Mr. Watson's escape, she believed the Queen herself, if she had the bowels of a woman, would have done as much if she had known the ill-treatment he underwent; and as to going to church, she had for many years been convinced that it was not lawful for her so to do, and that she found no reason now for to change her mind, and would not act against her conscience; and therefore they might proceed to the execution of the sentence pronounced against her; for that death for such a cause would be very welcome, and that she was willing to lay down not one life only, but many, if she had them, rather than act against her religion."

"And she is then condemned to death, without any hope?" I said.

Muriel remained silent.

"Oh, Muriel!" I cried; "it is not done? it is not over?"

She wiped one tear that trickled down her cheek, and said, "Yesterday she suffered at Tyburn with a wonderful constancy and alacrity."

I hid my face in my hands; for the sight of the familiar room, of the chair in which she was sitting what time she took leave of us, of a little picture pinned to the wall, which she had gifted me with, moved me too much. But when I closed mine eyes, there arose remembrances of my journeying with her; of my foolish speeches touching robbers; of her motherly reproofs of my so great confidence and comfort in her guidance; and I was fain to seek comfort from her who should have needed it rather than me, but who indeed had it straight from heaven, and thereby could impart some share of it to others.

"Muriel," I said, resting my tired head on her bosom, "the day you say she suffered, I now mind me, I was most ill, and you tended me as cheerfully as if you had no grief."

"Oh, 'tis no common grief," she answered, "no casting-down sorrow, her end doth cause me; rather some kind of holy jealousy, some over-eager pining to follow her."

A waiting-woman then came in, and I saw her give a letter to Muriel, who I noticed did strive to hide it from me. But I detected it in her hand, and cried, "'Tis from Basil; how hath it come?" and took it from her; but trembling so much, my fingers could scarce untie the strings, for I was yet very unwell from my sickness.

"Mr. Hodgson hath sent it," quoth Muriel; "God yield it be good news!"

Then my eyes fell on the loved writing, and read what doth follow:

"DEAR HEART AND SWEET WIFE soon to be,—God be praised, we are now safe in port at Calais, but have not lacked dangers in our voyage. But all is well, I ween, that doth end well; and I do begin my letter with the tokens of that good ending that mine own sweet love should have no fears, only much thankfulness to God whilst she doth read of the perils we have escaped. We carried Mr. Watson—Tom and I and two others—into the boat, on the evening of the day when I last saw you, and made for the Dutch vessel out at sea near the river's mouth. The light was waning, but not yet so far gone but that objects were discernible; and we had not rowed a very long time before we heard a splashing of oars behind us, and turning round, what should we see but one of the Queen's barges, and by the floating pennon at the stern discerned her Majesty to be on board! We hastily turned our boat, and I my back towards the bank; threw a cloak over Mr. Watson, who by reason of his broken limbs, was lying on a mattress at the bottom of it; and Tom and the others feigned to be fishing. When the royal barge passed by, some one on board did shout, railing at us for that we did fish in the dark, and a storm coming up the river; and verily it did of a sudden begin to blow very strong. Sundry small craft were coming from the sea into the river for shelter; and as they did meet us, expressed marvel we should adventure forth, jeering us for our thinking to catch fish and a storm menacing. None of us, albeit good rowers, were much skilled in the mariner's art; but we commended ourselves to God and went onwards all the night; and when morning was breaking, to our unspeakable comfort we discovered the Dutch vessel but a few strokes distant at anchor, when, as we bethought ourselves nearly in safety, a huge rolling wave (for now the weather had waxed exceeding rough) upset our boat."

"O Muriel," I exclaimed, "that night I tossed about in a high fever, and saw Basil come dripping wet at the foot of my bed; I warrant you 'twas second sight."

"Read on, read on," Muriel said; "nor delude yourself touching visions."

"Tom, the other boatman, and I being good swimmers, soon regained the boat, the which floated keel upwards, whereon we climbed, but well nigh demented were we to find that Mr. Watson could nowhere be seen. In desperation I plunged again into the sea, swimming at hazard, with difficulty buffeting the waves; when nearly spent I descried the good priest, and seized him in a most unmannerly fashion by the collar, and dragging him along, made shift to regain the floating keel; and Tom, climbing to the top, waved high his kerchief, hoping to be seen by the Dutchman, who by good

hap did espy our signal. Soon had we the joy to see a boat lowered and advance towards us. With much difficulty it neared us, by reason of the fury of the waves; but, God be thanked, it did at last reach us; and Mr. Watson, insensible and motionless, was hoisted therein, and soon in safety conveyed on board the vessel. I much feared for his life; for, I pray you, was such a cold long bath, succeeding to a painful exposed night, meet medicine for broken limbs, and the fever which doth accompany such hurts? I wot not; but yet, God be praised, he is now in the hospital of a monastery in this town, well tended and cared for, and the leeches do assure me like to do well. Thou mayst think, sweetheart, that after seeing him safely stowed in that good lodgment, I waited not for to change my clothes or break my fast, before I went to the church; and on my knees blessed the Almighty for His protection, and hung a thank-offering on to our Lady's image; for I warrant you, when I was fishing for Mr. Watson in that raging sea, I missed not to put up Hail Marys as fast as I could think them, for beshrew me if I had breath to spare for to utter. I do now pen this letter at my good friend Mr. Wells's brother's, and Tom will take it with him to London, and Mr. Hodgson convey it to thee.—Thy affectionate and humble obedient (albeit intending to lord it over thee some coming day) servant and lover,

“BASIL ROOKWOOD.

“Oh, how the days do creep till I be out of my wardship! Methinks I do feel somewhat like Mrs. Helen Ingoldsby, who doth hate patience, she saith, by reason that it doth always keep her waiting. I would not be patient, sweet one, I fear, if *impatience* would carry me quicker to thy dear side.”

“Well,” said Muriel, sweetly smiling when I had finished reading this comfortable letter, “the twain which we have accompanied this past fortnight with our thoughts and prayers have both, God be praised, escaped from a raging sea into a safe harbour, albeit not of the same sort,—the one earthly, the other heavenly. Oh, but I am very glad, dear Constance, thou art spared a greater trial than hath yet touched thee!” and so pure a joy beamed in her eyes, that methought no one more truly fulfilled that bidding, “to rejoice with such as rejoice, as well as to weep with such as weep.”

This letter of my dear Basil hastened my recovery; and three days later, having received an invitation thereunto, I went to visit the Countess of Surrey, now also of Arundel, at Arundel House. The trouble she was in by reason of her grandfather's death, and of my Lady Lumley's, who had preceded her father to the grave, exceeded any thing she had yet endured. The earl her husband continued the same hard usage towards her, and never so much as came

to visit her at that time of her affliction, but remained in Norfolk, attending to his sports of hunting and the like. Howsoever, as he had satisfied her uncles, Mr. Francis and Mr. Leonard Dacre, Mr. James Labourn, and also Lord Mountague, and his own sister Lady Margaret Sackville, and likewise Lord Thomas and Lord William Howard, his brothers, that he put not in any doubt, albeit words to that effect had once escaped him, the validity of his marriage, she, with great wisdom and patience, and prudence very commendable in one of her years, being destitute of any fitting place to dwell in, resolved to return to his house in London. At the which at first he seemed not a little displeased, but yet took no measures for to drive her from it. And in the ordering of the household and care of his property, manifested the same zeal, and obtained the same good results, as she had procured whilst she lived at Kenninghall. Methought she had waxed older by some years, not weeks, since I had seen her, so staid and composed had become the fashion of her speech and of her carriage. She conversed with me on mine own troubles and comforts, and the various and opposite haps which had befallen me; which I told her served to strengthen in me my early thinking, that sorrows are oftentimes so intermixed with joys, that our lives do more resemble variable April days than the cloudless skies of June, or the dark climate of winter.

Whilst we did thus discourse, mine eyes fell on a quaint piece of work in silk and silver, which was lying on a table, as if lately unfolded. Lady Arundel smiled in a somewhat sad fashion, and said:

"I warrant thou art curious, Constance, to examine that piece of embroidery; and verily, as regards the hands which hath worked it, and the kind intent with which it was wrought, a more notable one should not easily be found. Look at it, and see if thou canst read the ingenious meaning of it."

This was the design therein executed with exceeding great neatness and beauty: there was a tree framed, whereon two turtle-doves sat, on either side one, with this difference, that by that on the right hand there were two or three green leaves remaining, by the other none at all—the tree on that side being wholly bare. Over the top of the tree were these words, wrought in silver: "*Amoris sorte pares.*" At the bottom of the tree, on the side where the first turtle-dove did sit by the green leaves, these words were also embroidered: "*Hæc ademptum,*" with an anchor under them. On the other side, under the other dove, were these words, in like manner wrought: "*Illa peremptum,*" with pieces of broken board underneath.

"See you what this doth mean?" the countess asked.

"Nay," I answered; "my wit is herein at fault."

"You will," she said, "when you know whence this gift comes to me. Methought, save by a few near to me in blood, or by marriage connected, and one or two friends,—thou, my Constance, being the chiefest,—I was unknown to all the world; but a sad royal heart having had notice, in the midst of its own sore griefs, how the earl my husband doth, through evil counsel, absent and estrange himself from me, partly to comfort, and partly to show her love to one she once thought should be her daughter-in-law, for a token thereof she sent me this gift, contrived by her own thinking, and wrought with her own hands. Those two doves do represent herself and me. On my side an anchor and a few green leaves (symbols of hope) show I may yet flourish, because my lord is alive; though by reason of his absence and unkindness, I mourn as a lone turtle-dove. But the bare boughs and broken boards on her side signify that her hopes are wholly wrecked by the death of the duke, for whom she doth mourn without hope of comfort or redress."

The pathetic manner in which Lady Arundel made this speech moved me almost to tears.

"If Philip," she said, "doth visit me again at any time, I will hang up this ingenious conceit where he should see it. Methinks it will recall to him the past, and move him to show me kindness. Help me, Constance," she said, after a pause, "for to compose such an answer as my needle can express, which shall convey to this royal prisoner both thanks, and somewhat of hope also, albeit not of the sort she doth disclaim."

I mused for a while, and then with a pencil drew a pattern of a like tree to that of the Scottish Queen's design; and the dove which did typify the Countess of Arundel, I did represent fastened to the branch, whereon she sat and mourned, by many strings wound round her heart, and tied to the anchor of an earthly hope, whereas the one which was the symbol of the forlorn royal captive did spread her wings towards the sky, unfettered by the shattered relics strewn at her feet. Lady Arundel put her arm round my neck, and said she liked well this design; and bade me for to pray for her, that the invisible strings, which verily did restrain in her heavenward motions, should not always keep her from soaring thither where only true joys are to be found.

During some succeeding weeks I often visited her, and we wrought together at the same frame in the working of this design, which she had set on hand by a cunning artificer from the rough pattern I had drawn. Much talk the while was ministered between us touching religion, which did more and more engage her thoughts; Mr. Bayley, a Catholic gentleman who belonged to the earl her hus-

band, and whom she did at that time employ to carry relief to sick and poor persons, helping her greatly therein, being well instructed himself, and haunting such priests as did reside secretly in London at that time.

About the period when Basil was expected to return, my health was again much affected, not so sharply as before, but a weakness and failing of strength did show the effects of such sufferings as I had endured. Hubert's behaviour did tend at that time for to keep me in great uneasiness. When he came to the house, albeit he spake but seldom to me, if we ever were alone he gave sundry hints of a persistent hope and a possible desperation, mingled with vague threats, which disturbed me more than can be thought of. Methinks Kate, Polly, and Muriel held council touching my health; and thence arose a very welcome proposal, from my Lady Tregony, that I should visit her at her seat in Norfolk, close on the borders of Suffolk, whither she had retired since Thomas Sherwood's death. Polly, who had a good head and a good heart, albeit too light a mind, forecasted the comfort it should be to Basil and me, when he returned, to be so near neighbours until we were married (which could not be before some months after he came of age), that we could meet every day; Lady Tregony's seat being only three miles distant from Euston. They wrote to him thereon; and when his answer came, the joy he expressed was such that nothing could be greater. And on a fair day in the spring, when the blossoms of the pear- and apple-trees were showing on the bare branches, even as my hopes of coming joys did bud afresh after long pangs of separation, I rode from London, by slow journeys, to Banham Hall; and amidst the sweet silence of rural scenes, quiet fields, and a small but convenient house, where I was greeted with maternal kindness by one in whom age retained the warmth of heart of youth, I did regain so much strength and good looks, that when, one day, a horseman, when I least thought of it, rode to the door, and I turned white and red in turns, speechless with delight, perceiving it to be Basil, he took me by both hands, looked into my face, and cried:

"Hang the leeches! Suffolk air was all thou didst need, for all they did so fright me."

"Norfolk air, I pray you," quoth my Lady Tregony, smiling.

"Nay, nay," quoth Basil. "It doth blow over the border from Suffolk."

"Happiness, leastways, bloweth thence," I whispered.

"Yea," he answered; for he was not one for to make long speeches.

But, ah me! the sight of him was a cure to all mine ailments.

Saints of the Desert.

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No. VII.

1. A careless brother said to Abbot Antony, "Pray for me."

The old man made answer: I shall not pity thee, nor will the Highest, unless thou hast pity on thyself, and makest prayer to God.

2. Abbot Arsenius used to say: I have often had to repent of speaking; never of keeping silence.

3. Abbot Theodore said: If God impute to us our negligences when we pray, and our distractions when we sing, we cannot be saved.

4. Abbot Pastor said: One man is at rest and prays; another is sick and gives thanks; a third ministers cheerfully to them both.

They are three; but their work and their merit is one.

5. A brother said to Abbot Sisoï: "What must I do to keep my heart?"

The old man made answer: Look to your tongue first, for it is nearest to the door.

6. Abbot Abraham said: Passions live even in the saints here below; but they are chained.

7. Abbot John said to his brother, "I do not like working; I wish to be in peace, and to serve God without break, like an angel;" and he set off to the desert.

In a week's time he returned, and knocked at his brother's door, saying, "I am John."

His brother answered, "No, you are not; for John is an angel." He insisted, "Yes, but I am John."

His brother opened to him, saying, "If you are a man, why don't you work? If you are an angel, what do you knock for?"

J. H. N.

Napoleon the Third's History of Julius Cæsar.

IMPERIAL authors are of rare occurrence, for kings and princes are loath to enter the lists with their subjects in a contest where they may easily be worsted. The art of writing and the art of governing are distinct; and those who have done both well have certainly been the most distinguished men of their time. Of these Julius Cæsar himself is a remarkable example. His discourses prove that he might have risen by eloquence if he had not risen by arms; and his Commentaries on the Gallic and the Civil War are marked with that luminous precision which genius only can impress. Cicero, Suetonius, and Tacitus praised his style; and Niebuhr recommends students of Latin to read his compositions again and again. Marcus Aurelius, two centuries after him, was a philosopher on the throne, and embodied the maxims of the Stoics in twelve books, which have come down to us. The times in which Charlemagne lived were unfavourable to literary toil; yet his Capitulars are an admirable monument of legislative wisdom in a barbarous age. The letters of Henry IV. of France are full of fire; and though he did not aim at literary distinction, they class him with the best writers of his day. The memoirs written by Louis XIV. are in the elevated style common during his reign, and supply a practical comment on the system of government which he is said to have summed up in the words, *L'état, c'est moi*.

But neither Henry IV. nor Louis XIV. submitted their works to the judgment of their contemporaries. It was reserved for Frederick the Great of Prussia to acquire on the throne, after an interval of many ages, celebrity as an author in the ordinary sense of the word. While raising a German province to a great European power, and braving the most formidable alliance in arms against him, he found time to write a large number of works in prose and verse, in which he combated the precepts of Macchiavelli, which in practice he often followed; and, after the example of the Emperor Julian in his Neo-Platonic writings, laboured to undermine the Christian religion.

The proclamations of Napoleon I. to his army, his speeches addressed to the Council of State, his voluminous correspondence, and the notes he dictated in the camp and at St. Helena, distinguish him as a writer of great ability. Curt, vigorous, and full of apo-

thegm, his hasty letters evince a mind constantly at work, and a decision of character well fitted to command and overawe.

It is not since his rise to power that Napoleon III. has first appeared in the arena as a literary athlete. From his youth he has applied to study, and has often, like Julius Cæsar, concealed his research and deep designs under a show of frivolity. In 1836 he published at Zurich a *Manual of Artillery*, which competent judges highly approved; and at an earlier period, *Réveries Politiques*; a *Projet de Constitution*; *Deux Mots à M. de Chateaubriand sur la Duchesse de Berri*, in verse; and *Considérations politiques et militaires sur La Suisse*. The Opposition journals of the day applauded these publications, and affirmed, not without truth, that they showed an able head and a strong character; that the author was plainly a man who had studied patiently, and had an intimate knowledge of the events, the tendencies, and the wants of his age. During his imprisonment in the fortress of Ham, he composed an address to the manes of the Emperor, a treatise on firelocks; some historic fragments, in which he traced the fall of the Stuarts; another work on Switzerland; and a reply to M. de Lamartine on some attacks he had made on the Consulate and Empire; and a project for the extinction of pauperism in France. He sent articles also to various journals, and took part in the *Dictionary of Conversation*.

It is therefore with no unpractised hand that the Emperor has undertaken a bolder task and a higher theme. History, poetry, military tactics and mechanics, government and social progress had, long before he wore the imperial purple, been his study and pastime. His reading had been precisely that which now best fits him to inculcate his favourite theories under the form of an elaborate and brilliant history of a personage and period long past. The biography itself is such as almost to disarm criticism. However earnestly we may reject the principle on which it is based, and the lesson it is intended to teach, we are compelled to acknowledge that it is a remarkable work, and one which, if it had been written by a private scholar, would have made his reputation. With lively and elegant narration it combines sweep of view; with minute scholarship and close definition it unites those large generalisations without which historical details perplex and fatigue; and, unlike the *Prince* of Macchiavelli, the real intention of which is still matter of debate, its under-current is always clear. The *Idées Napoléoniennes* gleam every where through the transparent drapery. In the History they are taught as in a parable; in the Preface they are plainly avowed.

It seems almost needless to observe, that the fact of composing a work in which two distinct objects are kept persistently in view

implies no ordinary degree of self-control and grasp of thought. To be always endeavouring to establish a difficult and controverted position without for a moment losing sight of the exigencies of the biography in hand—to be invariably making Cæsar a type of Napoleon, and his power a symbol of the Bonaparte dynasty, without forgetting the ring his hero wore and the tie of his flowing sash—is nothing less than to be at the same time historian and philosopher.

The thesis, then, which the Emperor with great subtlety and pliancy of brain labours to prove is, that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, or Napoleon, it is to trace out the path in which nations ought to follow, to impress the signet of their genius on a new era, and accomplish the work of centuries in a few years. "Happy," he says, "are the people who understand and obey them! Woe to those who disregard and oppose them! They act like the Jews; they crucify their Messiah!"

We cannot but be thankful to his Majesty for thus frankly stating his design; but we also feel bound to protest against it, both on political and religious grounds. However great may be the services which a citizen renders to his country, we do not believe that a nation does well in placing unlimited power in his hands. All the wisest men of modern times concur in thinking that irresponsible government lodged in an autocrat is dangerous to society, and adverse to the general interests. The happiest and safest rule is that in which legitimate monarchy is combined with a national representation, wherein clergy, nobles, and people each take their part. An empire based on democracy may be very well fitted to curb the turbulent spirits of the French at the present moment; but it ought not to be held up as a model for future imitation, nor even be compared with a constitution which, like ours, gives full scope to the moral and mental energies of every class of the community. This is our political objection: now for the religious one.

A fatal error seems involved in associating, as Louis Napoleon does, such names as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and the first Bonaparte; because the point of contact between them on which he insists is their intellectual greatness, their military prowess. In other respects they differed widely. Cæsar was a Pagan; Napoleon a child of the French Revolution, to whom the Catholic faith was an after-thought. Charlemagne, on the contrary, was a Christian prince, a civiliser on Christian principles, and a benefactor to the Holy See. In France, multitudes regard him as a saint, and his festival is observed on the 28th of January; for he was canonised by (the antipope) Pascal III. His conquests were in the interests of humanity and religion, and he ought not to be confounded with generals, however illustrious, who

were guided simply by ambition and worldly policy. Why should we repose blind confidence in the predestined leaders and rulers of mankind, if genius be their only, or their chief claim on our respect? What is hero-worship but the worship of force, power, and success? What is this theory on which Carlyle has vindicated so many doubtful reputations worth, if weighed in the balances of the Sanctuary? Is "Frederick the Great" to be taken as equivalent to "Frederick the Good"? Are intellectual attributes to be exalted above moral in those whom we venerate and follow? If so, we might become worshippers of Antichrist, and are even now preparing his way. He too will call himself Messiah.

The parallel between Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte is obvious, and has often been drawn out, though never so elaborately as in the present work, nor with the same design. Schlosser, for example, in his *Universal History*, has sketched it in pointed language, and shown how both heroes arose out of a distracted republic, in which rival factions enfeebled the administration,—how both as generals occupied a province with unlimited power, were at the head of valorous armies, and were men of superior understanding, desperate resolves, and, under some circumstances, of fearful cruelty; how both behaved as despots with the show of democratic principles, and obtained a complete hold over their followers in arms by victory, carnage, and plunder.

If France is bound, as the Emperor would have us believe, to recognise in his uncle a divine mission, with a reversion of its homage to the nephew now seated on the throne, it is singular that almost all the Frenchmen of distinguished ability and reputation should persist in standing aloof from his court. They at least, though their minds are capacious, cannot grasp the leading idea of his Preface, cannot discover the messiahship of the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien, nor interpret the retreat from Moscow as a mark of the favourite of Heaven. The intellect of the country is ranged chiefly on the side of the Orleanists; the religious-minded in general sympathise with the fallen Bourbons. The Emperor feels deeply his estrangement from persons like Thiers, Guizot, Montalembert, Lamartine, and Arago; and alludes to the privation in a very effective passage, in which he apologises for Cæsar in his having been driven to enlist in his service unworthy followers of the stamp of Clodius and Vatinius.

The plan of Louis Napoleon's history resembles in some degree that of Macaulay's *History of England from the accession of James II.* As the English historian found it necessary to fill an introductory volume with an account of the gradual formation of our manners,

laws, and polity from the earliest times, and to widen the historic stream as it flows nearer to the time of the restoration of the Stuarts, so the biographer of Cæsar traces, through more than two hundred and fifty pages, the line of Roman Kings, Dictators, Tribunes, and Decemviri, down to the dictatorship of Sylla, in order to place his readers in a position to judge accurately of the state of affairs at the time when his great character appears on the stage.

In reviewing the period of kingly reign from Romulus to Tarquin the Proud, the Emperor prefaces his survey with a quotation from Montesquieu, in which the subsequent greatness of Rome is ascribed mainly to the fact of all its earlier rulers having been men of remarkable ability. Nowhere else, indeed, do we find in history an uninterrupted series of such statesmen and military commanders, if popular annals be true. But if the labours of Arnold and Niebuhr have with reason damaged the authority of Livy and Dionysius respecting them, if the five first of the seven kings of Rome are mythical personages, and half their exploits fabulous, then the force of the Emperor's favourite argument, though supported by Montesquieu, is weakened, and he has done wisely in not lingering too long on such insecure ground. Even in this early part of the work allusions to his own policy frequently start forth, and give a singular piquancy to ancient records unused to be treated so familiarly by a great potentate. He speaks of the polytheism of the Romans as an instrument of civilisation, but above all of government; and appears to think that the patricians, whose power was growing fast, used the gods as a means of cajoling the multitude, though it may well be doubted whether they were not equally deluded themselves. Those who are duped dupe others most successfully, because they are sincere in their delusions. The morals of the people at this time were, if we may credit Plutarch, comparatively pure; and there is therefore the more reason for believing that all classes retained some religious faith. It is only when, as in the days of the Roman emperors, a nation has abandoned itself to every species of refined corruption, that the higher and lower ranks alike become pervaded with infidelity, and distrust every thing but sense and time. Romulus offered his *spolia opima* to Jupiter Feretrius; and the Decii—father, son, and grandson—three centuries before Augustus, devoted their lives as a propitiation to the gods, and died in the thickest of the fight.* The idolatrous superstition of the Roman aristocracy, from Romulus to Fabius, is apparent in every page of history.

The regal government of Rome fell, according to Louis Napoleon,

* B.C. 341, B.C. 295, B.C. 279.

because its hour was come; the mission of its kings was accomplished; its "providential term" had arrived; and, having ceased to be useful to the cause of civilisation, it fell as destiny had decided. So long as the genius of force and imagination was needful to overawe the public mind, Tarquins continued to govern; when the interests of mankind required the freer play of thought and action among the people, they were set aside. Thus in all lands society moulds, reforms, improves itself, under Fate which is not blind, but that all-seeing Fate which we call Providence. Such is the Emperor's view.

The organising faculty which has made our author master of France, and the habit of empire which has ensued, evidently help him in his present task. He catches admirably the spirit of ancient institutions, and estimates the value of laws with the sagacity of an experienced statesman. His position renders his pages intensely interesting: a Cæsar comments on Cæsar; a republican Emperor analyses a mighty Republic, and describes with ease and force the long struggles between the Patrician and Plebeian orders down to 337 B.C. Glimpses of Paris are lighted up at every turn in the streets of old Rome; and while scholars and archæologists revel in the details of the *comitia*, the agrarian law, and the geography of Latium and Samnium, a substratum of Napoleonic philosophy rivets the attention of the general reader.

There is one moral and political lesson frequently inculcated by the Emperor, which ought not to be too readily accepted. He complains that the constitutional privileges enjoyed by subjects in the present day engender sad distrust of their rulers, and raise it into a principle. In Rome, on the contrary, the principle, he says, was to trust. He teaches submission to those whom Providence has specially commissioned to govern, and his counsel is, under certain conditions, agreeable to the highest authority of all; but it must not be admitted so far as to blind us to the value of that control which a well-instructed people may properly exercise over the decrees of their head. The author, indeed, in one passage is candid enough to allow that "absolute power, whether it belongs to one man, or a class of individuals, finishes always by being equally dangerous to him or them who exercise it." What an admission from such a source!

The wars of the Republic with the Samnites, Etruscans, Gauls, and King Pyrrhus are sketched boldly by the Emperor's hand, and lead him to survey the glory or decline, the resources and aims, of those nations whose shores were bathed by the waters of the Mediterranean, and which were about to be subdued and broken in pieces by the kingdom strong as iron. Egypt and Gaul, Carthage and

Sidon, Greece, Spain, Illyria, and Venetia, pass before him; and the remembrance of the greatness and prosperity of several extinct maritime states inspires him with "the natural wish that henceforth the jealousy of the great Powers may no longer prevent the East from shaking off the dust of twenty centuries, and from being born again to life and civilisation."

The picture given by the death-struggle between Rome and Carthage in the three Punic wars is very striking. The Carthaginians were already a fallen people—fallen by reason of their inhuman superstition, the effeminacy of their nobles, intestine factions, and a mercenary army. Their rule over the waves was near its term, for Rome was soon to be the mistress of sea and land. Their ruin was delayed by the genius of Hannibal, whose valorous retention of his ground in the enemy's country during sixteen years awakens the Emperor's sympathy, and gives occasion to some of his best writing.

The destruction of Carthage was followed by the sedition of the Gracchi. They were the champions of the people, and proclaimed deadly war against the rapacity and luxury of the great. But the Republic was doomed, and neither the Gracchi nor Marius could save it. Asiatic manners and Carthaginian vice had dispelled the last traces of primitive simplicity. The lords of the soil were the slaves of corruption; and "it might be said," to use the author's words, "that there existed at Rome an aristocracy without nobility, and a democracy without people." Old institutions ceased to restrain the wayward passions of the multitude; oligarchy and democracy in rival factions deluged the streets of the capital with blood; and selfish leaders occupied the fair fields of Italy with armed hosts. Sylla and Marius by their rivalry tore the entrails of the state; and the former, by his barbarous cruelty and absolute dictatorship, prepared the way for a larger-minded and more moderate ruler. In depicting the distracted condition of society at the time he rose, the imperial writer deepens his colours, so as to throw out more prominently the figure of his hero, and lead the minds of his readers to the parallel implied between the Roman Republic at that period and the French in 1798 and 1848, when his uncle and himself, like a second and third Cæsar, came to restore "order and repose;" to receive from the hands of a "trusting and passionate democracy" dictatorial power; to "embrace collectively the hopes and interests" of all classes; to raise themselves "above vulgar passions;" to unite in themselves "the essential qualities and just ideas of each of their predecessors, avoiding their faults as well as their errors;" to join "greatness of soul and love of the people" with "the military genius

of great generals and the strong sentiments of the Dictator in favour of order and the hierarchy." It is impossible to read the long paragraph in which Cæsar's mission is described* without calling to mind the struggles between the Gironde and the Montagne; the rise of the Chouans in arms; the allies on the frontiers of France; the cruelties of Robespierre; and the overthrow of the feeble Directory by General Bonaparte. Nor can we, in perusing it, forget how, in 1848, when Louis Napoleon rose to the Presidency, France was well-nigh reduced to anarchy by socialists and republicans, to say nothing of Legitimist and Orleanist parties.

Thus Cæsar comes upon the scene—a saviour of society, a providential hero, at the age of eighteen. The penetrating eye of Sylla had detected him in the crowd, and by persecution pointed him out to public attention. He consented with reluctance to let him live, and exclaimed to those who interceded for him, "Well, be it so; you will it; but know that he whose pardon you demand will one day ruin the party of the great for which we have fought together; for, trust me, there are several Mariuses in this young man." "And Sylla," writes Louis Napoleon, "had judged truly: many Mariuses, in effect, had met together in Cæsar—Marius, the great captain, but with a larger military genius; Marius, the enemy of the oligarchy, but without hatred and without cruelty; Marius, in a word, no longer the man of a faction, but the man of his age."

All the art of the limner is employed in drawing the portrait of this remarkable young man,—a scion of the *Julia gens*, "of ancient origin and late renown." The part which his mother Aurelia, a woman of severe morals, took in his education is particularly noticed; and to her tender and virtuous influence much of his subsequent success is ascribed. His personal advantages, his features, voice, gestures, dress, and habits, are minutely detailed, till he stands before us like a living thing. "There were found," we are told, "in Cæsar, both physically and morally, two natures rarely united in the same person. He joined an aristocratic delicacy of body to the muscular constitution of the warrior; the love of luxury and the arts to a passion for military life: in a word, he allied the elegance of manner which seduces with the energy of character which commands."†

A history written with any purpose beyond that of relating facts is seldom accurate. The author's private views are almost sure to warp his statements. The Emperor has at his command all the resources of ancient lore; and the foot-notes in his volume are sufficient to prove what good use he has made of them. A hundred learned men are at his bidding; and antiquarians in distant lands are proud

* Liv. i. ch. vi. 8.

† Liv. ii. ch. i. 1.

of being invited to offer him the slightest assistance. But with all this, the object he has steadily in view is so patent that, judging from the first part of his work now before us, we may well be sceptical as to the truth of the portrait he will give of Cæsar, from the opening to the close of his career. That it will be a fine picture, and drawn by a master-hand, there can be no doubt; but the question is, whether it will convey a correct impression of the original. Cæsar is with him a demigod. He makes the most of his nobler features, and throws into shade the grosser and meaner traits in his character. The memoir, which reaches for the present as far as Cicero's exile, is throughout an elaborate defence of Cæsar; and as the hero himself used to bring his hair forward to the front of his head in order to conceal his baldness, so his biographer is careful on every occasion to smooth over his defects, and assign a lofty purpose to low actions. The boundless profligacy of the great Triumvir will be matter of no surprise to those who know the depths of pagan degradation before the True Light appeared; but they do not forget that all heathen were not equally immoral, and they are well aware that excesses such as Cæsar indulged in cannot but vitiate the entire man. No high tone of morality pervades the book; it glorifies one who, with a prodigal and capricious disposition, was thrown on troubled and godless times; who grasped eagerly at power; who "would rather have been first among savages than second at Rome;" who scrupled not to employ any means that served his end; who, with all his grandeur, was selfish, and made even the welfare of the community subservient to his own aggrandisement, pleasure, and restless energy. The *History of Julius Cæsar* makes towering intellect and expediency excuses for every thing; and though it will not permanently change men's estimate of his character, its influence on the minds of youth will, we believe, be decidedly baneful.

Let us now follow in a cursory manner the measured march of the historian during one-and-forty years of Cæsar's life.

He was born at Rome 100 years before Christ, and was nephew of Marius. The month of July, in which he had his birth, has borne his name 1900 years. His boyhood gave promise of extraordinary talent, and he early became an author. His gracious address and affability were beyond his age, and gained him the affection of the people. His habits were temperate; and when proscribed by Sylla, and taking refuge at the court of the King of Bithynia, he knew how to moderate his pleasures amid all the seductions of eastern society. After his return to Rome on the death of Sylla, he again quitted Italy, for his presence there was useless to his cause and irksome to himself. It is often advantageous to political men to

disappear for a time from the scene; so he took ship for Rhodes in his twenty-fourth year, and was taken by pirates. They demanded a heavy ransom, which he obtained; was released, and fulfilled the promise he had laughingly made his rough hosts, that he would return and crucify them. Having completed his studies, he waged war on his own account in Asia, came back to Rome, and was made Pontiff and Military Tribune. He was now twenty-six, and he continued to hold these high offices till Pompey and Crassus were elected Consuls. For sixty-three years Italy had been a prey to intestine convulsions. "The Republic," as Sallust says, "wounded and sick, had need of repose, no matter at what price." "The property," writes Louis Napoleon, "the life even of each citizen, was at the mercy of the stronger. The people had lost the right of appeal and their legitimate share in the elections; the poor the distribution of wheat; the tribuneship its secular privileges; and the influential order of the Knights their political and financial importance."

In this state of things, the consulship of Pompey and Crassus presented no obstacle to Cæsar's ambition. He was bolder and more energetic than the one, and less wavering than the other. In his thirty-second year he became quæstor, and was admitted to the Senate. He pronounced a funeral oration on the death of his young bride Cornelia, departed for Spain,—where he acted as the prætor's delegate,—and on his return married Pompeia, the kinswoman of Pompey and grand-daughter of Sylla. This alliance strengthened his influence, and honours multiplied fast. At thirty-three he was chosen Curator of the Appian Way, and spent much of his own fortune in maintaining the highways; at thirty-five he obtained the post of Curule Ædile, and celebrated the Roman games with great pomp. At the feast of Cybele he sent into the arena 320 pairs of gladiators. He was in his thirty-sixth year when he was appointed *Judex Quæstionis*, and undertook the prosecution of the *sicarii*, who committed all sorts of robbery and murder.

The getting-up of the *History* is almost perfect; yet we must pause to notice one defect. The writer gives in the margin the date from the building of Rome, but not, as is usual, the corresponding year before Christ. He omits likewise the age of his hero, which, in a biography of any length, should stand in the margin of every page. This constant memorial adds greatly to the instruction and pleasure of the reader.

Meanwhile—to resume our epitome—conspiracies against the Senate were frequent, and the difficulty of forming a new party consisted in the rising man's being compelled to associate with him persons of despicable antecedents. It was a time of transition, when

the leader was equally embarrassed by friends and foes; by those who resisted all changes, and those who applauded every innovation and encouraged every act of violence. Cæsar steered between these rocks. He raised the popular standard, but purified it,—unlike the Gracchi, who had stained it with blood and compromised it by revolts.*

The application of all this to the Bonapartes is easy and obvious; and when seen in the original, it is a comment on the opening paragraph of the Emperor's Preface, in which he lays down emphatically the requirements of history. "Historic truth," he says, "ought to be no less sacred than religion. If the precepts of faith raise our souls above the interests of this world, the lessons of history, in their turn, inspire us with the love of the beautiful and the just, and the hatred of whatever presents an obstacle to the progress of humanity. These lessons, to be profitable, require certain conditions. It is necessary that the parts be produced with a rigorous exactness; that the changes, political or social, be analysed philosophically, that the exciting interest of the details of the lives of public men should not divert attention from the political part they played, or cause us to forget their providential mission."

When Cæsar was thirty-seven, he "received a brilliant proof of the popularity he enjoyed." He was chosen sovereign pontiff, which function, being for life, gave great influence, and was justly considered one of the most important dignities in the Republic. While soliciting the office Cæsar wrote an extensive treatise on augural law, and another on astronomy, and some recent discoveries in that science made by the Alexandrian school. He was overwhelmed with debts; and on the day of the election, embracing his mother, he said: "To-day thou wilt see me grand pontiff or a fugitive." His success was great; he obtained "more votes in the tribes of his adversaries than they had in all the tribes put together;" and in consequence of his elevation, he took a mansion in the Via Sacra, and lived more sumptuously than ever. He built himself also a superb villa on the lake of Nemi.

The part which he played in the matter of Catiline's conspiracy for the destruction of Rome is treated by the Emperor in a manner which Cicero would have highly disapproved. His Majesty contrasts the "noble language" of the high pontiff, in defending Catiline, with the declamatory speeches of the great Roman orator. He gives at length the earnest address in the Senate, which brought upon Cæsar the suspicion of being an accomplice in Catiline's plot, and caused

* Liv, ii, ch. ii, 9.

the knights to draw their swords upon him, in spite of his being pontiff and prætor-elect. He is convinced that the conduct of Cicero and of the Senate in executing the accused cannot be justified; that the laws were broken, when they should have been scrupulously observed; that Cæsar was no party to the conspiracy; and that events proved the truth of his words: "If even the greatest criminals are too severely dealt with, the heinousness of their offence is lost in the severity of their sentence."

Chosen prætor at the age of thirty-eight, Cæsar placed his influence more and more at the service of Pompey; he caused extraordinary honours to be decreed to the conqueror of Mithridates, and reserved for him the dedication of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol. By this means he strengthened his favour with the popular party, whose hopes rested on Pompey. He was guided by political motives even in the choice of female favourites; among whom may be numbered the wives of Pompey and Crassus, as well as those of the Consuls Gabinus and Sulpicius. The lady whom he seems to have preferred above others was Servilia, the sister of Cato and mother of Brutus, to whom he gave a pearl valued at six millions of sestericii, or 45,600*l.*! Such points in his character and career deserve attention, considering his recent apotheosis; nor should those who would judge rightly the Emperor's estimate of his high-mindedness forget his relations with Clodius in connection with the divorce of Pompeia. If he was satisfied of his wife's innocence, why did he repudiate her? if doubtful, why did he make Clodius his bosom friend?

When Pompey returned from Asia in triumph, laden with the spoils and treasures of the East; when the collection of engraved stones belonging to the king of Pontus, the chessboard made of two precious stones, the couches, the gold vases, the chaplets of pearls, the statues of gold, the mountain of gold, the Carmanian jars of opal glass, the silver statue of the last Mithridates, the fragrant exotics, the captive kings and chieftains with their queens and princes, and lastly, Pompey himself, in the costume of Alexander the Great, adorned with jewels, and seated in a chariot, whose proud trophy was inscribed with the words "over the whole world,"—when all these, and a thousand added splendours, passed in gorgeous procession before Cæsar's gaze, his military ardour was kindled anew, and he sighed to think that he was nearing forty without having conducted one famous campaign.

Neither the policy of Pompey, of the Senate, of Cicero, nor of Cato, was equal to the exigency of the times; and the Emperor, in a paragraph entitled "Destiny regulates Events," says, in reference to this period:

"It is well worthy of our attention that when destiny is driving a state of things towards an aim, there is, by a law of fate, a concurrence of all forces in the same direction. Thither tend alike the attacks and the hopes of those who seek change; thither tend the fears and the resistance of those who would put a stop to every movement. After the death of Sylla, Cæsar was the only man who persevered in his endeavours to raise the standard of Marius. Hence nothing more natural than that his acts and speeches should bend in the same direction. But the fact on which we ought to fix our attention is, the spectacle of the partisans of resistance and the system of Sylla, the opponents of all innovation, helping, unconsciously, the progress of events which smoothed for Cæsar the way to supreme power. Nothing arrested the march of events; the party of resistance hurried them forward more rapidly than any other. It was evident that they progressed towards a revolution; and a revolution is like a river which overflows and inundates. Cæsar aimed at digging a bed for it. Pompey, seated proudly at the helm, thought he could command the waves that were sweeping him along. Cicero, always irresolute, at one moment allowed himself to drift with the stream, at another thought himself able to stem it with a fragile bark. Cato, immovable as a rock, flattered himself that alone he could resist the irresistible stream that was carrying away the old order of Roman society."

By digging a bed for the river, Cæsar gave free course to a stream on which he might sail down to posterity as the foremost figure of ancient Rome.

At the age of thirty-nine a path of military glory was opened for him in Spain, whither he went as proprætor, with a strong army. His creditors endeavoured to retard his departure; but the rich and generous Crassus lent him 830 talents, or 200,000*l.* to meet their demands. Success attended his arms. All Lusitania became subject to Rome, and Cæsar received from his soldiers the title of *Imperator*. He abolished many barbarous customs among the people, and put an end to human sacrifices. Though he administered the province with equity, he amassed great treasures and munificently rewarded his men. Returning to Rome in his fortieth year, he demanded a triumph and permission to become a candidate for the consulship. His popularity was steadily increasing; and as he could not yet unite the masses by the realisation of a grand idea, he thought to unite the chiefs by a common interest, and devoted all his endeavours to making Pompey, Crassus, and Cicero share his views. Without a strong executive the vast and mighty empire of Rome must be disintegrated. If factions spread from the centre to the extremities,

her mission would be at an end. To conciliate distant peoples, she must conciliate them by just laws, extended privileges, and rights. She must restrain the selfishness of the nobles and the turbulence of the mob by a close union of the most worthy citizens—by a moral authority exacting at the same time obedience and respect.

These considerations, which are stated by the Emperor in full with great ability, were sufficient to convince Pompey and Crassus. They formed an alliance with Cæsar, which long remained a secret, and which is wrongly termed the First Triumvirate. Cicero stood aloof. Decision was no part of his character.

Cæsar was elected Consul, and the nobles by bribery procured the election of Bibulus as his colleague. He was now first magistrate of the Republic, and he represented a principle. From the age of eighteen he had faced the anger of the aristocracy, and pleaded the grievances of the oppressed and the rights of the provinces. All his energies were now applied to the task of conciliation. He made advances to Cicero, who returned them with false pride. Bibulus responded to his overtures with rancour, and the Senate showed nothing but prejudice.

The agrarian laws which he proposed, however, were a boon to the State; Pompey's veterans received lands in Italy, and "about 100,000 persons became husbandmen, and re-peopled with free men a great portion of the territory; while Rome was relieved from a populace which was inconvenient and debased." Other laws full of moderation and wisdom were passed through his exertions; and Cæsar, by the admission of Cicero, was alone more powerful already than the Republic.

"Of some he was the hope; of others, the terror; of all, master irrevocably. The inactivity of Bibulus had only served to increase his power. Thus it was said in Rome, as a jest, that men knew of no other consulship than that of Julius and Caius Cæsar, making two persons out of a single name. And as popular favour, when declared on the side of a man in a conspicuous position, sees something marvellous in every thing that concerns his person, the populace drew a favourable augury from the existence of an extraordinary horse foaled in his stable. Its hoofs were forked, and shaped like fingers. Cæsar was the only man who could tame this strange animal, the docility of which, it was said, foreboded to him the empire of the world."

Not confining his ambition to the discharge of his functions as Consul and legislator, he aspired to a command worthy of his genius, by which he might extend the Republic's frontiers, and protect them against invasion. Accordingly he received the government of the

Gauls, and exclaimed, as Suetonius informs us, in full Senate, that, having succeeded to the utmost of his desire in spite of his enemies, he would now march over their heads. The Emperor very naturally thinks this story improbable.

While "endeavouring to establish the Republic on the securest foundations," the aristocratic party assailed Cæsar with every species of slander and sarcasm. "It is sad," Louis Napoleon justly observes, "to see the accomplishment of great things often thwarted by the little passions of short-sighted men, who only know the world in the small circle to which their life is confined." Of all who opposed Cæsar's policy, Cicero perhaps was the most formidable; yet he sought to overcome him by kindness, and offered to take him with him to Gaul as his lieutenant. After his exile to a distance of 400 miles, Cæsar soon consented to his return, and conciliated him by taking into his favour his brother Quintus. Cato was removed under pretence of an honourable mission, and all men of importance were gained to Cæsar's cause. "Thus he could proceed to his province; destiny was about to open a new path; immortal glory awaited him beyond the Alps; and this glory, reflected upon Rome, was to change the face of the world."

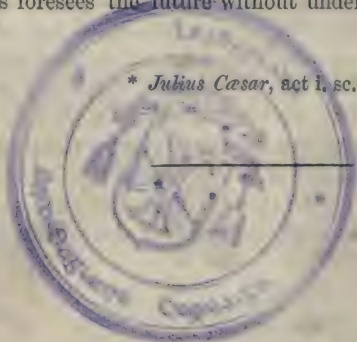
"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."*

After a pointed and ingenious explanation of Cæsar's conduct, the Emperor thus concludes his first volume:

"Let us not continually seek little passions in great souls. The success of superior men—and it is a consoling thought—is due rather to the loftiness of their sentiments than to the speculations of selfishness and cunning; this success depends much more on their skill in taking advantage of circumstances than on that presumption blind enough to believe itself capable of creating events which are in the hands of God alone. Certainly Cæsar had faith in his destiny and confidence in his genius; but faith is an instinct, not a calculation; and genius foresees the future without understanding its mysterious progress."

J. C. E.

* *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 2.



Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXI.

It is not to be credited with how great an admixture of pleasure and pain I do set myself to my daily task of writing, for the thought of those spring and summer months spent in Lady Tregony's house doth stir up old feelings, the sweetness of which hath yet some bitterness in it, which I would fain separate from the memories of that happy time.

Basil had taken up his abode at Euston, whither I so often went and whence he so often came, that methinks we could both have told (for mine own part I can yet do it, even after the lapse of so many years) the shape of each tree, the rising of each bank, the every winding of the fair river Ouse betwixt one house and the other. Yea, when I now sit down on the shore, gazing on the far-off sea, bethinking myself it doth break on the coast of England, I sometimes newly draw on memory's tablet that old large house, the biggest in all Suffolk, albeit homely in its exterior and interior plainness, which sitteth in a green hollow between two graceful swelling hills. Its opposite meadows, starred in the spring-tide with so many daisies and buttercups that the grass scantily showeth amidst these gay intruders; the ascending walk, a mile in length, with four rows of ash-trees on each side, the tender green of which in those early April days mocked the sober tints of the darksome tufts of fir; and the noble deer underneath the old oaks, carrying in a stately manner their horned heads, and darting along the glades with so swift a course that the eye could scarce follow them. But mostly the little wooden bridge where, when Basil did fish, I was wont to sit and watch the sport, I said, but verily him, of whose sight I was somewhat covetous after his long absence. And I mind me that one day when we were thus seated, he on the margin of the stream and I leaning against the bridge, we held an argument touching country diversions, which began in this wise: *very romantic*

"Methinks," I said, "of all disports fishing hath this advantage, that if one faileth in the success he looketh for, he hath at least a wholesome walk, a sweet air, a fragrant savour of the mead flowers. He seeth the young swans, herons, ducks, and many other fowls

with their broods, which is surely better than the noise of hounds, the blast of horns, and the cries the hunters make. And if it be in part used for the increasing of the body's health and the solace of the mind, it can also be advantageously employed for the health of the soul, for it is not needful in this diversion to have a great many persons with you, and this solitude doth favour thought and the serving of God by sometimes repeating devout prayers."

To this Basil replied: "That as there be many men, there be also many minds; and, for his part, when the woods and fields and skies seemed in all one loud cry and confusion with the earning of the hounds, the galloping of the horses, the hallowing of the huntsmen, and the excellent echo resounding from the hills and valleys, he did not think there could be a more delectable pastime or a more tuneable sound by any degree than this, and specially in that place which is formed so meet for the purpose. And if he could wish any thing, it would be that it had been the time of year for it, and for me to ride by his side on a sweet misty morning to hear this goodly music and to be recreated with this excellent diversion. And for the matter of prayers," he added, smiling, "I warrant thee, sweet preacher, that as wholesome cogitations touching Almighty God and His goodness, and brief inward thanking of Him for good limbs and an easy heart, have come into my mind on a horse's back with a brave westerly wind blowing about my head, as in the quiet sitting by a stream listening to the fowls singing."

"Oh, but Basil," I rejoined, "there are more virtues to be practised by an angler than by a hunter."

"How prove you that, sweetheart?" he asked.

Then I: "Well, he must be of a well-settled and constant belief to enjoy the benefit of his expectation. He must be full of love to his neighbour, that he neither give offence in any particular, nor be guilty of any general destruction; then he must be exceeding patient, not chafing in losing the prey when it is almost in hand, or in breaking his tools, but with pleased sufferance, as I have witnessed in thyself, amend errors and think mischances instructions to better carefulness. He must be also full of humble thoughts, not disdaining to kneel, lie down, or wet his fingers when occasion commands. Then must he be prudent, apprehending the reasons why the fish will not bite; and of a thankful nature, showing a large gratefulness for the least satisfaction."

"Tut, tut," Basil replied, laughing; "thinkest thou no patience be needful when the dogs do lose the scent, or your horse refuseth to take a gate; no prudence to forecast which way to turn when the issue be doubtful; no humility to brook a fall with twenty fellows

passing by a-jeering of you; no thankfulness your head be not broken; no love of your neighbour for to abstain in the heat of the chase from treading down his corn, or for to make amends when it be done? Go to, go to, sweetheart; thou art a dexterous pleader, but hast failed to prove thy point. Methinks there doth exist greater temptations for to swear or to quarrel in hunting than in fishing, and if resisted, more excellent virtues then observed. One day last year, when I was in Cheshire, Sir Peter Lee of Lime did invite me to hunt the stag, and there being a great stag in chase and many gentlemen hot in the pursuit, the stag took soil, and divers, whereof I was one, alighted and stood with sword drawn to have a cut at him."

"Oh, the poor stag!" I cried; "I do always sorely grieve for him."

"Well," he continued, "the stags there be wonderfully fierce and dangerous, which made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all; and it was my misfortune to be hindered in my coming near him, the way being slippery, by a fall, which gave occasion to some which did not know me to speak as if I had failed for fear; which being told me, I followed the gentleman who first spoke it, intending for to pick a quarrel with him, and, peradventure, measure my sword with his, so be his denial and repentance did not appear. But, I thank God, afore I reached him my purpose had changed, and in its stead I turned back to pursue the stag, and happened to be the only horseman in when the dogs set him up at bay; and approaching near him, he broke through the dogs and ran at me, and took my horse's side with his horns. Then I quitted my horse, and of a sudden, getting behind him, got on his back and cut his throat with my sword."

"Alack!" I cried, "I do mislike these bloody pastimes, and love not to think of the violent death of any living creature."

"Well, dear heart," he answered, "I will not make thee sad again by the mention of the killing of so much as a rat, if it displeaseth thee. But truly I mislike not to think of that day, for I warrant thee, in turning back from the pursuit of that injurious gentleman, somewhat more of virtue did exist than it hath been my hap often to practise. For, look you, sweet one, to some it doth cause no pain to forgive an injury which toucheth not their honour, or to plunge into the sea to fish out a drowning man; but to be styled a coward, and yet to act as a Christian man should do, not seeking for to be revenged, why, methinks there should be a little merit in it."

"Yea," I said, "much in every way; but truly, sir, if your thinking is just that easy virtue is little or no virtue, I shall be the least virtuous wife in the world."

Upon this he laughed so loud, that I told him he would fright all the fishes away.

"I'faith, let them go if they list," he cried, and cast away his rod. Then coming to where I was sitting, he invited me to walk with him alongside the stream, and then asked me for to explain my last speech.

"Why, Basil," I said, "what, I pray you, should be the duty of a virtuous wife but to love her husband?"

So then he, catching my meaning, smiled and replied,

"If that duty shall prove easy to thy affectionate heart, I doubt not but others will arise which shall call for the exercise of more difficult virtue."

When we came to a sweet nook, where the shade made it too dark for grass to grow, and only moss yielded a soft carpet for the feet, we sat down on a shelving slope of broken stones, and I exclaimed,

"Oh, Basil, methinks we shall be too happy in this fair place; and I do tax myself presently with hardness of heart, that in thy company and the forecasting of a blissful time to come, I lose the sense of recent sorrows."

"God doth yield thee this comfort," he answered, "for to refresh thy body and strengthen thy soul, which have both been verily sorely afflicted of late. I ween He doth send us breathing-times with this merciful intent."

By such discourses as these we entertained ourselves at sundry times; but some of the sweetest hours we spent were occupied in planning the future manner of our lives, the good we should strive to do amongst our poor neighbours, and the sweet exercises of Catholic religion we should observe.

Foreseeing the frequent concealing of priests in his house, Basil sent one day for a young carpenter, one Master Owen, who hath since been so noted for the contriving of hiding-places in all the recusants' houses in England; and verily what I noticed in him during the days he was at work at Euston did agree with the great repute of sanctity he hath since obtained. His so small stature, his trick of silence, his exceeding recollected and composed manner, filled me with admiration; and Basil told me nothing would serve him, the morning he arrived, when he found a priest was in the house, but to go to shrift and Holy Communion, which was his practice before ever he set to work at his good business. I took much pleasure in watching his progress. He scooped out a cell in the walls of the gallery, contriving a door such as I remembered at Sherwood Hall, which none could see to open unless they did know of the spring. All the

time he was labouring thereat, I could discern him to be praying; and when he wot not any to be near him, sang hymns in a loud and exceeding sweet voice. I have never observed in any one a more religious behaviour than in this youth, who, by his subtle and ingenious art, hath saved the lives of many priests, and procured Mass to be said in houses where none should have durst for to say or hear it if a refuge of this kind did not exist, wherein a man may lie ensconced for years, and none can find him, if he come not forth himself.

When he was gone, other sort of workmen were called in, for to make more habitable and convenient a portion of this large house. For in this, the entire consenting of our minds did appear, that neither of us desired for to spend money on showy improvements, or to inhabit ten chambers when five should suffice. What one proposed, the other always liked well; and if in tastes we did sometimes differ, yet no disagreement ensued. For, albeit Basil cared not as much as I did for the good ordering of the library, his indulgent kindness did nevertheless incline him to favour me with a promise that one hundred fair, commendable books should be added to those his good father had collected. He said that Hubert should aid us to choose these goodly volumes, holy treatises, and histories in French and English, if it liked me, and poetry also. One pleasant chamber he did laughingly appoint for to be the scholars' room, in the which he should never so much as show his face, but Hubert and I read and write, if we listed, our very heads off. The ancient chapel was now a hall; and, save some carving on the walls which could not be recovered, no traces did remain of its old use. But at the topmost part of the house, at the head of a narrow staircase, was a chamber wherein Mass was sometimes said; and since Basil's return, he had procured that each Saturday a priest should come and spend the night with him, for the convenience of all the neighbouring Catholics who resorted there for to go to their duty. Lady Tregony and her household—which were mostly Catholic, but had not the same commodities in her house, where to conceal any one was more hard, for that it stood almost in the village of Fakenham, and all comers and goers proved visible to the inhabitants—did repair on Sundays, at break of day, to Euston. How sweet were those rides in the fair morning light, the dew bespangling every herb and tree, and the wild flowers filling the air with their fresh fragrance! The pale primroses, the azure harebell, the wood-anemone, and the dark-blue hyacinth—what dainty nosegays they furnished us with for our Blessed Lady's altar! of which the fairest image I ever beheld stood in the little secret chapel at Euston. Basil did much affection this image of Blessed Mary; for as far back as he could remember he

had been used to say his prayers before it; and when his mother died, he being only seven years of age, he knelt before this so lively representation of God's Mother, beseeching of her to be a mother to him also; which prayer methinks verily did take effect, his life having been marked by singular tokens of her maternal care.

In the holy week, which fell that year in the second week of April, he procured the aid of three priests, and had all the ceremonies performed which do appertain to that sacred season. On Wednesday, towards evening, began *Tenebræ*, with the mysterious candlestick of fifteen lights, fourteen of them representing, by the extinguishing of them, the disciples which forsook Christ; the fifteenth on the top, which was not put out, His dear Mother, who, from the crib to the Cross, was not severed from Him. On Thursday we decked the sepulchre wherein the Blessed Sacrament reposed with flowers and all such jewels as we possessed, and namely with a very fair diamond cross which Basil had gifted me with, and reverently attended it day and night. "God defend," I said to Basil, when the sepulchre was removed, "I should retain for vain uses what was lent to our Lord yester eve!" and straightway hung on the cross to our Lady's neck. On Friday we all crept to the crucifix, and kissing, bathed it with our tears. On Saturday every fire was extinguished in the house, and kindled again with hallowed fire. Then ensued the benediction of the paschal candle, and the rest of the divine ceremonies, till Mass. At Mass, as soon as the priest pronounced "Gloria in excelsis," a cloth, contrived by Lady Tregony and me, and which veiled the altar, made resplendent with lights and flowers, was suddenly snatched away, and many little bells we had prepared for that purpose rung, in imitation of what was done in England in Catholic times, and now in foreign countries. On Easter Sunday, after Mass, a benediction was given to divers sorts of meat, and in remembrance of the Lamb sacrificed two days before, a great proportion of lamb. Nigh one hundred recusants had repaired to Euston that day for their paschal communion. Basil did invite them all to break Lent's neck with us, in honour of Christ's joyful resurrection; and many blessings were showered that day, I ween, on Master Rookwood, and for his sake, I ween, on Mistress Sherwood also. The sun did shine that Easter morning with more than usual brightness. The common people do say it danceth for joy at this glorious tide. For my part, methought it had a rare youthful brilliancy, more cheering than hot, more lightsome than dazzling. All nature seemed to rejoice that Christ was risen; and pastoral art had devised arches of flowers and gay wreaths hanging from pole to pole and gladdening every thicket.

Verily, if the sun danced in the sky, my poor heart danced in my bosom. At Basil's wishing, anticipating future duties, I went to the kitchen for to order the tansy-cakes which were to be prizes at the handball-playing on the next day. Like a foolish creature, I was ready to smile at every jest, howsoever trifling; and when Basil put in his head at the door and cried, "Prithee, let each one that eateth of tansy-cake to-morrow, which signifieth bitter herbs, take also of bacon, to show he is no Jew," the wenches and I did laugh till the tears ran down our cheeks. Ah me! when the heart doth overflow with joy 'tis marvellous how the least word maketh merriment!

One day late in April I rode with Basil for to see some hawking, which verily is a pleasure for high and mounting spirits; howsoever, I wore not the dress which the ladies in this county do use on such occasions, for I have always thought it an unbecoming thing for women to array themselves in male attire, or ride in fashion like a man, and Basil is of my thinking thereon. It was a clear, calm, sunshiny evening, about an hour before the sun doth usually mask himself, that we went to the river. There we dismounted and, for the first time, I did behold this noble pastime. For is it not rare to consider how a wild bird should be so brought to hand and so well managed as to make us such pleasure in the air; but most of all to forego her native liberty and feeding, and return to her servitude and diet? And what a lesson do they read to us when our wanton wills and thoughts take no heed of reason and conscience's voices luring us back to duty's perch!

When we had stood a brief time watching for a mallard, Basil perceived one and whistled off his falcon. She flew from him as if she would never have turned her head again, yet upon a shout came in. Then by degrees, little by little, flying about and about, she mounted so high as if she had made the moon the place of her flight, but presently came down like a stone at the sound of his lure. I waxed very eager in the noticing of these haps, and was well content to be an eye-witness of this sport. Methought it should be a very pleasant thing to be Basil's companion in it, and wear a dainty glove and a gentle tassel on my fist which should never cast off but at my bidding, and when I let it fly would return at my call. And this thought minded me of a faithful love never diverted from its resting-place save by heavenward aspirations alternating betwixt earthly duties and ghostly soarings. But oh, what a tragedy was enacted in the air when Basil, having detected by a little white feather in its tail a cock in a brake, cast off a tassel gentle, who never ceased his circular motion till he had recovered his place. Then suddenly upon the flushing of the cock he came down, and missing of it in that down-

come, lo what working there was on both sides ! The cock mounting as if he would have pierced the skies ; the hawk flying a contrary way until he had made the wind his friend ; what speed the cock made to save himself ! What hasty pursuit the hawk made of the fugitive ! after long flying killing of it, but alack in killing of it killing himself !

" Ah, a fatal ending to a fatal strife !" exclaimed a known voice close unto mine ear, a melodious one, albeit now harsh to my hearing. Mine eyes were dazzled with gazing upward, and I confusedly discerned two gentlemen standing near me, one of which I knew to be Hubert. I gave him my hand, and then Basil turning round and beholding him and his companion, came up to them with a joyful greeting :

" Oh, Sir Henry," he exclaimed, " I be truly glad to see you ; and you, Hubert, what a welcome surprise is this !"

Then he introduced me to Sir Henry Jerningham ; for he it was who, bowing in a courteous fashion, addressed to me such compliments as gentlemen are wont to pay to ladies at the outset of their acquaintanceship.

These visitors had left their horses a few paces off, and then Sir Henry explained that Hubert had been abiding with him at his seat for a few days, and that certain law-business in which Basil was concerned as well as his brother, and himself also, as having been for one year his guardian, did necessitate a meeting wherein these matters should be brought to a close.

" So," quoth he then, " Master Basil, I proposed we should invade your solitude in place of withdrawing you from it, which methought of the two evils should be the least, seeing what attractions do detain you at Euston at this time."

I foolishly dared not look at Hubert when Sir Henry made this speech, and Basil with hearty cheer thanked him for his obliging conduct and the great honour he did him for to visit him in this amicable manner. Then he craved his permission for to accompany me to Lady Tregony's house, trusting, he said to Hubert, to conduct him to Euston, and to perform there all hospitable duties during the short time he should be absent himself.

" Nay, nay," quoth Sir Henry, " but with your license, Master Basil, we will ride with you and this lady to Banham Hall. Methinks, seeing you are such near neighbours, that Mistress Sherwood lacketh not opportunities to enjoy your company, and that you should not deprive me of the pleasure of a short conversation with her whilst Hubert and you entertain yourselves for the nonce in the best way you can."

Basil smiled, and said it contented him very much that Sir Henry should enjoy my conversation, which he hoped in future should make amends to his friends for his own deficiencies. So we all mounted our horses, and Sir Henry rode alongside of me, and Basil and Hubert behind us; for only two could hold abreast in the narrow lane which led to Fakenham. A chill had fallen on my heart since Hubert's arrival, which I can only liken to the sudden overcasting of a bright sunshiny day by a dark cold cloud.

At first Sir Henry entered into discourse with me touching hawking, which he talked of in a merry fashion, drawing many similitudes betwixt falconers and lovers, which he said were the likest people in the world.

"For, I pray you," said he, "are not hawks to the one what his mistress is to the other? The objects of his care, admiration, labour and all. They be indeed his idols. To them he consecrates his amorous ditties, and courts each one in a peculiar dialect. Oh, believe me, Mistress Sherwood, that lady may style herself fortunate in love who shall meet with so much thought, affection, and solicitude from a lover or an husband as his birds do from a good ostringer."

Then diverting his speech to other topics, he told me it was bruited that the Queen did intend to make a progress in the eastern counties that summer, and that her Majesty should be entertained in a very splendid manner at Kenninghall by my Lord Arundel, and also at his house in Norwich.

"It doth much grieve me to hear it," I answered.

Then he: "Wherefore, Mistress Sherwood?"

"Because," I said, "Lord Arundel hath already greatly impaired his fortune and spent larger sums than can be thought of in the like prodigal courtly expenses, and also lost a good part of the lands which his grandfather and my Lady Lumley would have bequeathed to him if he had not turned spendthrift and so greatly displeased them."

"But an if it be so," quoth he again, "wherefore doth this young nobleman's imprudence displeasure you, Mistress Sherwood?"

I answered, "By reason of the pain which his follies do cause to his sweet lady, which for many years hath been more of a friend to my poor self, than unequal rank and, if possible, still more unequal merit should warrant."

"Then I marvel not," replied Sir Henry, "at your resentment of her husband's folly, for by all I have ever seen or heard of this lady she doth show herself to be the pattern of a wife, the model of high-born ladies; and 'tis said that albeit so young, there doth exist in her so much merit and dignity that some noblemen confess that when

they come into her presence they dare not swear, as at other times they are wont to do before the best of the kingdom. But I have heard, and am verily inclined to believe it, that he is much changed in his dispositions towards his lady; though pride, it may be, or shame at his ill-usage of her, or fear that it should seem that, now his favour with the Queen doth visibly decline, he should turn to her whom, when fortune smiled upon him, he did keep aloof from, seeking her only when clouds gather round him, do hinder him from showing these new inclinations."

"How much he would err," I exclaimed, "and wrong his noble wife if he misdoubted her heart in such a case! Methinks most women would be ready to forgive one they loved when misfortune threatened them, but she beyond all others, who never at any time allowed jealousy or natural resentments to draw away her love from him to whom she hath vowed it. But is Lord Arundel then indeed in less favour with her Majesty? And how doth this surmise agree with the report of her visit to Kenninghall?"

"Ah, Mistress Sherwood," he answered, "declines in the human body often do call for desperate remedies, and the like are often required when they occur in court favour. 'Tis a dangerous expedient to spend two or three thousands of pounds in one or two days for the entertainment of the Queen and the court; but if, on the report of her intended progress, one of such high rank as Lord Arundel had failed to place his house at her disposal, his own disgrace and his enemies' triumph should have speedily ensued. I pray God, my Lord Burleigh do not think on Cottessy! Egad, I would as lief pay down at once one year's income as to be so uncertainly mulcted. I warrant you Lord Arundel shall have need to sell an estate to pay for the honour her Majesty will do him. He hath a spirit will not stop half-way in any thing he doth pursue."

"Then think you, sir," I said, "he will be one day as noted for his virtues as now for his faults?"

Sir Henry smiled, as he answered, "If Philip Howard doth set himself one day to serve God, I promise you his zeal therein will far exceed what he hath shown in the devil's service."

"I pray you prove a true prophet, sir," I said; and, as we now had reached the door of Lady Tregony's house, I took leave of this courteous gentleman, and hastily turned towards Basil,—with an uneasy desire to set him on his guard to use some reserve in his speeches with Hubert, but withal at a loss how to frame a brief warning, or to speak without being overheard. Howsoever, I drew him a little aside, and whispered, "Prithee, be silent, touching Owen's work, even to Hubert."

He looked at me so much astonished, and methought with so great a look of pain, that my heart smote me. We exchanged a brief farewell; and when they had all ridden away, I felt sad. Our partings were wont to be more protracted; for he would most times ask me to walk back with him to the gate, and then made it an excuse that it should be unmannerly not to see me home, and so three or four times we used to walk to and fro, till at last I did laughingly shut the door on him, and refused to open it again. But, ah me! that evening, the chill I spoke of had fallen on our simple joys like a blight on a fair landscape.

On the next day two missives came to me from Euston, sent by private hand, but not by the same messenger. I leave the reader to judge what I felt in reading these proofs of the dispositions of two brothers, so alike in features, so different in soul. This was Basil's letter:

"MINE OWN DEAR HEART,—The business which hath brought Sir Henry and Hubert here will, I be frightened, hold me engaged all to-morrow. But, before I sleep, I must needs write thee (poor penman as I be), how much it misliketh me to see in thee an ill opinion of mine only and dear brother, and such suspicion as verily no one should entertain of a friend, but much less of one so near in blood. I do yield thee that he is not as zealous as I could wish in devout practices, and something too fond of worldly pleasures; but God is my witness, I should as soon think of doubting mine own existence as his fidelity to his religion, or his kindness to myself. So, prithee, dear love, pain me not again by the utterance of such injurious words to Hubert as that I should not trust him with any secrets howsoever weighty, or should observe any manner of restraint in communicating with him touching common dangers and interests. Methinks he is very sad at this time, and that the sight of his paternal home hath made him melancholy. Verily, his lot hath in it none of the brightness which doth attend mine, and I would we could anyways make him a partaker of the happiness we do enjoy. I pray God He may help me to effect this, by the forwarding of any wish he hath at heart; but he was always of a very reserved habit of mind, and not prone to speak of his own concernments.—Forgive, sweetheart, this loving reproof, from thy most loving friend and servant,
BASIL ROOKWOOD."

Hubert's was as followeth:

"MADAM,—My presumption towards you hath doubtless been a sin calling for severe punishment; but I pray you leave not the cause of it unremembered. The doubtful mind you once showed in my regard, and of which the last time I saw you some marks methought

did yet appear, should be my excuse if I have erred in a persistency of love, which most women would less deserve indeed, but would more appreciate than you have done. If this day no token doth reach me of your changed mind, be it so. I depart hence as changed as you do remain unchanged. It may be for mine own weal, albeit passion deems of it otherwise, if you finally reject me whom once you did look upon with so great favour, that the very thought of it works in me a revived tenderness as should be mine own undoing if it prevailed, for this country hath laws which are not broken in vain, and faithful loyal service is differently requited than traitorous and obstinate malignity. I shall be the greater for lacking your love, proud lady; but to have it I would forego all a sovereign can bestow—all that ambition can desire. These, then, are my last words. If we meet not to-day, God knoweth with what sentiments we shall one day meet, when justice hath overtaken you, and love in me hath turned to hatred!

HUBERT ROOKWOOD."

"Ay," I bitterly exclaimed, laying the two letters side by side before me, "one endeth with love, the other with hate. The one showeth the noble fruits of true affection, the other the bitter end of selfish passion." Then I mused if I should send Basil, or show him later Hubert's letter, clearing myself of any injustice towards him, but destroying likewise for ever his virtuous confidence in his brother's honour. A short struggle with myself ensued, but I soon resolved, for the present at least, on silence. If danger did seem to threaten Basil, which his knowledge of his brother's baseness could avert, then I must needs speak; but God defend I should without constraint pour a poisoned drop into the clear fount of his undoubting soul. Passion may die away, hatred may cease, repentance arise; but the evil done by the revealing of another's sin worketh endless wrong to the doer and the hearer.

The day on which I received these two letters did seem the longest I had ever known. On the next Basil came to Banham Hall, and told me his guests were gone. A load seemed lifted from my heart. But, albeit we resumed our wonted manner of life, and the same mutual kindness and accustomed duties and pleasures filled our days, I felt less secure in my happiness, less thoughtless of the world without, more subject to sudden sinkings of heart in the midst of greatest merriment, than before Hubert's visit.

In the early part of June Mr. Congleton wrote in answer to Basil's eager pressings that he would fix the day of our marriage, that he was of opinion a better one could not be found than that of our Lady's Visitation, on the 2d of July, and that, if it pleased God, he should then take the first journey he had made for five-and-

twenty years; for nothing would serve Lady Tregony but that the wedding should take place in her house, where a priest would marry us in secret at break of day, and then we should ride to the parish church at Euston for the public ceremony. He should, he added, carry Muriel with him, howsoever reluctant she should be to leave London; but he promised us this should be a welcome piece of constraint, for that she longed to see me again more than can be told.

Verily, pleasant letters reached me that week; for my father wrote he was in better health, and in great peace and contentment of mind at Rheims, albeit somewhat sad, when he saw younger and more fortunate men (for so he styled them) depart for the English mission; and by a cipher we had agreed on he gave me to understand Edmund Genings was of that number. And Lady Arundel, to whom I had reported the conversation I had with Sir Henry Jer-ningham, sent me an answer which I will here transcribe.

“MY WELL-BELOVED CONSTANCE,—You do rightly read my heart, and the hope you express in my regard, with so tender a friendship and solicitous desire for my happiness, hath indeed a better foundation than idle surmises. It hath truly pleased God that Philip’s dispositions towards me should change; and albeit this change is not as yet openly manifested, he nevertheless doth oftentimes visit me, and testifies much regret for his past neglect of one whom he doth now confess to be his truest friend, his greatest lover, and best comfort. O mine own dear friend! my life has known many strange accidents, but none greater or more strange than this, that my so long indifferent husband should turn into a secret lover who doth haunt me by stealth, and looking on me with new eyes, appears to conceive so much admiration for my worthless beauty, and to find such pleasure in my poor company, that it would seem as if a new face and person had been given to me wherewith to inspire him with this love for her to whom he doth owe it. Oh, I promise thee this husbandly wooing liketh me well, and methinks I would not at once disclose to the world this new kindness he doth show me and revival of conjugal affection, but rather hug it and cherish it like a secret treasure, until it doth take such deep root that nothing can again separate his heart from me. His fears touching the Queen’s ill conception of him increase, and his enemies do wax more powerful each day. The world hath become full of uneasiness to him. Methinks he would gladly break with it; but like to one who walketh on a narrow plank, with a precipice on each side of him, his safety lieth only in advancing. The report is true—I would it were false—of the Queen’s progress, and her intended visit to Kenninghall. I fear another fair estate in the north must needs pay the cost thereof;

but avoidance is impossible. I am about to remove from London to Arundel Castle, where my lord doth will me for the present to reside. The sea-breezes on that coast, and the mild air of Sussex, he thinks should improve my health, which doth at this time require care. Touching religion, I have two or three times let fall words which implied an increased inclination to Catholic religion. Each time his countenance did very much alter, and assumed a painful expression. I fear he is as greatly opposed to it as heretofore. But if once resolved on what conscience doth prescribe, with God's help, I hope that neither new-found joys nor future fears shall stay me from obeying its voice.

"And so thou art to be married come the early days of July! I faith thy Basil and thou have, like a pair of doves, cooed long enough, I ween, amidst the tall trees of Euston; which, if you are to be believed, should be the most delectable place in the whole world. And yet some have told me it is but a huge plain building, and the country about it, except for its luxuriant trees, of no notable beauty. The sunshine of thine own heart sheddeth, I ween, a radiancy on the plain walls and the unadorned gardens greater than nature or art can bestow. I cry thee mercy for this malicious surmise, and give thee license, when I shall write in the same strain touching my lord's castle at Arundel, to flout me in a like manner. Some do disdainfully style it a huge old fortress; others a very grand and noble pile. If that good befall me that he doth visit me there, then I doubt not but it will be to me the cheerfullest place in existence.

"Thy loving servant to command,

"ANN ARUNDEL AND SURREY."

This letter came to my hand at Whitsuntide, when the village folks were enacting a pastoral, the only merit of which did lie in the innocent glee of the performers. The sheep-shearing feast, a very pretty festival, ensued a few days later. A fat lamb was provided, and the maidens of the town permitted to run after it, and she which took hold of it declared the lady of the lamb. 'Tis then the custom to kill and carry it on a long pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music and morisco dances. But this year I ransomed the lamb, and had it crowned with blue corn-flowers and poppies, and led to a small paddock, where for some time I visited and fed it every day. Poor little lamb! like me, it had one short happy time that summer.

In the evening I went with the lasses to the banks of the Ouse, and scattered on the dimpling stream, as is their wont at the lamb-ale, a thousand odorous flowers,—new-born roses, the fleur-de-luce, sweet-williams, and yellow coxcombs, the small-flowered lady's-slipper,

the prince's-feather and the clustered bell-flower, the sweet Basil (the saucy wenches smiled when they furnished me with a bunch thereof), and a great store of midsummer daisies. When with due observance I threw on the water a handful of these golden-tufted and silver-crowned flowerets, I thought of Master Chaucer's lines :

“ Above all the flowers in the mead
These love I most,—these flowers white and red,
And in French called *la belle Marguerite*.
O commendable flower, and most in mind !
O flower and gracious excellence !
O amiable Marguerite !”

The great store of winsome and graciously-named flowers used that day set me to plan a fair garden, wherein each month should yield in its turn to the altar of our secret chapel a pure incense of Nature's own furnishing. Basil was helping me thereto, and my Lady Tregony smiling at my quaint devices, when Mr. Cobham, a cousin of her ladyship, arrived, bringing with him news of the Queen's progress, which quickly diverted us from other thoughts, and caused my pencil to stand idle in mine hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

“ AH, ladies,” exclaimed Mr. Cobham,—pleased, I ween, to see how eagerly we looked for his news,—“ I promise you the Eastern counties do exhibit their loyalty in a very commendable fashion, and so report saith her Majesty doth think. The gallant appearance and brave array of the Suffolk esquires hath drawn from her highness sundry marks of her approval. What think you, my Lady Tregony, of two hundred bachelors, all gaily clad in white-velvet coats, and those of graver years in black-velvet coats and fair gold chains, with fifteen hundred men all mounted on horseback, and Sir William le Spring of Lavenham at their head. I warrant you a more comely troupe and a nobler sight should not often be seen. Then, in Norfolk, what great sums of money have been spent ! Notably at Kenninghall, where for divers days not only the Queen herself was lodged and feasted, with all her household, council, courtiers, and all their company, but all the gentlemen also, and people of the country who came thither upon the occasion, in such plentiful, bountiful, and splendid manner, as the like had never been seen before in these counties. Every night she hath slept at some gentleman's seat. At Holdstead Hall I had the honour to be presented to her highness, and to see her dance a minuet. But an unlucky accident did occur that evening.”

“ No lives were lost, I hope ?” Lady Tregony said.

“ No lives,” Master Cobham answered, “ but a very precious fan

which her Majesty let drop into the moat,—one of white and red feathers, which Sir Francis Drake had gifted her with on New-year's day. It was enamelled with a half-moon of mother-o'-pearl, and had her Majesty's picture within it."

"And at Norwich, sir?" I asked. "Methinks, by some reports we heard, the pageants there must have proved exceeding grand."

"Rare indeed," he replied. "On the 16th she did enter the town at Harford Bridge. The mayor received her with a long Latin oration, very tedious; and, moreover, presented her with a fair cup of silver, saying, 'Here is one hundred pounds pure gold.' To my thinking, the cup was to her liking more than the speech, and the gold most of all; for when one of her footmen advanced for to take the cup, she said sharply, 'Look to it: there is one hundred pounds.' Lord! what a number of pageants were enacted that day and those which followed! Deborah, Judith, Esther at one gate; Queen Martia at another; on the heights near Blancheflower Castle, King Gurgunt and his men. Then all the heathen deities in turn: Mercury driving full speed through the city in a fantastic car; Jupiter presenting her with a riding-rod, and Venus with a white dove. But the rarest of all had been designed by Master Churchyard. Where her Majesty was to take her barge, at the back-door of my Lord Arundel's town-house, he had prepared a goodly masque of water-nymphs concealed in a deep hole, and covered with green canvas, which suddenly opening as if the ground gaped, first one nymph was intended to pop up and make a speech to the Queen, and then another; and a very complete concert to sound secretly and strangely out of the earth. But when the Queen passed in her coach, a thunder-shower came down like a water-spout, and great claps of thunder silenced the concert; which some did presage to be an evil omen of the young lord's fortunes."

"I' faith," cried Basil, "I be sorry for the young nobleman, and yet more for the poor artificer of this ingenious pageant, to whom his nymphs turned into drowned rats must needs have been a distressing sight."

"He was heard to lament over it," Master Cobham said, "in very pathetic terms: 'What shall I say' (were his words) 'of the loss of velvets, silks, and cloths of gold? Well, nothing but the old adage,—Man doth purpose, but God dispose.' Well, the mayor hath been knighted; and her Majesty said she should never forget his city. On her journey she looked back, and, with water in her eyes, shaken her riding-whip, and cried, 'Farewell, Norwich!' Yesterday she was to sleep at Sir Henry Jerningham's at Cottessy, and hunt in his park to-day."

"Oh, poor Sir Henry!" I said, laughing. "Then he hath not escaped this dear honour?"

"Notice of it was sent to him but two days before, from Norwich," Master Cobham rejoined; "and I ween he should have been glad for to be excused."

Lady Tregony then reminded us that supper was ready, and we removed to the dining-hall; but neither did this good gentleman weary of relating, nor we of listening to the various haps of the royal progress, which he continued to describe whilst we sat at meat.

He was yet talking, when the sound of a horse galloping under the windows surprised us, and we had scarce time to turn our heads before Basil's steward came tumbling into the room head foremost, like one demented.

"Sir, sir!" he cried, almost beside himself; "in God's name, what do you here, and the Queen coming for to sleep at your house to-morrow?"

Methinks a thunder-clap in the midst of the stilly clear evening should not have startled us so much. Basil's face flushed very deeply; Lady Tregony looked ready to faint; my heart beat as if it should burst; Master Cobham threw his hat into the air, and cried, "Long live Queen Elizabeth, and the old house of Rookwood!"

"Who hath brought these tidings?" Basil asked of the steward.

"Marry," replied the man, "one of her Majesty's gentlemen and two footmen have arrived from Cottessy, and brought this letter from Lord Burleigh for your honour."

Basil broke the seal, read the missive, and then quietly looking up, said, "It is true; and I must lose no time to prepare my poor house for her Majesty's abode in it."

He looked not now red, but somewhat pale. Methinks he was thinking of the chapel, and what it held; and the Queen's servants now in the house. I would not stay him; but, taking my hand whilst he spoke, he said to Lady Tregony,

"Dear lady, I shall lack yours and Constance's aid to-morrow. Will you do me so much good as to come with her to Euston as early before dinner as you can?"

"Yea, we will be with you, my good Basil," she answered, "before ten of the clock."

"'Tis not," he said, "that I intend to cast about for fine silks and cloths of gold, or contrive pageants,—God defend it!—or ransack the country for rare and costly meats; but such honourable cheer and so much of comfort as a plain gentleman's house can afford, I be bound to provide for my sovereign when she deigneth to use mine house."

"Master Cobham, I do crave the honour of your company also," he added, turning to that gentleman, who, with many acknowledgments of his courtesy, excused himself on the plea that he must needs be at his own seat the next day.

Then Basil, mounting his horse, which the steward had brought with him, rode away so fast that the old man could scarce keep up with him.

Not once that night did mine eyes close themselves. Either I sat bolt upright in my bed counting each time the clock struck the number of chimes, or else, unable to lie still, paced up and down my chamber. The hours seemed to pass so slowly, more than in times of deep grief. It seemed so strange a hap that the Queen should come to Euston, I almost fancied at moments the whole thing to be a dream, so fantastic did it appear. Then a fear would seize me lest the chapel should have been discovered before Basil could arrive. Minor cares likewise troubled me; such as the scantiness and bad state of the furniture, the lack of household conveniences, the difficulty that might arise to procure sufficient food at a brief notice for so great a number of persons. O, how my head did work all night with these various thinkings! and it seemed as if the morning would never come, and when it did that Lady Tregony would never ring her bell. Then I bethought myself of the want of proper dresses for her and myself to appear in before her Majesty, if so be we were admitted to her presence. Howsoever, I found she was indifferently well provided in that respect, for her old good gowns stood in a closet where dust could not reach them, and she bethought herself I could wear my wedding-dress, which had come from the sempstress a few days before; and so we should not be ashamed to be seen. I must needs confess that, though many doubts and apprehensions filled me touching this day, I did feel some contentment in the thought of the honour conferred on Basil. If there was pride in this, I do cry God mercy for it. As we rode to Euston, the fresh air, the eager looks of the people on the road,—for now the report had spread of the Queen's coming,—the stir which it caused, the puttings up of flags and buildings of green arches, strengthened this gladness. Basil was awaiting us with much impatience, and immediately drew me aside.

"I have locked," he said, "all the books and church furniture, and our Blessed Lady's image, in Owen's hiding-place; so methinks we be quite secure. Beds and food I have sent for, and they keep coming in. Prithee, dear love, look well thyself to her Majesty's chamber, for to make it as handsome and befitting as is possible with such poor means thereunto. I pray God the lodging may be to her contentation for one night."

So I hasted to the state-chamber,—for so it was called, albeit except for size it had but small signs of state about it. Howsoever, with the maids' help, I gathered into it whatsoever furniture in the house was most handsome, and the wenches made wreaths of ivy and laurel, which we hung round the bare walls. Thence I went to the kitchen, and found her Majesty's cook was arrived, with as many scullions as should have served a whole army; so, except speaking to him civilly, and inquiring what provisions he wanted, I had not much to do there. Then we went round the house with Mr. Bowyer, the gentleman-usher, for to assign the chambers to the Queen's ladies, and the lords and gentlemen and the waiting-women. There was no lack of room, but much of proper furniture; albeit chairs and tables were borrowed on all sides from the neighbouring cottages, and Lady Tregony sent for a store from her house. Mr. Bowyer held in his hand a list of the persons of the court now journeying with the Queen; Lord Burleigh, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many other famous courtiers were foremost in it. When their lodgings were fixed, he glanced down the paper, and mine eye following his, I perceived amongst the minor gentlemen there set down Hubert's name, which moved me very much; for we did not of a surety know at that time he did belong to the court, and I would fain he had not been present on this occasion, and new uneasy thoughts touching what had passed at Sir Francis Walsingham's house, and the words the Queen had let fall concerning him and me, crossed my mind in consequence. But in that same list I soon saw another name, which caused me so vehement an emotion that Basil noticing it pulled me by the hand into another room for to ask me the cause of that sudden passion.

"Basil," I whispered, "mine heart will break if that murdering Richard Topcliffe must sleep under your roof."

"God defend it!" he exclaimed. But pausing in his speech leant his arm against the chimney and his head on it for a brief space. Then raising it, said in an altered tone, "Mine own love, be patient. We must needs drink this chalice to the dregs" (which showed me his thoughts touching this visit had been from the first less hopeful than mine). Taking my pencil out of mine hand, he walked straight to the door, before which Mr. Bowyer was standing awaiting us, and wrote thereon Master Topcliffe's name. Methought his hand shook a little in the doing of it. I then whispered again in his ear:

"Know you that Hubert is in the Queen's retinue?"

"No, indeed!" he exclaimed; and then with his bright winning smile, "Prithee now, show him kindness for my sake. He had best

sleep in my chamber to-night. It will make room, and mind us of our boyish days."

The day was waning, and long shadows falling on the grass, when tidings came that her Majesty had been hunting that morning, and would not arrive till late. About dusk, warning was given of her approach. She rode up on horseback to the house amidst the loud cheering of the crowd, with all her train very richly attired. But it had waxed so dark their countenances could not be seen. Her master of the horse lifted her from the saddle, and she went straight to her own apartments, being exceeding tired, it was said, with her day's sport and long riding. Notice was given that her highness would admit none to her presence that evening. Howsoever she sent for Basil, and, giving him her hand to kiss, thanked him in the customary manner for the use of his house. It had not been intended that Lady Tregony and I should sleep at Euston, where the room did scarcely suffice for the Queen's suite. So when it was signified her Majesty should not leave her chamber that night, but after a slight refection immediately retire to rest, and her ladies likewise, who were almost dead with fatigue, she ordered our horses to be brought to the back door. Basil stole away from the hall where the lords and gentlemen were assembled, for to bid us good-night. After he had lifted me on the saddle, he threw his arm round the horse's neck, as if for to detain him, and addressing me very fondly, called me his own love, his sole comfort, his best treasure, with many other endearing expressions. Then I, loth to leave him alone amidst false friends and secret enemies, felt tenderness overcome me, and I gave him in return some very tender and passionate assurances of affection; upon which he kissed mine hands over and over again, and our hearts, overcharged with various emotions, found relief in this interchange of loving looks and words. But, alas! this brief interview had an unthought-of witness more than good Lady Tregony, who said once or twice, "Come, children, bestir yourselves," or "Tut, tut, we should be off;" but still lingered herself for to pleasure us. I chanced to look up, whilst Basil was fastening my horse's bit, and by the light of a lamp projecting from the wall, I saw Hubert at an open window right over above our heads. I doubt not but that he had seen the manner of our parting, and heard the significant expressions therein used; for a livid hue, and the old terrible look which I had noticed in him before, disfigured his countenance. I am of opinion that until that time he had not believed with certainty that my natural unbiassed inclination did prompt me to marry Basil, or that I loved him with other than a convenient and moderate regard, which, if circumstances

reversed their positions, should not be a hindrance to his own suit. Basil having finished his management with my bridle stepped back with a smile and last good-night, all unconscious of that menacing visage which my terrified eyes were now averted from, but which I still seemed pursued by. It made me weep to think that these two brothers should lie in the same chamber that coming night: the one so confiding and guileless of heart, the other so full of envy and enmity.

I was so tired when I reached home that I fell heavily asleep for some hours. But, awaking between five and six of the clock, and not able to rest in my chamber, dressed myself and went into the garden. Not far from the house there was an arbour, with a seat in it. Passing alongside of it, I perceived, with no small terror, a man lying asleep on this bench. And then, with increased affright, but not believing mine own eyes, but rather thinking it to be a vision, saw Basil, as it seemed to me, in the same dress he wore the day before, but with his face much paler. A cry burst from me, for methought perhaps he should be dead. But he awoke at my scream, looked somewhat wildly about him for a minute, rubbed his eyes, and then with a kind of smile, albeit an exceeding sad one, said,

“Is it you, my good angel?”

“O Basil,” I cried, sitting down by his side, and taking hold of his chilled hand, “what hath happened? Why are you here?”

He covered his face with his hands. Methinks he was praying. Then he raised his pale noble visage, and said:

“About one hour after your departure, supper being just ended, I was talking with Sir Walter Raleigh and some other gentlemen, when a message was brought unto me from Lord Burleigh, who had retired to his chamber, desiring for to speak with me. I thought it should be somewhat anent the Queen’s pleasure for the ordering of the next day, and waited at once on his lordship. When I came in, he looked at me with a very severe and harsh countenance. ‘Sir,’ he said, in an abrupt manner, ‘I am informed that you are excommunicated for Papistry. How durst you then attempt the royal presence, and to kiss her Majesty’s hand? You—unfit to company with any Christian person—you are fitter for a pair of stocks, and are forthwith commanded not to appear again in her sight, but to hold yourself ready to attend her Council’s pleasure.’ Constance, God only knoweth what I felt; and oh, may He forgive me, that for one moment I did yield to a burning resentment, and forgot the prayers I have so often put up, that when persecution fell on me, I might meet it, as the early Christians did, with blessings, not with curses. But look you, love; a judicial sentence, torture, death methinks, should be easier to bear than this insulting, crushing,

brutal tone, which is now used towards Catholics. Yet if Christ was for us struck by a slave and bore it, we should also be able for to endure their insolent scorn. Bitter words escaped me, I think; albeit I know not very well what I said; but his lordship turned his back on the man he had insulted, and left the room without listening to me. I be glad of it now. What doth it avail to remonstrate against injuries done under pretence of law, or bandy words with a judge which can compel you to silence?"

"Basil," I cried, "you may forgive that man; I cannot."

"Yea, but if you love me, you shall forgive him," he cried. "God defend mine injuries should work in thee an unchristian resentment! Nay, nay, love, weep not; think for what cause I am ill-used, and thou wilt presently rejoice theréat rather than grieve."

"But what happened when that lord had left you?" I asked, not yet able to speak composedly.

Then he: "I stood stock-still for a while in a kind of bewilderment, hearing loud laughter in the hall below, and seeing, as it did happen, a man the worse for liquor staggering about the court. To my heated brain it did seem as if hell had been turned loose in my house, where some hours before—" Then he stopped, and again sinking his head on his hands, paused a little, and then continued without looking up: "Well, I came down the stairs and walked straight out at the front door. As I passed the hall I heard some one ask, 'Which is the master of this huge house?' and another, whom by his voice I knew to be Topcliffe, answered, 'Rookwood, a papist, newly crept out of his wardship. As to his house, 'tis most fit for the blackguard, but not for her gracious Majesty to lodge in. But I hope she will serve God with great and comfortable examples, and have all such notorious papists presently committed to prison.' This man's speech seemed to restore me to myself, and a firmer spirit came over me. I resolved not to sleep under mine own roof, where, in the Queen's name, such ignominious treatment had been awarded me, and went out of my house, reciting those verses of the Psalms, 'O God, save me in Thy name, and in Thy strength judge me. Because strangers have risen up against me, and the strong have sought my soul.' I came here almost unwittingly, and not choosing to disturb any one in the midst of the night, lay down in this place, and, I thank God, soon fell asleep."

"You did not see Hubert?" I timidly inquired.

"No," he said, "neither before or after my interview with Lord Burleigh. I hope no one hath accused him of papistry, and so this time he may escape."

"And who did accuse you?" I asked.

"I know not," he answered; "we are never safe for one hour. A discontented groom or covetous neighbour may ruin us when they list."

"But are you not in danger of being called before the Council?" I said.

"Yea, more than in danger," he answered. "But I should hope a heavy fine shall this time satisfy the judges; which, albeit we can ill afford it, may yet be endured."

Then I drew him into the house, and we continued to converse till good Lady Tregony joined us. When I briefly related to her what Basil had told me, the colour rose in her pale, aged cheek; but she only clasped her hands and said,

"God's holy will be done."

"Constance," Basil exclaimed, whilst he was eating some breakfast we had set before him, "prithee get me paper and ink for to write to Hubert."

I looked at him inquiringly as I gave him what he asked for.

"I am banished from mine own house," he said; "but as long as it is mine the Queen should not lack any thing I can supply for her comfort. She is my guest, albeit I am deemed unworthy to come into her presence; I must needs charge Hubert to act the host in my place, and see to all hospitable duties."

My heart swelled at this speech. Methought, though I dared not utter my thinking for more reasons than one, that Hubert had most like not waited for his brother's license to assume the mastership of his house. The messenger was despatched, and then a long silence ensued, Basil walking to and fro before the house, and I embroidering, with mine eyes often raised from my work to look towards him. When nine o'clock struck I joined him, and we strolled outside the gate, and without forecasting to do so walked along the well-known path leading to Euston. When we reached a turn of the road whence the house is to be seen, we stopped and sat down on a bank under a sycamore tree. We could discern from thence persons going in and out of the doors, and the country-folk crowding about the windows for to catch a glimpse of the Queen, the guard ever and anon pushing them back with their halberds. The numbers of them continually increased, and deputations began to arrive with processions and flags. It was passing strange for to be sitting there gazing as strangers on this turmoil and folks crowding about that house, the master of which was banished from it. At last we noticed an increased agitation amongst the people, which seemed to presage the Queen's coming out. Sounds of shouting proceeded from inside the building, and then a number of men issued from the front door,

and pushing back the crowd advanced to the centre of the green plot in front and made a circle there with ropes.

"What sport are they making ready for?" I said, turning to Basil.

"God knoweth," he answered in a despondent tone. Then came others carrying a great armed-chair, which they placed on one side of the circle and other chairs beside it, and some country people brought in their arms loads of fagots, which they piled up in the midst of the green space. A painful suspicion crossed my mind, and I stole a glance at Basil for to see if the same thought had come to him. He was looking another way. I cast about if it should be possible on some pretence to draw him off from that spot, whence it misgave me a sorrowful sight should meet his eyes. But at that moment both of us were roused by loud cries of "God save the Queen!" "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" and we beheld her issue from the house bowing to the crowd, which filled the air with their cries and vociferous cheering. She seated herself in the armed-chair, her ladies and the chief persons of her train on each side of her. On the edge of this half-circle I discerned Hubert. The straining of mine eyes was very painful; they seemed to burn in their sockets. Basil had been watching the forthcoming of the Queen, but his sight was not so quick as mine, and as yet no fear such as I entertained had struck him.

"What be they about?" he said to me with a good-natured smile. Before I could answer—"Good God!" he exclaimed in an altered voice; "what sound is that?" for suddenly yells and hooting noises arose, such as a mob do salute criminals with, and a kind of procession issued from the front door. "What, what is it?" cried Basil, seizing my hand with a convulsive grasp; "what do they carry?—not Blessed Mary's Image?"

"Yea," I said, "I see Topcliffe walking in front of them. They will burn it. There, there—they do lift it in the air in mockery. Oh, some people do avoid and turn away; now they lay it down and light the fagots." Then I put my hand over his eyes for that he should not see a sort of dance which was performed around the fire, mixed with yells and insulting gestures, and the Queen sitting and looking on. He forced my hand away; and when I said, "O, prithee, Basil, stay not here—come with me;" he exclaimed:

"Let me go, Constance! let me go! Shall I stand aloof when at mine own door the Blessed Mother of God is outraged? Am I a Jew or a heretic that I should endure this sight and not smite this Queen of Earth, which dareth to insult the Queen of Saints? Yea, if I should be torn to pieces, I will not suffer them to proceed."

I clung to him affrighted, and cried out, "Basil, you shall not go. Our Blessed Lady forbids it; your passion doth blind you. You will offend God and lose your soul if you do. Basil, dearest Basil, 'tis human anger, not godly sorrow only, moves you now." Then he cast himself down with his face on the ground and wept bitterly; which did comfort me, for his inflamed countenance had been terrible, and these tears came as a relief.

Meantime this disgusting scene ended, and the Queen withdrew; after which the crowd slowly dispersed, smouldering ashes alone remaining in the midst of the burnt-up grass. Then Basil rose, folded his arms, and gazed on the scene in silence. At last he said:

"Constance, this house shall no longer be mine. God knoweth I have loved it well since my infancy. More dearly still since we fore-casted together to serve God in it. But this scene would never pass away from my mind. This outrage hath stained the home of my fathers. This people, whose yells do yet ring in mine ears, can no longer be to me neighbours as heretofore, or this Queen my Queen. God forgive me if I do err in this. I do not curse her. No, God defend it! I pray that on her sad deathbed—for surely a sad one it must be—she shall cry for mercy and obtain it; but her subject I will not remain. I will compound my estate for a sum of money, and will go beyond seas, where God is served in a Catholic manner and His Holy Mother not dishonoured. Wilt thou follow me there, Constance?"

I leant my head on his shoulder, weeping. "O Basil," I cried, "I can answer only in the words of Ruth: 'Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go; and where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

He drew my arm in his, and we walked slowly away towards Fakenham. Wishing to prepare his mind for a possible misfortune, I said: "We be a thousand times happier than those which shall possess thy lands."

"What say you?" he quickly answered; "who shall possess them?"

"God knoweth," I replied, afraid to speak further.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "a dreadful thought cometh to me; where was Hubert this morning?"

I remained silent.

"Speak, speak! O Constance, God defend he was there!"

His grief and horror were so great I durst not reveal the truth, but made some kind of evasive answer. To this day methinks he is ignorant on that point.

The Queen and the court departed from Euston soon after two.

of the clock; not before, as I since heard, the church furniture and books had been all destroyed, and a malicious report set about that a piece of her Majesty's plate was missing, as an excuse for to misuse the poor servants which had showed grief at the destruction carried on before their eyes. When notice of their departure reached Banham Hall, whither we had returned, Basil immediately went back to Euston. I much lamented he should be alone that evening, in the midst of so many sad sights and thoughts as his house now should afford him, little forecasting the event which, by a greater mishap, surmounted minor subjects of grief.

About six of the clock, Sir Francis Walsingham, attended by an esquire and two grooms, arrived at Lady Tregony's seat, and was received by her with the courtesy she was wont to observe with every one. After some brief discoursing with her on indifferent matters, he said his business was with young Mistress Sherwood, and he desired to see her alone. Thereupon I was fetched to him, and straightway he began to speak of the Queen's good opinion of me, and that her highness had been well contented with my behaviour when I had been admitted into her presence at his house; and that it should well please her Majesty I should marry a faithful subject of her Majesty's, whom she had taken into her favour, and then she would do us both good.

I looked in a doubtful manner at Sir Francis, feigning to misapprehend his meaning, albeit too clear did it appear to me. Seeing I did not speak, he went on:

"It is her Majesty's gracious desire, Mistress Sherwood, that you should marry young Rookwood, her newly-appointed servant, and from this time possessor of Euston House, and all lands appertaining unto it, which have devolved upon him in virtue of his brother's recusancy and his own recent conformity."

"Sir," I answered, "my troth is plighted to his brother, a good man and an honourable gentleman, up to this time master of Euston and its lands; and whatever shall betide him or his possessions, none but him shall be my husband, if ten thousand queens as great as this one should proffer me another."

"Madam," said Sir Francis, "be not too rash in your pledges. I should be loth to think one so well trained in virtue and loyalty should persist in maintaining a troth-plight with a convicted recusant, an exceeding malignant Papist, who is at this moment in the hands of the pursuivants, and by order of her Majesty's council committed to Norwich gaol. If he should (which is doubtful) escape such a sentence as should ordain him to a lasting imprisonment or perpetual banishment from this realm, his poverty must needs constrain him

to relinquish all pretensions to your hand; for his brother, a most learned, well-disposed, commendable young gentleman, with such good parts as fit him to aspire to some high advancement in the state and at court, having conformed some days ago to the established religion, and given many proofs of his zeal and sincerity therein, his brother's estates, as is most just, have devolved on him, and a more worthy and, I may add, from long and constant devotion and fervent humble passion long since entertained for yourself, more desirable candidate for your hand could not easily be found."

I looked fixedly at Sir Francis, and then said, subduing my voice as much as possible, and restraining all gestures:

"Sir, you have, I ween, a more deep knowledge of men's hearts, and a more piercing insight into their thoughts than any other person in the world. You are wiser than any other statesman, and your wit and sagacity are spoken of all over Christendom. But methinketh, sir, there are two things which, wise and learned as you are, you are yet ignorant of, and these are, a woman's heart and a Catholic's faith. I would as soon wed the meanest clown which yelled this day at Blessed Mary's image, as the future possessor of Euston, the apostate Hubert Rookwood. Now, sir, I pray you, send for the pursuivants, and let me be committed to gaol for the same crime as my betrothed husband. God knoweth I will bless you for it."

"Madam," Sir Francis coldly answered, "the law taketh no heed of persons out of their senses. A frantic passion and an immoderate fanaticism have distracted your reason. Time and reflection will, I doubt not, recall you to better and more conformable sentiments; in which case I pray you to have recourse to my good offices, which shall ever be at your service."

Then bowing, he left me; and when he was gone, and the tumult of my soul had subsided, I lamented my vehemency, for methought if I had been more cunning in my speech, I could have done Basil some good; but now it was too late, and verily, if again exposed to the same temptation, I doubt if I could have dissembled the indignant feelings which Sir Francis's advocacy of Hubert's suit worked in me.

Lady Tregony, pitying my unhappy plight, proposed to travel with me to London, where I was now desirous to return, for there I thought some steps might be taken to procure Basil's release, with more hope of success than if I tarried in the scene of our late happiness. She did me also the good to go with me in the first place to Norwich, where, by means of that same governor to whom Sir Hammond l'Estrange had once written in my father's behalf, we obtained for to see Basil for a few minutes. His brother's apostasy, and the painful suspicion that it was by his means the secret of Owen's cell

at Euston had been betrayed, gave him infinite concern; but his own imprisonment and losses he bore with very great cheerfulness; and we entertained ourselves with the thought of a small cottage beyond seas, which henceforward became the theme of such imaginings as lovers must needs cherish to keep alive the flame of hope. Two days afterwards I reached London, having travelled very fast, and only slept one night on the road.

It sometimes happens that certain misfortunes do overtake us, which had we foreseen, we should well nigh have despaired, and misdoubted with what strength we should meet them; but God is very merciful, and fitteth the back to the burthen. If at the time that Basil left me at four of the clock to return to Euston, without any doubt on our minds to meet the next day, I should have known how long a parting was at hand, methinks all courage would have failed me. But hope worketh patience, and patience in return breedeth hope, and the while the soul is learning lessons of resignation, which at first would have seemed too hard. At the outset of this trouble, I expected he should have soon been set at liberty on the payment of a fine; but I had forgot he was now a poor man, well nigh beggared by the loss of his inheritance. Mr. Swithin Wells, one of the best friends he and myself had,—for, alas, good Mr. Roper had died during my absence,—told me that, when Hubert heard of his brother's arrest, he fell into a great anguish of mind, and dealt earnestly with his new patrons to procure his release, but with no effect. Then, in a letter which he sent him, he offered to remit unto him whatever moneys he desired out of his estates; but Basil steadfastly refused to receive from him so much as one penny, and to this day has persisted in this resolve. I have since seen the letter which he wrote to him on this occasion, in which this resolution was expressed, but in no angry or contumelious terms, freely yielding him his entire forgiveness for his offence against him, if indeed any did exist, but such as was next to nothing in comparison of the offence towards God committed in the abandonment of his faith; and with all earnestness beseeching him to think seriously upon his present state, and to consider if the course he had taken, contrary to the breeding and education he had received, should tend to his true honour, reputation, contentment of mind, and eternal salvation. This he said he did plainly, for the discharge of his own conscience, and the declaration of an abiding love for him.

For the space of a year and two months he remained in prison at Norwich, Mr. Wells and Mr. Lacy furnishing him with assistance, without which he should have lacked almost the necessaries of life; leastways such conveniences as made his sufferings tolerable. At the

end of that time, it may be by Hubert's or some other friend's efforts, a sentence of banishment was passed upon him, and he went beyond seas. I would fain have then joined him, but it pleased not God it should be at that time possible. Some moneys which were owing to him by a well-disposed debtor he looked for to recover, but till that happened he had not means for his own subsistence, much less wherewith to support a wife in howsoever humble a fashion. Dr. Allen (now Cardinal) invited him to Rheims, and received him there with open arms. My father, during the last years of his life, found in him a most dutiful and affectionate son, who closed his eyes with a true filial reverence. Our love waxed not for this long separation less ardent or less tender; only more patient, more exalted, more inwardly binding now so much the more outwardly impeded. The greatest excellency I found in myself was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his. If his name appear not so frequently in this my writing as it hath hitherto done, even as his visible presence was lacking in that portion of my life which followed his departure, the thought of him never leaves me. If I speak of virtue in any one else, my mind turns to him, the most perfect exemplar I have met with of self-forgetting goodness; if of love, my heart recalls the perfect exchange of affection which doth link his soul with mine; if of joy, the memory of that pure happiness I found in his society; if of sorrow, of the perpetual grief his absence did cause me; if of hope, the abiding anchor whereon I rested mine during the weary years of separation. Yea, when I do write the words faith, honour, nobility, firmness, tenderness, then I think I am writing my dear Basil's name.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE year which followed Basil's arrest, and during which he was in the prison at Norwich, I wholly spent in London; not with any success touching the procuring of his release, as I had expected, but with a constant hope thereof, which had its fulfilment later, albeit not by any of the means I had looked to. I shared the while with Muriel the care of her now aged and very infirm parents, taking her place at home when she went abroad on her charitable errands, or employed by her in the like good works when my ability would serve. A time cometh in most persons' lives, when maturity doth supplant youthfulness. I say most persons, because I have noticed that there are some who never do seem to attain unto any maturity of mind, and do live and die with the same childish spirit they had in youth. To others this change, albeit real, is scarcely perceptible, so gradual

are its effects; but some again, either from a natural thoughtfulness, or by the influence of circumstances tending to sober in them the exuberance of spirits which appertaineth to early age, do wax mature in disposition before they grow old in years; and this befell me at that time. The eager temper, the intent desire and pursuit of enjoyment (of a good and innocent sort, I thank God) which had belonged to me till then, did so much and visibly abate, that it caused me some astonishment to see myself so changed. Joyful hours I have since known, happy days wherein mine heart hath been raised in adoring thankfulness to the Giver of all good; but the colour of my mind hath no more resembled that of former years, than the hues of the evening sky can be likened to the roseate flush of early morning. The joys have been tasted, the happiness relished, but not with the same keenness as heretofore. Mine own troubles, the crowning one of Basil's misfortune, and what I continued then to witness in others of mine own faith, wrought in me these effects. The life of a Catholic in England in these days must needs, I think, produce one of two frames of mind. Either he will harbour angry passions, which religion reproves, which change a natural indignation into an unchristian temper of hatred, and lead him into plots and treasons; or else he becomes detached from the world, very quiet, given to prayer, ready to take at God's hands, and as from Him at men's also, sufferings of all kinds; and even those as yet removed from so great perfection learn to be still, and to bethink themselves rather of the next world than of the present one, more than even good people did in old times.

The only friends I haunted at that time were Mr. and Mrs. Swithin Wells. In the summer of that year I heard, one day when in their company, that Father Edmund Campion was soon to arrive in London. Father Parsons was then lodging at Master George Gilbert's house, and much talk was ministered touching this other priest's landing, and how he should be conducted thither in safety. Bryan Lacy, Thomas James, and many others, took it by turns to watch at the landing-place where he was expected to disembark. Each evening Mr. Wells's friends came for to hear news thereof. One day, when no tidings of it had yet transpired, and the company was leaving, Mr. James comes in, and having shut the door, and glanced round the room before speaking, says, with a smile,

"What think you, sirs and ladies?"

"Master Campion is arrived," cries Mistress Wells.

"God be praised!" cries her husband, and all giving signs of joy do gather round Mr. James for to hear the manner of his landing.

"Well," quoth he, "I had been pacing up and down the quay for well nigh five hours, when I discerned a boat, which (God only

knoweth wherefore) I straightway apprehended to be the one should bring Master Campion. And when it reached the landing-place, beshrew me if I did not at once see a man dressed in some kind of a merchant-suit, which, from the marks I had of his features from Master Parsons, I made sure was the reverend Father. So when he steps out of the boat I stand close to him, and in an audible voice, 'Good morrow, Edmund,' says I, which he hearing, turns round and looks me in the face. We both smile and shake hands, and I lead him at once to Master Gilbert's house. Oh, I promise you, it was with no small comfort to myself I brought that work to a safe ending. But now, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Wells, "what think you of this? Nothing will serve Master Campion but a place must be immediately hired, and a spacious one also, for him to begin at once to preach, for he saith he is here but for that purpose, and that he would not the pursuivants should catch him before he hath opened his lips in England; albeit, if God will grant him for the space of one year to exercise his ministry in this realm, he is most content to lay down his life afterwards. And methinks he considers Almighty God doth accept this bargain, and is in haste for to begin."

"Hath Master Gilbert called his friends together for to consider of it?" asked Mr. Wells.

"Yea," answered Mr. James. "To-morrow, at ten of the clock, a meeting will be held, not at his house, for greater security, but at Master Brown's shop in Southwark, for this purpose, and he prayeth you to attend it, sir, and you, and you, and you," he continued, turning to Bryan Lacy, William Gresham, Godfrey Fuljambe, Gervase Pierpoint, and Philip and Charles Bassett, which were all present.

The next day I heard from Mrs. Wells that my Lord Paget, at the instigation of his friends which met at Mr. Brown's, had hired, in his own name, Noel House, in the which one very large chamber should serve as a chapel, and that on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, which fell on the coming Sunday, Father Campion would say Mass there, and for the first time preach. She said the chief Catholics in London had combined for to send there, in the night, some vestments, some ornaments for the altar, books, and all that should be needful for divine worship. And the young noblemen and gentlemen which had been at her house the night before, and many others also, such as Lord Vaux, William and Richard Griffith, Arthur Cresswell, Charles Tilvey, Stephen Berkeley, James Hill, Thomas de Salisbury, Thomas Fitzherbert, Jerom Bellamy, Thomas Pound, Richard Stanyhurst, Thomas Abington, and Charles Arundell (this was one of the Queen's pages, but withal a zealous Catholic), had joined themselves in a company, for to act, some as sacristans of this secret chapel,

some as messengers, to go round and give notice of the preachments, and some as porters, which would be a very weighty office, for one unreliable person admitted into that oratory should be the ruin of all concerned.

Muriel and I, with Mr. Wells, went at an early hour on the Sunday to Noel House. Master Philip Bassett was at the door. He smiled when he saw us, and said he supposed he needed not to ask us for the password. The chamber into which we went was so large, and the altar so richly adorned, that the like, I ween, had not been seen since the Queen had changed the religion of the country.

Mass was said by Father Campion, and that noble company of devout gentlemen aforementioned almost all communicated thereat, and many others besides, and ladies not a few. When Mass was ended, and Father Campion stood up for to begin his sermon, so deep a silence reigned in that crowded assembly,—for the chamber was more full than it could well hold,—that a pin should have been heard to drop. Some thirsting for to hear Catholic preaching, so rare in these days, some eager to listen to the words of a man famous for his learning and parts, both before and after his conversion, beyond any other in this country. For mine own part, methought his very countenance was a preachment. When his eyes addressed themselves to Heaven, it seemed as if they did verily see God, so piercing, so awed, so reverent was their gaze. He took for his text the words, “Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” My whole soul was fastened on his words; and albeit I have had but scant occasion to compare one preacher with another, I do not think it should be possible for a more pathetic and stirring eloquence to flow from human lips than his who that day gave God’s message to a suffering and persecuted people. I had not taken mine eyes off his pale and glowing face not for so much as one instant, until, near the close of his discourse, I chanced to turn them to a place almost hidden by the curtain of an altar, where some gentlemen were standing, concealing themselves from sight. Alas! in one instant the fervent glowing of my heart, the staid, rapt intentness with which I had listened, the heavenward lifting-up of my soul, vanished as if a vision of death had risen before me. I had seen Hubert Rookwood’s face, that face so like—oh, what anguish was that likeness to me then!—to my Basil’s. No one but me could perceive him, he was so hid by the curtain; but where I sat it opened a little, and disclosed the stern, melancholy, beautiful visage of the apostate, the betrayer of his own brother, the author of our ruin, the destroyer of our happiness. I thank God that I first beheld him again in that holy place, by the

side of the altar whereon Jesus had lately descended, whilst the words of His servant were in mine ears, speaking of love and patience. It was not hatred, God knoweth it, I then felt for Basil's brother, but only terror, for all present, and for him also, if peradventure he was there with an evil intent. Mine eyes were fixed as by a spell on his pale face, the while Father Campion's closing words were uttered, which spoke of St. Peter, of his crime and of his penance, of his bitter tears and his burning love. "If," he cried, "there be one here present on whose soul doth lie the guilt of a like sin; one peradventure yet more guilty than Peter; one like Judas in his crime; one like Judas in his despair—to him I say, There is mercy for thee; there is hope for thee; there is heaven for thee, if thou wilt have it. Doom not thyself, and God will never doom thee." These or the like words (for memory doth ill serve me to recall the fervent adjurations of that apostolical man) he used; and, lo, I beheld tears running down like rain from Hubert's eyes,—an unchecked vehement torrent which seemed to defy all restraint. How I blessed those tears! what a yearning pity seized me for him who did shed them! How I longed to clasp his hand and to weep with him! I lost sight of him when the sermon was finished; but in the street, when we departed,—which was done slowly and by degrees, for to avoid notice, four or five only going out at a time,—I saw him on the other side of the pavement. Our eyes met; he stopped in a hesitating manner, and I also doubted what to do, for I thought Mistress Wells and Muriel would be averse to speak to him. Then he rapidly crossed over, and said, in a whisper:

"Will you see me, Constance, if I come to you this evening?"

I pondered; I feared to quench, it might be, a good resolve, or precipitate an evil one by a refusal; and building hopes of the former on the tears I had seen him shed, I said:

"Yea, if you come as Basil's brother and mine."

He turned and walked hastily away.

Mistress Wells and Muriel asked me with some affright if it was Hubert had spoken to me, for they had scarce seen his face, although from his figure they had judged it was him; and when I told them he had been at Noel House, "Then we are undone!" the one exclaimed; and Muriel said: "We must straightway apprise Mr. Wells thereof; but there should be hopes, I think, he came there in some good disposition."

"I think so too," I answered; and told them of the emotion which I had noticed in him at the close of the sermon, which comforted them not a little. But he came not that evening; and Mr. Wells discovered the next day that it was Thomas Fitzherbert, who had

lately arrived in London, and was not privy to his late conformity, which had invited him to come to Noel House. Father Campion continued to preach once a day at the least, often twice, and sometimes thrice, and very marvellous effects ensued. Each day greater crowds did seek admittance for to hear him, and Noel House was as openly frequented as if it had been a public church. Numbers of well-disposed Protestants came for to hear him, and it was bruited at the time that Lord Arundel had been amongst them. He converted many of the best sort, besides young gentlemen students, and others of all conditions, which by day, and some by night, sought to confer with him. I went to the preachments as often as possible. We could scarce credit our eyes and ears, so singular did it appear that one should dare to preach, and so many to listen to Catholic doctrine, and to seek to be reconciled in the midst of so great dangers, and under the pressure of tyrannic laws. Every day some new-comer was to be seen at Noel House, sometimes their faces concealed under great hats, sometimes stationed behind curtains or open doors, for to escape observation.

After some weeks had thus passed, when I ceased to expect Hubert should come, he one day asked to see me, and having sent for Kate, who was then in the house, I did receive him. Her presence appeared greatly to displease him, but he began to speak to me in Italian; and first he complained of Basil's pride, which would not suffer him to receive any assistance from him who should be so willing to give it.

"Would you—" I said, and was about to add some cutting speech, but I resolved to restrain myself and by no indiscreet words to harden his soul against remorse, or perhaps endanger others. Then after some other talking he told me, in a cunning manner, making his meaning clear, but not couching it in direct terms, that if I would conform to the Protestant religion and marry him, Basil should be, he could warrant it, set at liberty, and he would make over to him more than one-half of the income of his estates yearly, which being done in secret, the law could not then touch him. I made no answer thereunto, but fixing mine eyes on him, said, in English:

"Hubert, what should be your opinion of the sermon on St. Peter and St. Paul's day?" He changed colour. "Was it not," I said, "a moving one?" Biting his lip, he replied:

"I deny not the preacher's talent."

"O Hubert," I exclaimed, "fence not yourself with evasive answers. I know you believe as a Catholic."

"The devils believe," he answered.

"Hubert," I then said, with all the energy of my soul, "if you

would not miserably perish—if you would not lose your soul—promise me this night to retrace your steps; to seek Father Campion and be reconciled.” His lip quivered; methought I could almost see his good angel on one side of him and a tempting fiend on the other. But the last prevailed, for with a bitter sneer he said:

“Yea, willingly, fair saint, if you will marry me.”

Kate, who till then had not much understood what had passed, cried out: “Fie, Hubert, fie on thee to tempt her to abandon Basil, and he a prisoner.”

“Madam,” he said, turning to her, “recusants should not be so bold in their language. The laws of the land are transgressed in a very daring manner nowadays, and those who obey them taunted for the performance of their duty to the Queen and the country.”

Oh, what a hard struggle it proved to be patient; to repress the vehement reproaches which hovered on my lips! Kate looked at me affrighted. I trembled from head to foot. Father Campion’s life and the fate of many others, it might be, were in the hands of this man, this traitor, this spy. To upbraid him I dared not, but wringing my hands, exclaimed:

“O Hubert, Hubert! for thy mother’s sake, who looks down on us from heaven, listen to me. There be no crimes which may not be forgiven; but some there be which if one doth commit them he forgiveth not himself, and is likely to perish miserably.”

“Think you I know this not,” he fiercely cried; “think you not that I suffer even now the torment you speak of, and envy the beggar in the street his stupid apathy?” He drew a paper from his bosom and unfolded it. A terrible gleam shot through his eyes. “I could compel you to be my wife.”

“No,” I said, looking him in the face; “neither men nor fiends can give you that power. God alone could do it, and He will not.”

“Do you see this paper?” he asked. “Here are the names of all the recusants who have been reconciled by the Pope’s champion. I have but to speak the word, and to-morrow they are lodged in the Marshalsea or the Tower, and the priest first and foremost.”

“But you will not do it,” I said, with a singular calmness. “No, Hubert; as God Almighty liveth, you will not. You cannot commit this crime, this foul murder.”

“If it should come to that,” he fiercely cried, “if blood should be shed, on your head it will fall. You can save them if you list.”

“Would you compel me by a bloody threat to utter a false vow?” I said. “O Hubert, Hubert! that you, you should threaten to betray a priest, to denounce Catholics! There was a day—have you forgot it?—when at the chapel at Euston, your father at your side,

you knelt, an innocent child, at the altar's rail, and a priest came to you and said : ' Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam ad vitam æternam.' If any one then had told you—"

" Oh, for God's sake speak not of it !" he wildly cried ; " that way madness doth lie."

" No, no," I cried ; " not madness, but hope and return."

A change came over his face ; he thrust the paper in my hand. " Destroy it," he cried ; " destroy it, Constance !" And then bursting into tears, " God knoweth I never meant to do it."

" O Hubert, you have been mad, dear brother ; more mad than guilty. Pray, and God will bless you."

" Call me not brother, Constance. Would to God I had been *only* mad ! But it is too late now to think on it."

" Nay, nay," I cried, " it never is too late."

" Pray for me then," he said, and went to the door ; but, turning suddenly, whispered in a scarce audible manner, " Ask Father Campion to pray for me ;" and then rushed out.

Kate had now half-fainted, and would have it we were all going to be killed. I pacified and sent her home, lest she should fright her parents with her rambling speeches.

Albeit Hubert's last words had seemed to be sincere, I could not but call to mind how, after he had been apparently cut to the heart and moved even to tears by Father Campion's preaching, he had soon uttered threats which, howsoever recalled, left me in doubt if it should be safe to rely on his silence ; so I privately informed Mr. Wells, and he Master George Gilbert and Father Parsons, of what had passed between us. At the same time, I have never known whether by Hubert's means, or in any other way, her Majesty's council got wind of the matter, and gave out that great confederacies were made by the Pope and foreign princes for the invasion of this country, and that Jesuits and seminary priests were sent to prepare their ways. Exquisite diligence was used for the apprehension of all such, but more particularly the Pope's champion, as Master Campion was called. So in the certainty that Hubert was privy to the existence of the chapel at Noel House, and that many Protestants were also acquainted with it, and likewise with his lodging at Master Elliot's, where not a few resorted to him in the night, he was constrained by Father Parsons to leave London, to the no small regret of Catholics and others also which greatly admired his learning and eloquence, the like of which was not to be found in any other persons at that time. None of those which had attended the preachments at Noel House were accused, nor the place wherein they had met disclosed, which

inclineth me to think Hubert did not reveal to her Majesty's government his knowledge thereof. About two months afterwards Basil's release and banishment happened. I would fain have seen him on his way to the coast; but the order for his departure was so sudden and peremptory, the Queen's officers not losing sight of him until he was embarked on a vessel going to France, that I was deprived of that happiness. That he was no longer a prisoner I rejoiced; but it seemed as if a second and more grievous separation had ensued, now that the sea did divide me from the dear object of my love.

Lady Arundel, whose affectionate heart resented with the most tender pity the abrupt interruption of our happiness, had often written to me during this year to urge my coming to Arundel Castle; "for," said she, "methinks, my dear Constance, a third turtle-dove might now be added to the two on the Queen of Scotland's design; and on thy tree, sweet one, the leaves are, I warrant thee, very green yet, and future joys shall blossom on its wholesome branches, which are pruned but not destroyed, injured but not withered." She spoke with no small contentment of her then residence, that noble castle, her husband's worthiest possession (as she styled it), and the grandest jewel of his earldom. For albeit (thus she wrote) "Kenninghall is larger in the extent it doth cover and embrace, and far more rich in its decorations and adornments, I hold it not to be comparable in true dignity to this castle, which, for the strength of its walls, the massive grandeur of its keep, the vast forests which do encircle it, the river which bathes its feet, the sea in its vicinity and to be seen from its tower, the stately trees about it, and the clinging ivy, which softens with abundant verdure the stern frowning walls, hath not its like in all England." But a letter I had from this dear lady a few months after this one contained the most joyful news I could receive, as will be seen by those who read it.

"My good Constance" (her ladyship wrote), "I would I had you a prisoner in this fortress, to hold and detain at my pleasure. Methinks I will present thee as a recusant, and sue for the privilege of thy custody. Verily, I should keep good watch over thee. There be dungeons enough, I warrant you, in the keep, wherein to enprison runaway friends. Master Bayley doth take great pains to explain to me the names and old uses of the towers, chapels, and buildings within and without the castle, which do testify to the zeal and piety of past generations: the Chapel of St. Martin, in the keep, which was the oratory of the garrison; the old collegiate buildings of the College of the Holy Trinity; the Maison-Dieu, designed by Richard Earl of Arundel, and built by his son on the right bank of the river, for the

harbouring of twenty aged and poor men, either unmarried or widowers, which from infirmity were unable to provide for their own support; the Priory of the Friars Preachers, with the rising gardens behind it; the Chapel of Blessed Mary, over the gate; that of St. James ad Leprosos, which was attached to the Lepers' Hospital; and St. Lawrence's, which standeth on the hill above the tower; and in the valley below, the Priory of St. Bartholomew, built by Queen Adeliza for the monks of St. Austin. Verily the poor were well cared for when all these monasteries and hospitals did exist; and it doth grieve me to think that the moneys which were designed by so many pious men of past ages for the good of religion should now be paid to my lord, and spent in worldly and profane uses. Howsoever, I have better hopes than heretofore that he will one day serve God in a Christian manner. And now methinks, after much doubting if I should dare for to commit so weighty a secret unto paper, that I must needs tell thee, as this time I send my letter by a trusty messenger, what, if I judge rightly, will prove so great a comfort to thee, my dear Constance, that thine own griefs shall seem the lighter for it. Thou dost well know how long I have been well-affected to Catholic religion, increasing therein daily more and more, but yet not wholly resolved to embrace and profess it. But by reading a book treating of the danger of schism, soon after my coming here, I was so efficaciously moved, that I made a firm purpose to become a member of the Catholic and only true Church of God. I charged Mr. Bayley to seek out a grave and ancient priest, and to bring him here privately; for I desired very much that my reconciliation, and meeting with this priest to that intent, should be kept as secret as was possible, for the times are more troublesome than ever, and I would fain have none to know of it until I can disclose it myself to my lord in a prudent manner. I have, as thou knoweth, no Catholic women about me, nor any one whom I durst acquaint with this business; so I was forced to go alone at an unseasonable hour from mine own lodging in the castle, by certain dark ways and obscure passages, to the chamber where this priest (whose name, for greater prudence, I mention not here) was lodged, there to make my confession,—it being thought, both by Mr. Bayley and myself, that otherwise it could not possibly be done without discovery, or at least great danger thereof. Oh, mine own dear Constance, when I returned by the same way I had gone, lightened of a burthen so many years endured, cheered by the thought of a reconcilment so long desired, strengthened and raised, leastways for a while, above all worldly fears, darkness appeared light, rough paths smooth; the moon, shining through the chinks

of the secret passage, which I thought had shed before a ghastly light on the uneven walls, now seemed to yield a mild and pleasant brightness, like unto that of God's grace in a heart at peace. And this exceeding contentment and steadfastness of spirit have not—praise Him for it—since left me; albeit I have much cause for apprehension in more ways than one; for what in these days is so secret it becometh not known? But whatever now shall befall me,—public dangers or private sorrows,—my feet do rest on a rock, not on the shifting sands of human thinkings, and I am not afraid of what man can do unto me. Yea, Philip's displeasure I can now endure, which of all things in the world I have heretofore most apprehended."

The infinite contentment this letter gave me distracted me somewhat from the anxious thoughts that filled my mind at the time it reached me, which was soon after Hubert's visit. A few days afterwards Lady Arundel wrote again:

"My lord has been here, but stayed only a brief time. I found him very affectionate in his behaviour, but his spirits so much depressed that I feared something had disordered him. Conversation seemed a burthen to him, and he often shut himself up in his own chamber, or walked into the park with only his dog. When I spoke to him he would smile with much kindness, uttering such words as 'sweet wife,' or 'dearest Nan,' and then fall to musing again, as if his mind had been too oppressed with thinking to allow of speech. The day before he left I was sorting flowers at one end of the gallery in a place which the wall projecting doth partly conceal. I saw him come from the hall up the stairs into it, and walk to and fro in an agitated manner, his countenance very much troubled, and his gestures like unto those of a person in great perplexity of mind. I did not dare so much as to stir from where I stood, but watched him for a long space of time with incredible anxiety. Sometimes he stopped and raised his hand to his forehead. Another while he went to the window and looked intently, now at the tower and the valley beyond it, now up at the sky, on which the last rays of the setting sun were throwing a deep red hue, as if the world had been on fire. Then turning back, he joined his hands together and anon sundered them again, pacing up and down the while more rapidly than before, as if an inward conflict urged this unwitting speed. At last I saw him stand still, lift up his hands and eyes to heaven and move his lips as if in prayer. What passed in his mind then, God only knoweth. He is the most reluctant person in the world to disclose his thoughts.

"When an hour afterwards we met in the library his spirits seemed somewhat improved. He spoke of his dear sister Meg with much affection, and asked me if I had heard from Bess. Lord William,

he said, was the best brother a man ever had; and that it should like him well to spend his life in any corner of the world God should appoint for him, so that he had to keep him company Will and Meg and his dear Nan, 'which I have so long ill-treated,' he added, 'that as long as I live I shall not cease to repent of it; and God He knoweth I deserve not so good a wife;' with many other like speeches which I wish he would not use, for it grieveth me he should disquiet himself for what is past, when his present kindness doth so amply recompense former neglect. Mine own Constance, I pray you keep your courage alive in your afflictions. There be no lane so long but it hath a turning, the proverb saith. My sorrows seemed at one time without an issue. Now light breaketh through the yet darksome clouds which do environ us. So will it be with thee. Burn this letter, seeing it doth contain what may endanger the lives of more persons than one.—Thy loving faithful friend,

"ANN ARUNDEL AND SURREY."

A more agitated letter followed this one, written at different times, and detained for some days for lack of a safe messenger to convey it.

"What I much fear," so it began, "is the displeasure of my lord when he comes to know of my reconciliation, for it cannot, I think, be long concealed from him. This my fear, dear Constance, hath been much increased by the coming down from London of one of his chaplains, who affirms he was sent on purpose by the earl to read prayers and to preach to me and my family; and on last Sunday he came into the great chamber of the castle, expecting and desiring to know my pleasure therein. I thought best for to send for him to my chamber, and I desired him not to trouble himself nor me in that matter, for I would satisfy the earl therein. But oh, albeit I spoke very composedly, my apprehensions are very great. For see, my dear friend, Philip hath been but lately reconciled to me, and his fortunes are in a very desperate condition, so that he may think I have given the last blow to them by this act, which his enemies will surely brave at. Think not I do repent of it. God knoweth I should as soon repent of my baptism as of my return to His true Church; but though the spirit is steadfast, the flesh is weak, and the heart also. What will he say to me when he cometh! He did once repulse me, but hath never upbraided me. How shall I bear new frowns after recent caresses!—peradventure an eternal parting after a late reunion. O Constance, pray for me. But I remember I have no means for to send this letter. But God be praised, I have now friends in heaven which I may adjure to pray for me, who have at hand no earthly ones."

Four or five days later, her ladyship thus finished her letter :

“ God is very merciful ; oh, let His holy name be praised and magnified for ever ! Now the weight of a mountain is off my heart. Now I care not for what man may do unto me. Phil has been here, and I promise thee, dear Constance, when his horse stopped at the castle-door, my heart almost stopped its beating, so great was my apprehension of his anger. But, to my great joy and admiration, he kissed me very tenderly, and did not speak the least word of the chaplain’s errand. And when we did walk out in the evening, and mounting to the top of the keep, stood there looking on the fine trees and the sun sinking into the sea, my dear lord, who had been some time silent, turned to me and said, ‘ Meg has become Catholic.’ Joy and surprise almost robbed me of my breath ; for next to his reconciliation his sister’s was what I most desired in the world, and also I knew what a particular love he had ever shown for her, as being his only sister, by reason whereof he would not seem to be displeased with her change, and consequently he could not in reason be much offended with myself for being what she was ; so when he said, ‘ Meg has become Catholic,’ I leant my face against his shoulder, and whispered, ‘ So hath Nan.’ He spoke not nor moved for some minutes. Methinks he could have heard the beatings of my heart. I was comforted that, albeit he uttered not so much as one word, he made no motion for to withdraw himself from me, whose head still rested against his bosom. Suddenly he threw his arms about me, and strained me to his breast. So tender an embrace I had never before had from him, and I felt his tears falling on my head. But speech there was none touching my change. Howsoever, before he left me I said to him, ‘ My dear Phil, Holy Scripture doth advise those who enter into the service of Almighty God to prepare themselves for temptation. As soon as I resolved to become Catholic, I did deeply imprint this in my mind ; for the times are such that I must expect to suffer for that cause.’ ‘ Yea, dearest Nan,’ he answered, with great kindness, ‘ I doubt not thou hast taken the course which will save thy soul from the danger of shipwreck, although it doth subject thy body to the peril of misfortune.’ Then waxing bolder, I said, ‘ And thou, Phil—’ and there stopped short, looking what I would speak. He seemed to struggle for a while with some inward difficulty of speaking his mind, but at last he began, ‘ Nan, I will not become Catholic before I can resolve to live as a Catholic, and I defer the former until I have an intent and resolute purpose to perform the latter. O Nan, when I think of my vile usage of thee, whom I should have so much loved and esteemed for thy virtue and discretion ; of my wholly neglecting, in a manner, my duty to the earl my grandfather, and my aunt Lady Lumley ; of

my wasting, by profuse expenses of great sums of money in the following of the courts, the estate which was left me, and a good quantity of thine own lands also; but far more than all, my total forgetting of my duty to Almighty God,—for, carried away with company, youthful entertainments, pleasures, and delights, my mind being wholly possessed with them, I did scarce so much as think of God, or of any thing concerning religion or the salvation of my soul,—I do feel myself unworthy of pardon, and utterly to be condemned.’

“So much goodness, humility, and virtuous intent was apparent in this speech, and such comfortable hopes of future excellence, that I could not forbear from exclaiming, ‘My dear Phil, I ween thou wilt be one of those who shall love God much, forasmuch as He will have forgiven thee much.’ And then I asked him how long it was since this change in his thinking, albeit not yet acted upon, had come to him. He said, it so happened that he was present, the year before, at a disputation held in the Tower of London, between Mr. Sherwin and some other priests on the one part, Charles Fulk, Whitakers, and some other Protestant ministers on the other; and, by what he heard and saw there, he had perceived, he thought, on which side the truth and true religion was, though at the time he neither did intend to embrace or follow it. But, he added, what had moved him of late most powerfully thereunto was a sermon of Father Campion’s, which he had heard at Noel House, whither Charles Arundell had carried him, some days before his last visit to me. ‘The whole of those days,’ he said, ‘my mind was so oppressed with remorse and doubt, that I knew no peace, until one evening, by a special grace of God, when I was walking alone in the gallery, I firmly resolved—albeit I knew not how or when to accomplish this purpose—to become a member of His Church, and to frame my life according to it; but I would not acquaint thee, or any other person living, with this intention, until I had conferred thereof with my brother William. Thou knowest, Nan, the very special love I bear him, and which he hath ever shown to me. Well, a few days after I returned to London, I met him accidentally in the street, he having come from Cumberland touching some matter of Bess’s lands; and taking him home with me, I discovered to him my determination, somewhat covertly at first; and after I lent him a book to read, which was written not long ago by Dr. Allen, and have dealt with him so efficaciously, that he has also resolved to become Catholic. He is to meet me again next week, for further conference touching the means of putting this intent into execution, which verily I see not how to effect, being so watched by servants and so-called friends, which besiege my doors and haunt mine house in London on all occasions.’

"This difficulty, dear Constance, I sought to remedy by acquainting my lord that his secretary, Mr. Mumford, was Catholic, and he could therefore disclose his thought with safety to him. And I also advised him to seek occasion to know Mr. Wells and some other zealous persons, which would confirm him in his present resolution and aid him in the execution thereof. It may be, therefore, you will soon see him, and fervently do I commend him to thy prayers and whatever service in the one thing needful should be in thy power to procure for him. My heart is so transported with joy that I never remember the like motions to have filled it. My most hope for this present time at least had been he should show no dislike to my being Catholic; and lo, I find him to be one in heart, and soon to be so in effect; and the great gap between us, which so long hath been a yawning chasm of despair, now filled up with a renewed love, and yet more by a parity of thinking touching what it most behoveth us to be united in. Deo gratias!"

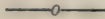
Here this portion of my lady's manuscript ended, but these few hasty lines were written below visibly by a trembling hand, and the whole closed, I ween, abruptly. Methinks it was left for me at Mr. Wells's, where I found it, by Mr. Mumford, or some other Catholic in the earl's household:

"The inhabitants of Arundel have presented me for a recusant, and Mr. Bayley has been committed and accused before the Bishop of Chichester as a seminary priest. He hath, of course, easily cleared himself of this; but because he will not take the oath of supremacy, he is forced to quit the country. He hath passed into Flanders."

And then for many weeks I had no tidings of the dear writer; until one day it was told us that when the Queen had notice of her reconciliation, she disliked of it to such a degree that presently she ordered her, being then with child, to be taken from her own house and carried to Wiston, Sir Thomas Shirley's dwelling-place, there to be kept prisoner till further orders. Alas! all the time she remained there I received not so much as one line from her ladyship, nor did her husband either, as I afterwards found. So straitly was she confined and watched that none could serve or have access to her but the knight and his lady, and such as were approved by them. Truly, as she since told me, they courteously used her, but special care was taken that none that was suspected for a priest should come within sight of the house, which was no small addition to her sufferings. Lady Margaret Sackville was at that time also thrown into prison.

The Dream of Gerontius.

(Concluded.)



§ 4.

SOUL.

But hark! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear,
Could I be frightened.

ANGEL.

We are now arrived
Close on the judgment-court; that sullen howl
Is from the demons who assemble there.
It is the middle region, where of old
Satan appeared among the sons of God,
To cast his jibes and scoffs at holy Job.
So now his legions throng the vestibule,
Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry.

SOUL.

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

DEMONS.

Low-born clods Of brute earth, To become gods, By a new birth, And a score of merits, As if ought Of the high thought, Of the great spirits, The powers blest, Of the proud dwelling Dispossessed,	They aspire And an extra grace, Could stand in place And the glance of fire The Lords by right, The primal owners And realm of light, Aside thrust, Chucked down, By the sheer might Of a despot's will,
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Who after expelling Of a tyrant's frown,
 Their hosts, gave,
 Triumphant still,
 And still unjust,
 Each forfeit crown
 To psalm-droners
 And canting groaners,
 To every slave,
 And pious cheat,
 And crawling knave,
 Who licked the dust
 Under his feet.

ANGEL.

It is the restless panting of their being ;
 Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
 In a deep hideous purring have their life,
 And an incessant pacing to and fro.

DEMONS.

The mind bold	
And independent,	
The purpose free,	
So we are told,	
Must not think	
To have the ascendant.	What's a saint ?
One whose breath	Doth the air taint
Before his death ;	A bundle of bones,
Which fools adore,	Ha ! ha !
When life is o'er,	
Which rattle and stink,	
E'en in the flesh.	We cry his pardon !
No flesh hath he ;	
Ha ! ha !	For it hath died,
	'Tis crucified
	Day by day,
Afresh, afresh,	Ha ! ha !
	That holy clay,
	Ha ! ha !
	And such fudge,
As priestlings prate,	Is his guerdon
	Before the Judge,
	And pleads and atones
	For spite and grudge,

And bigot mood,
And envy and hate And greed of blood.

SOUL.

How impotent they are! and yet on earth
They have repute for wondrous power and skill;
And books describe, how that the very face
Of th' Evil One, if seen, would have a force
To freeze the very blood, and choke the life
Of him who saw it.

ANGEL.

In thy trial-state
Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,
Connatural, who with the powers of hell
Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,
And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy heart.
And therefore is it, in respect of man,
Those fallen ones show so majestic.
But, when some child of grace, angel or saint,
Pure and upright in his integrity
Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,
They scud away as cowards from the fight.
Nay, oft hath holy hermit in his cell,
Not yet disburdened of mortality,
Mocked at their threats and warlike overtures;
Or, dying, when they swarmed, like flies, around,
Defied them, and departed to his Judge.

DEMONS.

Virtue and vice,	A knave's pretence.	
'Tis all the same;	Ha! ha!	Dread of hell-fire,
Of the venomous flame,	A coward's plea.	
Give him his price,	Saint though he be,	Ha! ha!
	From shrewd good sense	He'll slave for hire;
	Ha! ha!	And does but aspire
	To the heaven above	
With sordid aim,	Not from love.	Ha! ha!

SOUL.

I see not those false spirits; shall I see
My dearest Master, when I reach His throne?
Or hear, at least, His awful judgment-word
With personal intonation, as I now

Hear thee, not see thee, Angel? Hitherto
 All has been darkness since I left the earth;
 Shall I remain thus sight-bereft all through
 My penance-time? if so, how comes it then
 That I have hearing still, and taste, and touch,
 Yet not a glimmer of that princely sense
 Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live?

ANGEL.

Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now;
 Thou livest in a world of signs and types,
 The presentations of most holy truths,
 Living and strong, which now encompass thee.
 A disembodied soul, thou hast by right
 No converse with aught else beside thyself;
 But, lest so stern a solitude should load
 And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed
 Some lower measures of perception,
 Which seem to thee, as though through channels brought,
 Through ear, or nerves, or palate, which are gone.
 And thou art wrapped and swathed around in dreams,
 Dreams that are true, yet enigmatical;
 For the belongings of thy present state,
 Save through such symbols, come not home to thee.
 And thus thou tell'st of space and time and size,
 Of fragrant, solid, bitter, musical,
 Of fire, and of refreshment after fire;
 As (let me use similitude of earth,
 To aid thee in the knowledge thou dost ask)—
 As ice which blisters may be said to burn.
 Nor hast thou now extension, with its parts
 Correlative,—long habit cozens thee,—
 Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.
 Hast thou not heard of those, who after loss
 Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains
 In hand or foot, as though they had it still?
 So is it now with thee, who hast not lost
 Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man.
 So will it be, until the joyous day
 Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
 All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.—
 —How, even now, the consummated Saints
 See God in heaven, I may not explicate:—

Meanwhile let it suffice thee to possess
 Such means of converse as are granted thee,
 Though till the Beatific Vision thou art blind;
 For e'en thy purgatory, which comes like fire,
 Is fire without its light.

SOUL.

His will be done!

I am not worthy e'er to see again
 The face of day; far less His countenance,
 Who is the very sun. Natheless, in life,
 When I looked forward to my purgatory,
 It ever was my solace to believe,
 That, ere I plunged into th' avenging flame,
 I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

ANGEL.

Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment;
 Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.
 Thus will it be: what time thou art arraigned
 Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot
 Is cast for ever, should it be to sit
 On His right hand among His pure elect,
 Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
 As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee,
 And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
 Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach,
 One moment; but thou knowest not, my child,
 What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most Fair
 Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

SOUL.

Thou speakest darkly, Angel; and an awe
 Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL.

There was a mortal, who is now above
 In the mid glory: he, when near to die,
 Was given communion with the Crucified,—
 Such, that the Master's very wounds were stamped
 Upon his flesh; and, from the agony
 Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace,
 Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
 Doth burn, ere it transform. . . .

§ 5.

. . . Hark to those sounds !

They come of tender beings angelical,
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,	And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;	Most sure in all His ways!
To us His elder race He gave	To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,	Without the soil of sin.
The younger son He willed to be	A marvel in his birth:
Spirit and flesh his parents were;	His home was heaven and earth.
The Eternal blessed His child, and	And sent him hence afar,
armed,	
To serve as champion in the field	Of elemental war.
To be His Vice-roy in the world	Of matter, and of sense;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,	A resolute defence.

ANGEL.

We now have passed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment; and whereas on earth
Temples and palaces are formed of parts
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits nought is found,
To mould withal and form into a whole,
But what is immaterial; and thus
The smallest portions of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,
The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,	And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;	Most sure in all His ways!
Woe to thee, man! for he was found	A recreant in the fight;
And lost his heritage of heaven,	And fellowship with light.
Above him now the angry sky,	Around the tempest's din;
Who once had angels for his friends,	Has but the brutes for kin.

O man ! a savage kindred they :	To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb	The giants of the wood.
With now a fear, and now a hope,	With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to old, from sire to son,	He lived, and toiled, and died.
He dreed his penance age by age ;	And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb,	And be again a man.
And quickened by the Almighty's breath,	And chastened by His rod,
And taught by Angel-visitings,	At length he sought his God ;
And learned to call upon His Name,	And in His faith create
A household and a fatherland,	A city and a state.
Glory to Him who from the mire,	In patient length of days,
Elaborated into life	A people to His praise !

SOUL.

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
 The summer wind—among the lofty pines ;
 Swelling and dying, echoing round about,
 Now here, now distant, wild, and beautiful ;
 While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,
 Descend ecstatic odours.

THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,	And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;	Most sure in all His ways !
The Angels, as beseemingly	To spirit-kind was given,
At once were tried and perfected,	And took their seats in heaven.
For them no twilight or eclipse ;	No growth and no decay :
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,	Or beatific day.
But to the younger race there rose	A hope upon its fall ;
And slowly, surely, gracefully,	The morning dawned on all.
And ages, opening out, divide	The precious and the base,
And from the hard and sullen mass	Mature the heirs of grace.
O man ! albeit the quickening ray,	Lit from his second birth,
Makes him at length what once he was,	And heaven grows out of earth ;

Yet still between that earth and heaven—	His journey and his goal—
A double agony awaits	His body and his soul.
A double debt he has to pay—	The forfeit of his sins :
The chill of death is past, and now	The penance-fire begins.
Glory to Him, who evermore	By truth and justice reigns ;
Who tears the soul from out its case,	And burns away its stains !

ANGEL.

They sing of thy approaching agony,
Which thou so eagerly didst question of :
It is the face of the Incarnate God
Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain ;
And yet the memory which it leaves will be
A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound ;
And yet withal it will the wound provoke,
And aggravate and widen it the more.

SOUL.

Thou speakest mysteries ; still methinks I know
To disengage the tangle of thy words :
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

ANGEL.

When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,
And feel as though thou couldest but pity Him,
That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself ; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel ; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight ;
And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell

Within the beauty of His countenance.
 And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
 The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
 The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
 Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

SOUL.

My soul is in my hand: I have no fear,—
 In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.
 But hark! a deep, mysterious harmony:
 It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
 Of many waters.

ANGEL.

We have gained the stairs
 Which rise towards the Presence-chamber; there
 A band of mighty Angels keep the way
 On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR.

Father, whose goodness none can know, but they
 Who see Thee face to face,
 By man hath come the infinite display
 Of Thine all-loving grace;
 But fallen man—the creature of a day—
 Skills not that love to trace.
 It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,
 An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.
 It needs that very Angel, who with awe
 Amid the garden shade,
 The great Creator in His sickness saw,
 Soothed by a creature's aid,
 And agonised, as victim of the Law
 Which He Himself had made;
 For who can praise Him in His depth and height,
 But he who saw Him reel in that victorious fight?

SOUL.

Hark! for the lintels of the presence-gate
 Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.

FOURTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height, In all His words most wonderful;	And in the depth be praise: Most sure in all His ways!
The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord, In that He placed His puppet man	As if He reckoned ill, The frontier place to fill.
For, even in his best estate, A sorry sentinel was he,	With amplest gifts endued, A being of flesh and blood.
As though a thing, who for his help Could cope with those proud rebel hosts,	Must needs possess a wife, Who had angelic life.
And when, by blandishment of Eve, He shrieked in triumph, and he cried,	That earth-born Adam fell, "A sorry sentinel.
The Maker by His word is bound, He must abandon to his doom,	Escape or cure is none; And slay His darling Son."

ANGEL.

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height, In all His words most wonderful;	And in the depth be praise: Most sure in all His ways!
O loving wisdom of our God! A second Adam to the fight	When all was sin and shame, And to the rescue came.
O wisest love! that flesh and blood Should strive afresh against the foe,	Which did in Adam fail, Should strive and should pre- vail.
And that a higher gift than grace God's Presence and His very Self,	Should flesh and blood refine, And Essence all-divine.
O generous love! that He who smote The double agony in man	In man for man the foe, For man should undergo;
And in the garden secretly, Should teach His brethren and in- spire	And on the cross on high, To suffer and to die.

§ 6.

ANGEL.

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL.

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

ANGEL.

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY.

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;
Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;
Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee,
Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,
To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee.

SOUL.

I go before my Judge. Ah!

ANGEL.

. . . . Praise to His Name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,

Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
 And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
 And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
 Passive and still before the awful Throne.
 O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
 Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
 There let me be,
 And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
 Told out for me.
 There, motionless and happy in my pain,
 Lone, not forlorn,—
 There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
 Until the morn.
 There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
 Which ne'er can cease
 To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
 Of its Sole Peace.
 There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
 Take me away,
 That sooner I may rise, and go above,
 And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

§ 7.

ANGEL.

Now let the golden prison ope its gates,
 Making sweet music, as each fold revolves
 Upon its ready hinge. And ye, great powers,
 Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
 My charge, a precious soul, until the day,
 When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
 I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

SOULS IN PURGATORY.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every generation;
2. Before the hills were born, and the world was: from age to age
 Thou art God.
3. Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast said, Come back
 again, ye sons of Adam.

4. A thousand years before Thine eyes are but as yesterday : and as
a watch of the night which is come and gone.
5. Though the grass spring up in the morning ; yet in the evening
it shall shrivel up and die.
6. Thus we fail in Thine anger ; and in Thy wrath are we troubled.
7. Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight : and our round of days in
the light of Thy countenance.
8. Come back, O Lord ! how long ? and be entreated for Thy ser-
vants.
9. In Thy morning we shall be filled with Thy mercy : we shall
rejoice and be in pleasure all our days.
10. We shall be glad according to the days of our humiliation ; and
the years in which we have seen evil.
11. Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and on Thy work : and direct
their children.
12. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us : and the
work of our hands direct Thou it.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world
without end. Amen.

ANGEL.

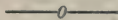
Softly and gently, dearest, sweetest soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest ;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever ! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow ;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

Alphonse Karr and his Wasps.



NOT many weeks ago London society was scandalised by the intelligence that an ambassador's wife, and one who bore a name which was fifty years ago as celebrated as any in Europe, had at a certain ball danced a *pas* known as the *can-can*, having for her *vis-à-vis* the Duc de Morny. This *pas* is of so objectionable a character that any person ill-advised enough to attempt it at the Mabilles is immediately removed by the police; and a curious state of society is revealed by the fact that Madame de Metternich, having the required taste and courage, accomplished the feat without remonstrance or interference. If *Les Guêpes* could now hum forth their music, it may be supposed that Scandal herself would be satiated. In 1840 corruption was not less profound, but it was perhaps less audacious. There was *le can-can gracieux*, *la Saint Simonienne*, *le demi can-can*, *le can-can et demi*, and *la chahut*; the last being the only one absolutely prohibited. In that year there was a ball given by a M. L——, where the Prince de Joinville, the Duc de Nemours, and the Duc d'Aumale, according to the papers, appeared disguised,—the first as a *débardeur*, the second *en hussard*, the last as a sailor. They amused themselves, among other things, by tearing the dresses of those who were not in costume. Their dancing was of such an animated nature that it would under other circumstances inevitably have ended in the tribunal of the police-court. The Duc de Nemours figured in his shirt-sleeves. As was said in the Reign of Terror, "It may be that we dance on a volcano, but it must be admitted that we dance well and vigorously." It was a period when the democrats and the bourgeoisie were all-powerful, and their rampant ostentation was only held in check by their unbounded avarice. A young woman, who had on her marriage-day blazed in diamonds, and had afterwards lost them (no matter how), said to one of her friends, "Never have diamonds of your own: the pain is so terrible if you have to part with them." What more could she have uttered if the subject had been her own offspring? A deputy, attired in deep mourning, was accosted in the street by one of his friends thus: "Alas! who have you lost?" "Lost?" replied the other; "I have lost nothing; I am in black because I have just become a widower!" A lady (wife of a rich government-officer), at one of her receptions, made the circle of her *salon*, as though she had been a queen at the Tuileries. She staid

for an instant with an early friend, and said to him with a patronising air, "And you, Monsieur—you have now settled in Paris?" The gentleman thus addressed replied at first, "Yes, Madame," very respectfully; and then, seeing that they were unobserved, added confidentially, "Ah, ça! Sophie, are you making fun of me with your fine airs?" The king conceived himself bound to humour the populace; and as he had by nature none of that lofty and imperious grace of manner which was born with the elder branch of the Bourbons, and which distinguished our own royal Stuarts even in their most profligate insolence, he was obliged to undergo a good deal of that kind of thing to which the President of the United States is periodically expected to submit. Yet he never exercised any considerable influence, or acquired popularity, or even respect. Though the French are in some respects a parsimonious people, they cannot bear that the king should appear so. The contrast which in this respect is furnished by the present emperor is one very gratifying to their excitable and ambitious character; but Louis Philippe was the laughing-stock even of *Punch*, with his shabby umbrella and bourgeois costume. He undersold the game- and fruit-market, to the great disgust of the costermongers. His stables were disgracefully appointed, and his horses and equipage excited the derision of both natives and foreigners. Attempts at assassination were frequent. The queen rejoiced when her sons were in Africa, feeling more secure of their safety there than in the streets of Paris. When the son of the Duchess of Orleans was born, and the cannons were fired in honour of the event, some one said, "See how pleased the Parisians are. They have one more prince to outrage and hound down." The editor of a journal was accused of printing matter which could only be construed as a personal attack on the king. Before the court he avowed frankly that such was his intention and object in writing the aforesaid article. The jury, however, found him "not guilty." The next day the journal contained an explanation of this anomaly, to the effect that the jury had acquitted the editor in order to give a lesson to the government. The share of the press in bringing about this deplorable state of things was not small. No person, no principle, nothing was safe from scurrilous attack. Veneration, faith, and probity were, according to them, nowhere to be found, except in the ranks of the opposition; and an incredibly mean and selfish habit of mind seemed to pervade all ranks. Remembering all this, however we may blame Louis Napoleon for the excessive severity with which he treats the press, we can at least understand his motive. The editors never scrupled to inflame the passions of the people in any mischievous manner that occurred to them; and as a public

body of men they were deplorably corrupt. *Les Guêpes* announced in September 1840, "the *Journal des Débats* has surrendered to M. Thiers, after a short siege and an ostentatious resistance;" adding, "Vieux coquet de M. Bertin." As a rule, public writers seemed opposed to *any* government. The men in power were stigmatised as "members of an anti-national policy;" they were "sold to the foreigner;" they were "tyrants, oppressors, demons of corruption." Those out of power were "worthy citizens," "friends of the people," "hope of the country," "the voice of the nation," "virtuous and disinterested statesmen." If the ministry resigned, and the opposition reigned in their stead, they then became tyrants, oppressors, demons of corruption, abominable in the sight of God and man; and the ex-ministers were transformed into worthy citizens, friends of the people, hope of the country, &c. We find M. Karr declaring that if by extreme chance a man were to be discovered in the streets of Paris who after strict examination could prove himself to be neither minister, secretary, or deputy, or member of some municipal committee, or council, or club, or society, or commission of inquiry, neither journalist, national guard, or policeman, "be quite sure," he says, "that the man in question must be either the king or myself." One of the great ambitions of the bourgeois mind was to become a full-fledged deputy, chiefly because these gentlemen were paid by the state, and had ample opportunity for the exercise of their jobbing propensities, either in a large or small way. If they could not accomplish, they could at least promise. The following is a list of the engagements entered into by one of the deputies while canvassing the electors: "Mem. to bear in mind,—A grant for the repairs of a certain church; a bonnet for the wife of M. F.; a polichinelle for the child of M. R.; a bridge over our river; some *pralines à la vanille* for the sister of M. B.—*not over-burnt*; to be extremely independent." Once in Paris, these persons hasten to forget their vows, and busy themselves in trying to obtain little posts under government, or *bureaux de tabac* for their relations and friends. As the end of the session approaches, each one commences to recite his list: "I must not forget the repairs of the church, a green bonnet, burnt almonds, a bridge, and to be extremely independent; also the polichinelle for the child." Then these deputies, usually stupidly silent, begin to clamour for a hearing. One ascends the tribune, and says, "Messieurs, I take advantage of the interest evinced touching the Spanish question to remind the chamber that the town of so-and-so ought to have a new bridge;" or another will announce, "Oui, Messieurs, as the honourable member has truly said, liberty falls into decay,—yes; and there are other things which are in a state of dilapidation and

ruin, not less mournful. I allude to *our* church at N——; not only the sacred edifice itself, but the house of the curé, which is in a condition so disgraceful that he is obliged to lodge in a *cabaret*." As time flies on, the deputies lose their heads entirely, and become quite crazy. They mix up one thing with the other, and cry out, "Holding, as I do, the distinguished dignity of deputy for ——, I shall be faithful to my pledges. I have promised a polichinelle (great hilarity),—I mean, that is, that I have promised a bridge to the town of ——." The two last sittings of the chamber are scenes of tumult and disorder. One deputy has bought his green bonnet and burnt almonds, but he remembers that he has not yet shown his extreme independence, and as it behoves him to do this in as rampant and outrageous a manner as may be, in order to attract the notice of his constituents, he makes a desperate leap on to the tribune on every possible occasion, opportune or otherwise; and whether he knows what is the question before the house or not, he cries out equally, "I distinctly and absolutely disapprove of the ministerial measure!" Finally, when he once more appears before his constituents, he distributes his toys, bonnets, and burnt-almonds; and for the rest he boldly declares, "What I promised you before, when I had the honour of soliciting your votes, I promise you still. I will ever remain faithful to my word."

At the same time these bourgeois and democrats would fain be aristocrats. As was said of the Red Republicans in the days of the Revolution, when they expunged from the French dictionary the word *canaille*—*Ces gens-là avaient peur de leur nom*. The workmen who were employed to repaint the names of the streets at each corner, in all cases retrenched the new titles. Instead of the Rue de Richelieu, Rue de Condé, Rue de Grammont, one read Rue Richelieu, Rue Condé, Rue Grammont, Rue Astorg. But, on the other hand, a custom arose which is even now continued. The names and titles of the old nobility were derived from the vast estates which originally belonged to the families, but the parvenus coolly appropriated the names of the towns where they lived. Thus we have Dubois and Ollivier *d'Angers*, Martin *de Strasbourg*, and Martin *du Nord*, Dupont *de l'Eure*, Michel *de Bourges*, and M. Granier *de Cassagnac*. Shopkeepers' wives wore ornaments in their heads as nearly resembling coronets as they could manage it. A rich broker having bought a good deal of plate, caused it to be rolled down his staircase, in order to make it present an old and battered appearance. The wife of another, after displaying her luxurious boudoir to a circle of admiring friends, exclaimed, with a languid air, "It is very well, but not *quite* what I wish. I could not per-

suade M. J. B., my husband, to expend on the decorations more than 100,000 francs, so I am obliged to put up with it as it is!" The room was draped entirely with rich and costly lace, and those articles which are usually composed in bronze were of solid silver-gilt. The *National* newspaper declared that "there were now no bourgeois, as there was no aristocracy; class-distinctions existed no more." According to one writer, royalty commits suicide—the bourgeois is destroying itself, and meanwhile poets go about mourning, and saying, "It is because we have no faith." When the eldest son of the king married a Protestant, the papers agitated vehemently in behalf of what they called *notre sainte religion*. But when there was question of some ceremony of the Catholic Church approved of, or instituted by, authority, then they raised a howl against the Jesuits, the Ultramontanes, superstition, the priesthood, and what not. The dinners given by journalists to their friends are denominated patriotic banquets; a ministerial dinner is called *une séance bachique*. If some *émeute* occurred, and the police arrived promptly on the scene, it was described thus: "The police, by an ill-timed interference, caused an inoffensive and quiet gathering to assume the appearance of a mischievous and unruly crowd, and a serious disturbance was the unfortunate result." But if the police held off and did not present themselves until disorder had actually commenced, it was then: "Instead of suppressing the thing at once (and it all originated in the cries of the *gamins* of the streets), the police, by their culpable negligence, allowed a slight confusion to become a formidable and tumultuous riot." The bourgeois, in fact, grew accustomed to *émeutes*, and no longer saw any danger in them. In a general way, in disturbances of this kind the spectators formed one-half of those present, the police one-quarter, and the rioters themselves formed the other quarter. A day came when they no longer found them as amusing and harmless as a theatrical spectacle. Meanwhile they ate and drank, they bought and sold, and grew rich and were merry. The rage for ease and luxury pervaded all classes, and no one wished to appear as he really was.

M. Karr relates an amusing experience of his with a black servant called Apollon Varaï. The man complained incessantly that he had too much work to perform, that he needed assistance, &c. At length M. Karr, wearied of his jeremiades, replied sharply, "Hire a servant to wait upon you, then."

Two days afterwards Varaï entered with the intelligence, "Monsieur, I have arranged the matter."

"What matter?" said M. Karr, who had forgotten the whole affair.

"The servant that monsieur desired me to engage."

M. Karr was greatly diverted at being thus taken at his word, but made no remark, and the following day the servant commenced his work. It grew to be quite a matter of course that the master should say to Varaï, "Varaï, give your servant this letter to take to the post. Send your servant to buy some flowers." Orders which were received by Varaï with the imperturbable gravity of an ape. It was observable that the Negro was not only excessively rigorous and exacting in the service he required, but was also amazingly haughty and distant in his demeanour. Sometimes M. Karr actually interceded in behalf of the white servant. On which Varaï replied, "Monsieur, if you give ear to what he says, he will do absolutely nothing; he is deplorably lazy." In fact the poor man cleaned the Negro's boots as well as those which belonged to M. Karr. One day the latter said to Varaï, "Your man has not cleaned my boots properly." Varaï hastened down stairs, and a horrible uproar was heard. The next day the master called to Varaï as usual, "Give your servant this letter for the post."

"Monsieur, I will carry it myself."

"How so, Varaï?"

"Monsieur, I have discharged *him* this morning."

"Ah, and are you intending to engage another?"

"No, monsieur, this one has really worn me out; they require too much looking after. I prefer doing the work myself."

From that time forth the Negro uttered no more complaints of having too much to do.

The government several times instituted prosecutions against different journals, but with very indifferent success. The editors evaded the law very cleverly, and by hints and innuendoes permitted their real sentiments to be clearly seen through a very thin disguise. They did not actually name his Majesty, King Louis Philippe; they merely alluded to *a certain influential person—the crown, the powers that be, the château, the throne*—a trick similar to one played by a contumacious individual who felt aggrieved at a byelaw, established by the mayor of a certain small town, which forbade any one walking in the streets after 9 P.M. without a lantern in his hand. This person went out, and was speedily stopped by the constable; when the following conversation took place:

"Are you not aware, monsieur, of the regulation?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, where is your lantern?"

"Here it is, without doubt" (producing it).

"But there is no candle in it, monsieur."

"There was nothing about a candle mentioned in the regulation."

"Very well, you may proceed, monsieur."

The mayor, much annoyed, reworded the edict, and it was laid down that each lantern was to have its own candle. The next day our friend was again brought up, and this time before the mayor.

"Ah, monsieur, so it is you, is it? I have heard of your contumacy. Was it not you who were warned by the constable yesterday?"

"It was, Mr. Mayor."

"But you are aware of the alteration in the law?"

"I am, Mr. Mayor."

"Eh bien! Where, then, is your lantern?"

"Here it is, your worship."

"Good; but where is your candle? You had no light with you."

"Here is my candle, your worship; and as for light, the regulation contains no intimation that the candle is to be lighted."

The mayor was obliged to dismiss the ingenious culprit; and published a more detailed order: that each man was to carry a lantern which was to contain a candle, and that the candle must in all cases be lighted.

One journal invented the absurd plan of distinguishing between Louis Philippe Duc d'Orleans, and Louis Philippe King of France; and this example was much followed. When injurious things were to be written, or personal attacks were to be made, they explained that the Duke of Orleans was the person to whom they referred. Government officials in their turn imitated, as far as they could, the vices of the old aristocracy, and in coarseness and want of decency did greatly excel them. At one time Mdlle. Rachel was formally invited to take a place in what is in France equivalent to the strangers' gallery in the House of Commons in this country, for the purpose of studying parliamentary eloquence; but it appeared afterwards that she was present certainly, but only to assist in taking the scrutiny of votes. And in Nov. 1840 we find this remark in *Les Guêpes*, "It is said that when men reign, women rule; but when women reign, men rule. The ministry of last April represented the sentiments and wishes of Mdlle. Plessis, of the Théâtre Français; that of March inaugurated the reign of Madame Dosne, and Mdlle. Fitzjames, of the Opéra Français; but with the new cabinet Mdlle. Rachel returns to power."

The riches which were so ostentatiously displayed were, however, very unequally distributed, and the poor suffered very severely;

several, indeed, died of starvation, a very rare thing in France, where out-door relief is afforded according to certain rules, and the really deserving are carefully sought out and cherished by a specially organised staff of charitable and religious individuals. In Rome, the government of which is so frequently assailed by the English press, death by hunger is a thing unknown; whereas the *Lancet* stated that some years ago in England they averaged three a week. Complaints were made about this time as to the want of proper order and regularity visible with respect to the interment of the dead. In several cemeteries the person who superintended the making of the graves neither knew, nor was he called on to learn, the name of the person to be buried. The officer who registered the titles, sex, and name, and the officer who superintended the funeral, were two different people. The consequence of this divided responsibility was that no one could certainly tell the exact spot where their friend or relative rested; and tears were shed, and *immortelles* hung, in nine cases out of ten, over the wrong tomb. At the time of the cholera, a few years before, a still more horrible and heartless system had prevailed. The terror which pervaded all classes was so excessive, and the death-rate so large, that scenes occurred almost as terrible as those depicted by De Foe in the time of the plague. Thus, in Paris, the dead were conveyed by the dozen, or the score; and the coffins were numbered and distinguished as No. 1, No. 2, &c., and were then piled up in one enormous pit-like grave. Each coffin was deposited for a few moments in the choir of the chapel, and the hearse-driver and assistants thus exhorted the mourners:

"Come forward, No. 1. Relatives of No. 1, come and weep for your dead. That is sufficient for No. 1. Proceed with No. 2."

"Advance, the friends of No. 2. Do not waste time. We are not here for our own amusement. Expedite your grief. Weep, and pass on."

All went on smoothly until No. 6 was brought forward; but owing to the careless method in which the number had been inscribed, none could say whether the numeral in question was in reality 6 or 9—it might be either.

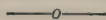
"Whose is this coffin? Who owns it? Let us see; we must compromise matters. Come, friends of No. 6 and No. 9; advance, both of you, mourn, and pass on quickly."

This is a ghastly anecdote, but it gives a good idea of the coarse materialism and degraded sentiment of the period. One more incident, of a sufficiently whimsical nature, which occurred at a custom-house, and we must conclude for the present.

A certain Madame —— had business which required her presence at ——, and a journey over the frontier was accordingly undertaken. It was just after the miscarriage of the Strasbourg affair. And not only were the *douane* exceedingly rigid in exercising their right of search for prohibited or contraband goods, but the police were in a fiercely suspicious and disagreeable temper. Madame —— was a very tall woman, and Nature had bestowed on her a very formidable pair of moustaches; altogether she resembled a dragoon in disguise, much more than a member of the gentler sex. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that the custom-house officers regarded her at first with suspicion, and at last with a vigilant hostility. In their own minds they were convinced that Madame —— was a man, and that all the graceful undulations of form (and the poor lady was vain of her figure, if not of her face) were really composed either of compact packages of costly lace or cigars, or, more shocking still, concealed the different portions of an infernal machine, to be screwed together for the most wicked of purposes, when occasion served. After several consultations such as French *douaniers* delight in, they informed the supposed gentleman that they intended searching her person. Madame was naturally outraged at the bare idea. "What did they mean? Had they the intention of insulting her? She claimed, at any rate, the right of being searched by members of her own sex." Much embarrassed, the custom-officers summoned the female searchers, and bade them perform their duty. But in France women are not always the gentler or the weaker sex. The female searchers shared the mistake of the men, and were indignant at being requested to superintend the operation. "It was an unworthy joke, an infamous idea, so to insult them; but they knew their place, their privileges; never would they touch, not even with a little finger, so much as even the shawl or bonnet in which M. le militaire had chosen to masquerade." Here was a dilemma; and as Madame would not permit the officers to touch her, and the women would not allow themselves even to be shut in a room with her, they were eventually obliged to permit madame to continue her journey in triumph—under *surveillance bien entendu*.

The Ball at Chateau Landin,

AUGUST 1773.



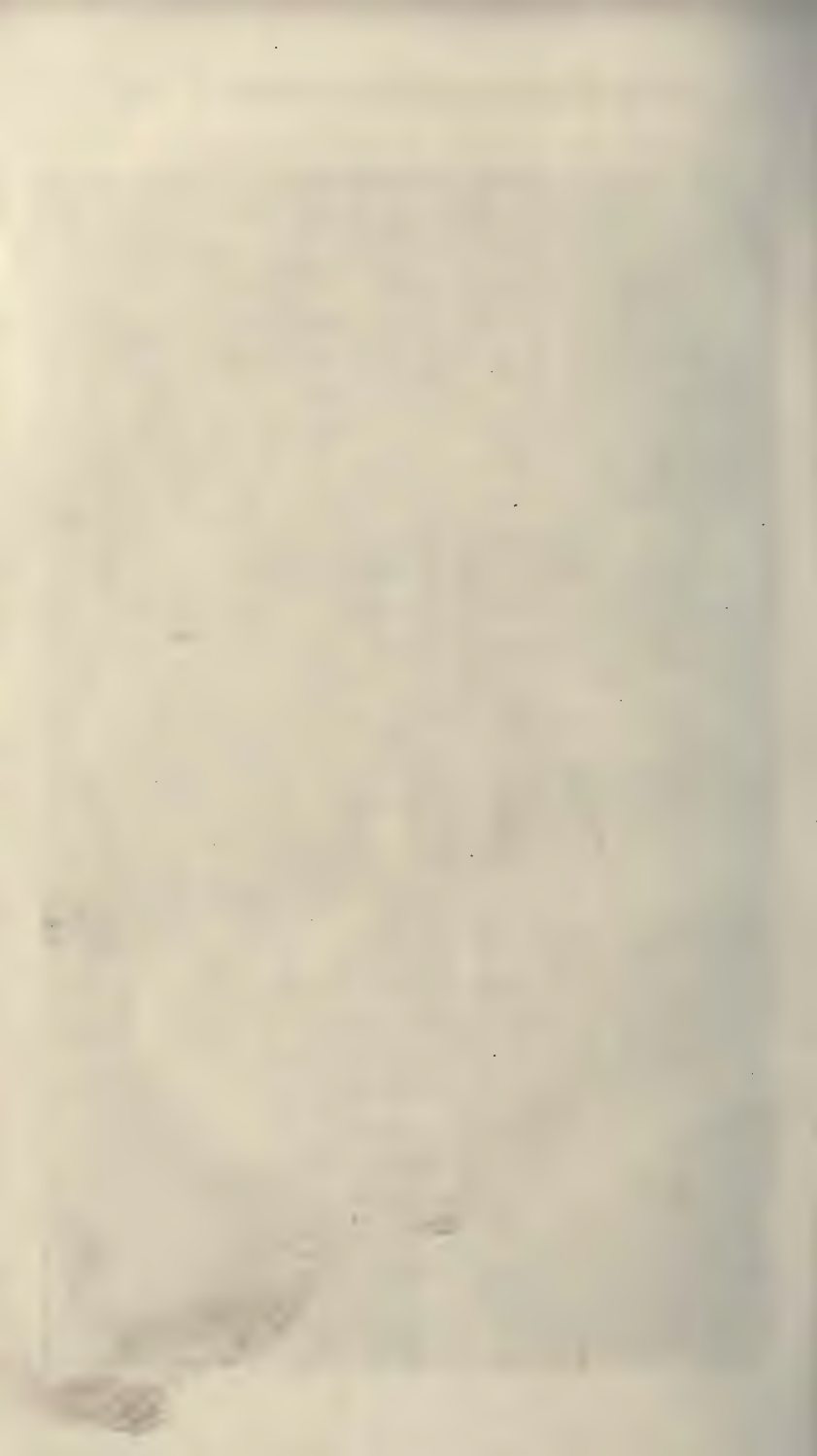
'Twas autumn : night was falling fast
 In Château Landin's ancient town;
 Huge shadows its tall houses cast
 Upon the pavement darkly down;
 From one, the stateliest of them all,
 Streamed blaze of lights—streamed music's sound—
 While on the threshold of its hall
 Were parting lovers found.

A maiden in her robes of white,
 Rose-tinted slippers on her feet,
 Stood, all unheeding that the night
 Grew wild, and rain began to beat
 'Gainst the door-pillars. "Hasten back!"
 She whispered in her lover's ear;
 "All will seem desolate and black
 Till thou again art here."

"Sweet Marie, 'tis a luckless chance
 Calls me to-night from thee away,
 Yet keep for me the supper-dance—
 Ever the gayest of the gay!
 My duty done, my horse shall find
 Winged speed in once more seeking thee.
 One kiss!"—and like the rushing wind
 Away hath vanished he.

Away across the echoing streets,
 And up, up to the sheltering hill,
 Goes the young lover, who repeats
 Marie's soft, soothing whisper still.





“ All will seem desolate and black,
She said, till I again am there ;
Lurked direst dangers on the track,
All these for her I'd dare !”

Upon the summit of the hill
He paused, to cast one glance behind,
Where from that mansion lights streamed still,
While music floated on the wind.
But loud the thunder pealed.—“ On, on ;
My duty calls ; I must obey !”
And swift his steed and he are gone
Along the lonely way.

The great lake-pond that on the height
Above the town all peacefully
Was wont to bask in the moon's light
Now, with wild wavelets fearfully
Furrowed, with aspect menacing
Whirled white spray high in air :
Giving out murmured muttering,
As Julian rode on there.

Along the banks of the wild stream,
The river named “ Of Tears” he past,
Which fed the lake, and swoll'n did seem
Beyond its usual breadth. He cast
One glance behind, he heaved one sigh,
Then swiftly spurred his horse along,
While lightnings flash athwart the sky,
And thunder pealeth strong !

As leagues away he rode on still,
He heard a wildly-thrilling sound
From Château Landin's distant hill,
And felt strange motion in the ground.
As at that moment 'gainst him all
The storm's wild fury seemed displayed,
He thought, “ How blest if at the ball
Beside Marie I stayed !”

Ah ! little deemed he, far away,
The horrors of that awful hour
When the lake's barriers gave way,
And down with overwhelming power
The waters rushed, submerging all,—
The luckless town, the hapless race !
Most perished dancing at the ball,—
Heaven to their souls give grace !

Two days had passed. Distracted, worn,
The wretched Julian Marie sought ;
At length, upon the third sad morn,
The waters gone, he reached the spot
Where, in the ball-room, calm she lay ;
While fastened in her girdle light—
His gift of love that fatal day—
A moss-rose bud bloomed bright !

Since then doth Château Landin's town
Waste and untenanted remain ;
The grass grows all its streets adown,
And market-place where none seek gain.
The great lake-pond upon the hill
Still keeps its mournful murmuring ;
While nightly in the church-tower still
Prayers for the dead priests sing !

ELLEN FITZ-SIMON.

NOTE.—This ballad is founded on a fact narrated by Emile Souvestre, in his work called *Les Derniers Bretons*. The "Julian" of the ballad was his father, then a youth of eighteen.



Letters from the West of Ireland.

—o—

KILLARNEY.

WELL, my dear B——, we have passed a clear week at Killarney, a spot I have all my life desired to see; and the winding valley, with all its lovely lakes, lies in my memory, a fair picture framed by mountain ranges, and these again girdled on both sides by the blue sea. When the first glimpse of those hill ranges are seen above the horizon, crisp and jagged, what aerial visions fill the imagination!—visions of calm days among the heights, when the fret of life is far away; of still tarns, whose black waters fill unknown depths; of rocks clustered about their brink like companies of enchanted men; of mists curling round the peaked summits, and dissolving while we gaze; of sunshine and shadow chasing each other over the slopes in endless play; of heaps of purple heather and golden gorse; of the slippery turf and browsing goats; of cottages that look like toys in the green distance, and fields apparently small enough for the cultivation of toiling fairies;—all these are folded in the magic recesses of that mountain land to which we are rushing rapidly by the unpoetic train. You see I remember vividly our Welsh experiences of ten long years ago.

We had the courage to take lodgings in the town of Killarney, in spite of printed and spoken remonstrances to the contrary. The great hotels are doubtless luxurious enough, but we preferred seeing how the town went on, and settled into a house whose apartments were shared between a stout sea-captain and his two ladies and three Hindoos out on their travels: "Yellow gentlemen that breakfasted on eggs and inions," says our little maid-servant. As I sat at the window of these our lodgings, I thought that either Thackeray's description of the disgraces of Killarney were much exaggerated, or that its ways were mended, both in a literal and figurative sense. I have seen, these sunny mornings, plenty of women with respectable hooded cloaks; a Carmelite monk; a well-dressed lady driving up to the door of the neighbouring post-office; a tall stout priest standing at the threshold of his neat white house in colloquy with two peasant women; donkey-carts in abundance, and tribes of barefooted boys and girls, barefooted but not otherwise wretched-looking. And I solemnly depose that I have not seen one pig, nor even the fragment of a pipe; still less any body sitting in the gutter.

On the afternoon of our arrival we rushed off to Kenmare de-

mesne, the grounds belonging to Lord Castlerosse, where the Queen visited some few years ago. Here we had our first view of the Lower Lake, with its great background of mountains. I pass over descriptions; every body knows that the lakes of Killarney are a glorious dream of clear waters, green islands, verdant arbutus, and that the Colleen Bawn fell into one of them, and was supposed to be drowned "all out." Absurd and yet touching force of association,—bidding us treasure in our fancy every little bit of human interest, true or fictitious. It does not seem much to matter which, when we remember that Scott's "Lady of the Lake" actually created a crowd for the Trosachs and Loch Katrine; built hotels, started steamers and coaches, and guided, as with a fairy finger, that endless stream of tourists which for fifty autumns has poured over Scotland with untiring zeal and curiosity. What Scott did for his native lakes and mountains, Moore and Gerald Griffin have done for Killarney, though with less overwhelming interest. The story of *O'Donoghue of the Lakes* yet remains to be illustrated by some master poet, who should gather up the traditions of the hero into an immortal tale. Nevertheless, *en attendant* it's well to have the Colleen Bawn.

On the following morning we drove to the Gap of Dunloe in company with the stout sea-captain, who was the living image of Gog in Guildhall. A tall stout man, with a voice proceeding from the depths of his stomach, and his face fringed by a considerable beard, he was so fearfully like the guardian genius of London that it made me quite uncomfortable. I should not have been surprised at reading in the newspaper that the wooden monster was mysteriously absent! Gog carried at his belt a large brass bugle, wherewith to awake the echoes; and play he did; but it was not *his* melody which was repeated back from the mountain side, stealing forth with such wonderful precision and accuracy as to make me courageously reject all scientific explanation, and declare that wandering musical spirits they must be. Whole airs were softly copied from the hill-side, the human musician (a blind man playing on a violin) himself unseen and unheard. We heard, from where we stood, only the echo, not the instrument or the voice. The tenderest musical inflections seemed to be floating in the air; springing up from between the tufts of heather and gray weather-beaten stones, and dissolving like the summer mists. I could not have believed in such an illusion if we had not hunted out the real player and convinced ourselves that he was on our side of the valley, hidden by a natural recess in the wayside. As to the Gap of Dunloe, it is a great nick in the mountains, crossed by masses of glacial drift, through which both road and river now cut their way. The two last deposits left by the glacier may be identified

by the geologist; after which the local climate became warmer, and the everlasting snows melted from the heights of Killarney. We pursued the usual track, too well known by too many people to require minute description; you will find it in the guide-books and in plenty of places beside, but it was as fresh to me as the Garden of Eden to Adam when first he opened his eyes therein; and when we emerged on the flank of the Tomies, the Black Valley, the savage Cummeenduff, running up into the western mountains, was the wildest thing I have seen for many a year. We found our way back through the Long Range to the Lower Lake, winding through the clear brown water, heavily fringed with trees and the rich vegetation of this climate; here the broad floating leaves and yellow cups of the water-lily, there the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash peeping amidst massive thickets of oak. Singing voices and bugle-notes reached us from the other boats before and behind, and were caught up and sent back by the lofty precipices. It was like a tranquil glimpse of fairy-land; if I had seen the "good people, little people," of William Allingham's ballad, "trooping all together" down a mossy rock, bathing their tiny white feet in one of the tiny coves, or swimming out to fight the floating daddy long-legs, or playing see-saw from the ends of the purple-feathered bulrushes, I should have had no right to be astonished; indeed, I shouldn't have been astonished. Be it noted that the water in the Long Range was lower this year than in the memory of living boatmen, since "'98," they said. So shallow was the passage in many places that the bottom of the boat grated sharply on the stones; twice we had to land and walk on while the lightened craft cleared some shallow; and a deep dark line all round the rocks showed the depth to which the water had sunk during the long drought. When we emerged from the Long Range into the large lake we found the surface so rough, raised by one of those sudden unaccountable squalls common to such districts, that more than one passenger (which we need not particularise) became uneasy; water got into the bottom of the boat, water dashed up about its sides; we sat with our feet in a puddle; and the sea-captain grumbled at one of the oarsmen, who kept making awkward strokes. The young lady hoped there was no danger, the elderly lady stoutly averred there was none, in that sort of extra-courageous manner which owns suspicion; a third lady said she didn't mind, as it was a row-boat—if it had been a sail-boat she should have thought it very queer. Amidst these observations we neared the peninsula of Ross, and reached the quay close under the fine old castle, glad of a brisk walk home to Killarney to obviate the effects of wet feet upon excited imaginations.

Another day we paddled across to Innisfallen, which famed and sacred island has a strange weird look mingled with its exceeding beauty. The ruins date back from the sixth century, a time so remote in English ears that it seems almost impossible and fictitious. Yet there is no reasonable doubt attaching to the antiquity of the innumerable stone churches and oratories scattered over Ireland. Those of Innisfallen are half hidden in groves of ash, hawthorn, holly, and yew. On the western point of the isle a series of sharp limestone rocks run out into the water. They have been so violently contorted by past volcanic action that the strata are perpendicular instead of horizontal. And there probably sat the monks of Innisfallen who composed those historic annals now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Innisfallen looks upon lovely views on all sides. On the east Ross Castle rises from the woods; just a fine keep surrounded by outworks, and exceedingly graceful in its fifteenth-century architecture. It was the last place in Munster that held out against the English Parliament in 1641, being finally surrendered to Ludlow, 5,000 Irish laying down their arms. Tradition says they were induced to surrender by seeing a fleet of boats on the lake, there being a local legend that Ross was only to surrender to ships of war.

The other great sight of Killarney is Muckross Abbey and Muckross demesne. The latter is the beautiful and well-kept park of Mr. Herbert, more like an English park than any thing I have seen in Ireland; the abbey is small, but the conventual buildings remain, though roofless, and the entire pile is beautifully draped with ivy; while in the centre of the perfect cloisters stands an enormous yew. The MacCarthy Mores and the O'Donoghues lie buried in the chancel. The latter are descendants of him who rides over the lake on a white horse every seventh May morning. The last O'Donoghue buried there was a schoolfellow of one of our party; the present chieftain is the member for Tipperary; he too will come and lay his bones one day in this ancestral grave in the ruined abbey-church. The churchyard is a mass of fern-fringed mounds, a most singular and beautiful decoration for a tomb. If it were not for the midges, who dash the most exuberant artistic zeal by savage attacks in the very middle of a "lonely wash," one might spend days in sketching Muckross. But midges are an impossible torture for those whom they happen to like, and they inflicted 131 poisonous bites on one of our party, who remembers Muckross with mingled sensations of admiration and dismay.

The geology and the botany of the Lakes of Killarney are such as to enhance their romantic interest. The district belongs to that old

red sandstone illustrated and illumined by Hugh Miller's pen; and also to the limestone which crops up in the islands. "O'Donoghue's Library," at the north-west point of Ross Island, is formed of alternate layers of chert and limestone, which weathering out unequally, give the broken fragments of the rock an appearance not unlike that of a lot of large books tumbled about. So says the "Geological Survey." The thickness of the old red in this district is very great. Red and yellow sandstones together, they may be estimated as something like 12,000 feet. But with the exception of a few imperfect and rare impressions of plants no fossils have been found. Some igneous rocks occur here and there, but all those great peaks and magnificent shoulders of mountains, whose hollows look so like extinct volcanoes, are no such thing, according to geologists. Both the Reeks and the opposite ranges near Tralee are only "old red which have been upheaved by forces acting from below, and afterwards acted upon from above by denudation." It is also certain that the lakes were once much larger, and that the land has slowly risen. "Limestone rocks away on the pasture-land of Cahernane demesne show bases which have been perfectly eaten away by the action of water."

The botany of all this part of the country is of the same type as that of Spain—Andalusian, according to the nomenclature of Prof. Forbes, who believed that a great continent once connected the two regions, and that it bore the peculiar fauna and flora which are still met with in the Azores, Madeira, Spain, and Ireland. The *arbutus*, for instance, is only indigenous here and in Spain, and the *Trichomanes radicans* of Killarney is otherwise confined to the north of Africa, Madeira, the West Indies, and Western Spain. The beautiful heaths are of Andalusian kindred, have "blue blood" in their veins; and the *saxifrage*, or *London-pride*, which grows over these rocks in pretty green matting, has its only other home in the Spanish Mediterranean. Don't you remember Mrs. Howitt's charming ballad?

"I had a garden when a child,
I kept it all in order;
It had—I forget what, and haven't the book,
And London-pride was its border."

I thought of that ballad yesterday, when I grubbed up a plant from a mossy crevice. My mind reverted to my own little garden in the heart of Warwickshire, and spired pink blossoms shooting up therein. Sweet starry link between two childhoods, two friends of diverse generations, and three countries of most diverse aspect: the fat and fertile shires of England, the storm-beaten shores of the West of Ireland, and the blue brightness of the Spanish Mediterranean! For the rest, the vegetation of Killarney is of extraordinary luxuriance; every rock

is draped with moss and ivy,—the moss in moist heavy clumps, the ivy spread out flat, like delicate green lacework. The heather and the fern, and the gorse and the blackberries, and the great flat toadstools, and the reeds and the rushes, and all manner of blossoms, chiefly purple and yellow, and the broad water-lilies, and the gray lichens, and a thousand-and-one sorts of grass, all matted up together, and twisted round each other's legs in rich confusion—such is the general aspect of every bank and every islet near these famous lakes. They are fed upon dew, and nourished by the mountain mist, till for richness there is nothing like them to be seen. This is a succinct description of the impression made on me by the low levels; but therewith, of course, we were not contented. The passion for climbing, which causes every belfry tower in foreign cities to possess an irresistible attraction to wandering feet, may well be efficacious in scaling any mountain in these dominions, even were it the highest point of the Reeks. That, however, we let alone.

Aug. 27. "Ride Mangaton, and it will make your hair grow," wrote an Irish friend to me. The expression struck me; not ride on, or ride over, but simply "ride Mangaton," as though it were a vast tract of country, a world in itself; and so it is, and gave me a variety of geographical experience I never had before. Mangaton, be it known to those who have never visited this part of the Queen's dominions, is a huge clump of a mountain, broad-shouldered, round-headed, and rising to 2,756 feet, some 200 feet less in altitude than Cader Idris. A pony can be ridden to within a short distance of the top, which is sufficiently isolated to allow a clear view on all sides. The first part of the ascent is by an easy lane behind the Muckcross hotel; this conducts pony and pedestrian on to a broad sloping shoulder, strewn with boulders left there by the avalanches of the olden time, and thickly overgrown with moss and heather. From this platform the whole of the Lower or Great Lake is seen lying as on a map; not too distant to be picturesque. The tower of Ross Castle, the curious crooked peninsula which it guards, the sharp little rock called O'Donoghue's prison, and the green groves of Innisfallen, spring from the level of that broad blue water, to whose brink the hanging woods of the mountains dip upon the south. But not alone is Killarney beautiful from the slopes at the base of Mangaton. Nine miles from its western edge is the bright sheet of Castlemaine Haven, the extreme end of the Bay of Dingle. It appears to be a land-locked lake, but it is really an arm of the great Atlantic, and lies like a flake of lapis lazuli amidst the fields. It is as a reminder of the land across the western waters to the people who lived in those small cabins among the heather. Lord Castlerosse wishes to clear and plant this

part of his estate. He has already "emigrated" many of the mountaineers to Canada, providing for their reception on the other side of the ocean, and giving them a gratuity to start with. Next year more are to go; far from unwilling, it would seem; yet it is sad that such bright-eyed girls and stalwart men must quit these glorious Kerry mountains, never to return.

A little farther on, the ascent becomes desperately steep, but the pony plods its careful way; the Lower Lake shrinks at our feet, the fringed islands lessen, but the distance begins to expand. The old road to Tralee is seen stretching over the hills on the opposite side of the plain; and over the point where the road is lost spreads a dim line of distance, which broadens as we ascend. It is the flat land somewhere about the mouth of the Shannon. Turning to the east, towards England, a great blue pile begins to show itself—the pile of the far-distant Galtees in Tipperary. The steep ascent surmounted, we again follow a comparatively level path towards the Devil's Punch-Bowl, a tarn occupying a deep hollow, which has surely been a crater. The hill on one side rises in a precipitous incline; a narrow walk encircles the tarn; and under the clear cold water is seen as narrow a ledge of white rock, varying from two to six feet perhaps in width. Beyond that is sudden depth, and blackness awful to behold. The proprietor was up here lately with ropes and lead, but no bottom could he find. The wind ripples over the leaden surface, creating a sort of ghastly smile; guides and tourists loiter laughingly about the brim. The ponies climb like cats after a bit of fresher grass. There is life and light above, blackness and death below, a touch of tragedy upon the mountain side. We recall fearful drownings; one only too recent, when a young girl was sucked in while bathing in a lake, her mother and sister watching helpless on the shore. How is it that in the realm of beautiful and beneficent Nature there are spaces, secret regions, full, doubtless, of their own special use and loveliness, but antagonistic to man? Think of the secret windings of tortuous caves, whose paths break off into fathomless wells, whose roofs rise into viewless darkness; think of the glaring centre of the glorious fire, of the fierce, delightful activity of the volcano; think of the broad sandy solitude of the desert. It is not merely true that these places are *unsuitable* to man; they are more than that; they seem to contain an alien influence; and our ancestors finely caught and embodied their idea when they peopled the cavern with busy gnomes, smelting gold and polishing jewels with eager crooked fingers; when they gave genii to the Arabian desert; salamanders to the roaring fire; treacherous, melancholy water-spirits to the low-lying lakes; and dangerous fiends and Sabbat witches to

the black mysterious depths of the mountain tarn. Between these various creatures, good and bad, and man there might be indeed alliance, but no kinship. Gnomes may bestow the blessing or the curse of their golden stone; genii may serve, under protest, the cunning spell of the skilful sorcerer; salamanders may flit across the fiery background of some German legend; fiends and witches may clutch the unwilling soul of some wretched felon who has tampered with their unholy lore; but to the sensitive frame and timid imagination of the human race the best of such uncanny creatures is almost as fearful as the worst. We tremble at their beneficence, and expect that it will change into sudden curses; and the wiser we grow the more willing we are to leave them undisputed possession of their own kingdoms, retaining for ourselves the feathered fields of purple heather, the smelling pastures and the golden corn, the blue surface of sea and lake, the sculptured gates and pinnacled churches of the homes of men.

Leaving the Devil's Punch-Bowl, where the ponies are unsaddled, and whence we proceed on foot, the path ascends sharply for some little way, and then becomes a kind of terrace upon the mountain side. As it gradually circles towards the south, a most astounding prospect opens upon the sight; the whole cluster of the Killarney mountains, the Tomies, the Purple Mountain, Macgillicuddy's Reeks, Cummeenduff, and heaps of hills all piled up together, occupy one quarter of the compass. At their edge, to the left, lies the long fiord of Kenmare Bay, running up sharply into the land; and at its head the silver streak of the Atlantic Ocean, with the two great rocks called the Bull and Cow, looking in the distance just like ships. Even this, however, is not the summit; a broad breast of mountain yet rises above us, and tempts our feet, but it is all thick, soft, mossy bog, which would be well-nigh impassable but for the extraordinary dryness of the late summer. Nevertheless, we struggle upwards, and with wet feet and panting breath reach the topmost table-land, and the cairn of rough stones in the centre. From this cairn what is the bewildering sight we see? It is hardly an exaggeration to say that we see the greater part of the south of Ireland. From the estuary of the Shannon to the west, round by the Bay of Dingle to the Bay of Kenmare; past the gullies, where Bantry penetrates the land; across to the line of sea and shore by Cork; on to the long blue line of the Galtees, and even to a faint but fixed cloud, which can be nought save the mountains of Waterford; across north to the county of Limerick, and north-east to the Devil's Bit—such is the landscape. There she lies, the fair, the fabled land of Ireland, rich and fertile, grand and romantic, seen upon a blue sunshiny day, such as may not

come round again for a month. Ah, how the petty miseries of life ought to fade in the imagination amidst the lessons of a sight like this! the power of God exercised in ways so mighty and so minute, through long ages of which we have no ken; the vast changes, vast alike whether rapidly effected or wrought out by agencies at present existing; the flood and the fire; the iceberg and the roaring wind; the circling ether; the vivifying light ebbing and flowing from star to star; the cities and villages so full of men and women, each all-important to their own friends, each straining their divers faculties for their divers purposes,—all this may surely help to give breadth and calmness to our view of life, and seem to nourish, by exterior teachings, the faith and patience which spring from a far other source. It ill becomes the Christian to exaggerate the effect of the teachings of Nature. They will neither infuse belief into the heart of mankind nor sustain the force of self-denial and self-sacrifice. But their power to widen and to chasten the character which possesses fixed convictions of the purposes of God to man is eminently remarkable. Neither bigotry nor narrowness can stand against an intelligent communion with Nature. The very vastness which makes her seem desolate, in the hour when a man would turn to her for comfort in sorrow, serves to ennoble his conception of the living God. There is health to the body in the free air and fresh water of the mountain sides; there is health to the brain in the visions it offers to the eye, and the suggestions it gives to the mind; and there is rest to the heart and soul in the contemplation of that Power which holdeth us in the hollow of His hand, as the lakes lie in the hollows of the mountain and the land amidst the deeps of the sea.

Of the descent from Mangaton much need not be said. As the proportions of hill and vale gradually regain their accustomed aspect, the dazzled eyes measure all things as before. In the calm evening sunshine there was no change, and the blue peaks were motionless on the horizon. Only to us who left the mountain summit and regained the daily level, trees and houses wore their pristine air of importance, and the aerial vision receded into the caves of memory's enchanted land.

GLENGARIFF.

September 1. Fancy, my dear B——, an inlet of the Spanish coast of the Bay of Biscay,—smooth water, luxuriant ferns, starry London-pride, fine mountains, the whole drenched well-nigh daily by Atlantic showers,—and you have an idea of Glengariff, the lovely creek which turns to the westward out of the great fiord of Bantry Bay. Roche's hotel, where we have settled ourselves, is

on the wooded slope to the east; winding paths lead down to the water's edge; the green sea-water, clear as crystal, ebbing and flowing round its rocky islands, whose shores at low tide are fringed by orange bands of sea-weeds, of which an intense colour is visible for miles. Glengariff is a lovely place, a short day's distance from Killarney, a long day's ride from Cork. It is so far from common routes that the post comes in at noon, having gone out two hours previously; so that we are a day further than usual from communication with our fellow-creatures. No one taking up their rest in this hotel would, however, realise that they were in the far west. It was built eleven years ago, and stands visible from afar, like a great white bird with two wings, its rooms all ingeniously contrived so as to look out on to the view. It is the resort of long-backed cars from Cork and Killarney; and people alight here for the night, and while away the next morning in a way that aggravates us residents of a week's duration; so little can they know of the beauty of the bay. From our windows we see the waters, considerably foreshortened, and a fine group of mountains rising beyond, terminating in the Sugar-Loaf and adjacent ranges; the greater mass of Hungry Hill is out of sight. To the left we see the spire of the elegant little Protestant church, lately built under the auspices of Lord Bantry, who has bestowed upon it a painted-glass window in memory of his late wife. The Catholic chapel is further up the road; a very poor building, wofully contrasting with Pugin's Cathedral at Killarney, and with the accounts of the new church at Kenmare, whose stained-glass and stone carving, executed by Irish workmen, will be the glory of the district.

The state of the poor here is about as wretched as can be conceived: a man's wages are from sixpence to tenpence a day; for girls and women there is nothing to do. No leases are given, either of farms or cottage-holdings. The chief business is in butter, which is sent to Cork. The export is managed free of expense by the farmers taking it in turns to convey the firkins of the neighbourhood. Each cart will carry eighteen or twenty firkins, collected from the various farms. We saw two well-laden vehicles standing ready in the village this morning. The cows pick up a living on the hill-sides, and in fields just rescued from the bog and the stones, and may be seen climbing in places which would appear inaccessible save to the light-footed goat. The houses are built of gray stone, warmly thatched, even to the stumpy chimneys; they are hardly to be distinguished from the rocks. The population which inhabits them is, in spite of the wretched poverty, less distressing than one would be apt to imagine. The young girls are very blooming, and trip along

with their bare feet and their shawl-covered heads as if oppressed by few cares beyond that of a wish to go to America and earn wages. The wish to emigrate is universal among the young people; but I cannot say they look suffering while in youth. As they grow older, the habit of constant out-door labour tells on the complexion, and they look old and worn before their time. Although so poor as to be almost wholly destitute of money, they are very honest. "The priest keeps 'em tight," said our waiter to us. And the Protestant lodge-keeper at a neighbouring estate informed us that they were very harmless; indeed, they were never to be seen after dark, being afraid of bogies!

We have made our way into the national school, taught by a gentlemanly young man, born and bred in the south of Ireland. He has from sixty to seventy scholars, barefooted and ragged for the most part, but extremely sharp; going through the rivers and islands of their native land, and the lakes in the various countries of Europe, with great quickness and accuracy; being then tested in arithmetic, and writing down the most appalling sums with correctness. Two of these scholars were grown young women; one a remarkably tidy specimen, with good stout boots "to her feet," neat petticoats of short dimensions, and the customary shawl. Then there was a little maid some twelve years old, whose delicate brow and thin peaked chin and slender figure, throwing itself into impossible angles, was the very copy of the pre-Raphaelite type. I have seen one of Rossetti's girls as like as a twin-sister to that child. It is not quite a pleasant image, but wonderfully expressive, and full of a certain sort of keen intellect. The boys, none of whom looked above twelve years old, were quick fellows; quicker and better-mannered than such ragged urchins would be with us. Bitter poverty in Ireland may exist, and exhibit painful outward signs, without the degradation which almost invariably accompanies it in England. Nothing above a wayside tramp of the most wretched and hopeless description could in England wear the outer garb of those bright-eyed, well-mannered boys and girls in the national school on the Bay of Glengariff. There was no village any where near; the church and two inns and three shops of Glengariff itself were a mile off, and do not in themselves constitute any thing to be called a village. The little people had trooped in from the scattered cabins in the mountain-valleys or on the shores of the bay. There was no clock in the school, and the time of day seemed to be ascertained by the regular passing of the mail-car! Altogether there was, to an English eye, the queerest discrepancy between the intellectual implements—the maps, slates, and school-books—and the complete des-

titution in the outward order of the place and its inhabitants. Love of learning has always been a characteristic of the Kerry people. They applied themselves to Latin in the days of the hedge-schools, and seem now desirous of taking every advantage of all modern helps to learning.

On leaving the school, we made a bargain with a peasant-girl living in a neighbouring cabin that she and her father should row us home across the bay. Kate Macarthy had a short sturdy frame, clothed in very ragged petticoats; wild dark hair, a face which would have been handsome and intelligent but for a defect in one of the eyes. She spoke English pretty well; but her father, when produced, could not speak one word; nor could Kate read or write. She was well pleased to earn eighteenpence, for there was a debt due for meal purchased at Bantry last winter, and which must be settled before Christmas came on again. She pulled stoutly at the oar, and they landed us at the waterfall, where the grounds of Roche's hotel slope to the sea. We made an arrangement to ascend the Sugar-Loaf with her on some fine day, and her face shone at the bare notion of the half-crown. But, poor child, the fine day did not come; at least no day which, in our opinion, warranted the ascent of a bare boggy mountain, however splendid the reward at the summit.

We got out, however, on several long pedestrian excursions: saw the deep-wooded glen where Lord Bantry has built a neat rustic cottage, and where he goes to lunch every week; saw the view-rock, named "Lady Bantry's View," which affords a charming prospect of the whole inlet of Glengariff; ascended Cobdhuy, with a body-guard of three little urchins, who took us safely up in the gathering twilight, and down home in the dark. It was a wild expedition to take after tea, and we may thank Providence and our little sure-footed guides that we did not break our bones, or at the least sprain our ankles, on the rocky steep; for Cobdhuy is 1,244 feet high, and the clouds were heavy in the west, veiling even the lingering light of sunset. Then we had an adventure another evening with a lunatic, a powerfully-made girl of some twenty years old, who rushed out at us, vociferously demanding "a penny, a bit of ribbon, a gown, a *bit of indiarubber*." We could not imagine for what purpose she wanted indiarubber, nor indeed what kind she meant, until she made a hasty clutch at our elastic watch-guard, and explained that she wanted it to put into her hair-net, to wear on Sunday! The chain could not be cut, for we had no wherewithal in the shape of knife or scissors, and should have hesitated to produce them on that lonely road and in such queer company, if we had. So after a great deal of bargaining and vehement refusal on the part of the "innocent," she condescended to

accept a penny, and to return home with a little girl who accompanied her. We learnt afterwards her "people" were by no means very poor, but had five or six cows, which she minded, and that she could clean the house, and even do shopping; in fact, she was just "too sensible by half," and particularly unpleasant to meet upon a mountain-side.

Another day we went down to Cromwell's Bridge, the ruined arches of which are crowned with heather, gorse, and wild-briers. It is said he threw it up in a night, to afford passage for his army over the sparkling river that dashes over a low waterfall into the bay, close to the few houses called "The Cross." Here were picturesque figures with red head-gear washing their clothes; and here we had a gay conversation with a lively girl dressed with great neatness, who lamented sadly over the want of occupation in the whole valley, and whose heart, as usual, was utterly set on being off to America. Coming back along the road, at the extreme end of Glengariff Bay, we were struck with great heaps of sand being shovelled out from flat-bottomed boats. They proved to be a mass of fine coral-lime and tiny shells, dredged fifteen miles out at sea from a shallow, and employed as manure, for which purpose the quantity of lime renders such shelly sand admirably useful. We brought away a quantity for the microscopes of scientific London friends. The nook where these heaps lay drying reminded me of the southern coast of the Isle of Wight; the walls and outbuildings of Eccles' hotel covered with tree-fuchsia, and with the passion-flower, and holly, laurel, and arbutus, securing verdure for the winter months.

GONGANE BARRA.

Glengariff, September 6, 1864. I hope, my dear B——, you like your descriptions fresh, like griddle-cakes, for it was only yesterday we hired our car to take us across the hills to Gongane Barra, twenty-one miles, and back, all accomplished by one stout little gray horse, trotting along with the light vehicle put together with the very smallest quantity of wood and iron capable of constituting a carriage. We soon turned out of the charmed valley of Glengariff, with its luxuriant vegetation, its royal ferns, its velvet mosses, its profusion of purple heather and golden gorse, its woods of handsome oak, intermingled with the feathery green and scarlet berries of the mountain ash. A sharp turn through a rocky cutting brought us out on to the hill-side overlooking the Bay of Bantry, bare, bleak, rocky, and sprinkled with thatched cabins, with difficulty to be distinguished from the ground, or from the great gray rocks jutting up in the midst

of potato plots. The road wound down to the indentated shores of the bay, where we found the tide out, and great shallows of mud and sea-weed, on to which the foaming mountain rivers rushed down in petty cataracts. Fine well-built stone bridges span the road at the points of junction; that which we left on one side, within a mile of Bantry, was thickly draped with festoons of ivy, and sheltered by graceful trees. When we had reached this point the character of the land improved. The neat homesteads of "strong farmers" began to appear, and a large garden, full of apple-trees, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and corn-fields with gathered sheaves. By the road-side were great heaps of the sea-sand I mentioned in my last, and the boat which had brought it was moored to the water's edge. A little further on a blind boy, led by a little child, rushed down the bank and raced after our car, begging piteously; he was satisfied with a halfpenny, and fell back, to renew his solicitations to the next travellers; but these, indeed, are few and far between, for during the whole day's journey we only met two vehicles, one of which was the mail-cart. As soon as we left the shores of Bantry Bay we turned up the valley of the Owrane, a lively river, whose dark water dashes over many a rock and twirls round many a corner on its way from the mountains. The fields on its brink were often visibly reclaimed from the bog; we noticed one where it seemed merely to have been cut into ridges, and planted with potatoes, bordered by cabbages. At other times the marsh had been completely drained, and it was laid down in smooth grass. All the better for farming; but I am one of those eccentric travellers who think a real bog in August and September charmingly beautiful; the rich black soil dipping into bright pools of water, shining like polished ebony, fringed with rushes, with delicate heaths, with flowers yellow and white, with blackberries trailing their thorny sprays over each uneven knot. I feel ashamed of my love of bogs, I know it is so utterly uneconomical; but I appeal to all artists, and poets, and naturalists, whether they are the dreary, unsavoury places which the public imagination has declared them to be. It is like people calling the Roman Campagna ugly and desolate; and indeed the malaria somewhat justifies abuse of the Campagna, in spite of its sublime beauty; but bogs are not even reputed unhealthy. Dead bodies buried in them are preserved for a great length of time; there are antiseptic properties about the turf which seem to counteract the effects of the damp; and people live in them, and on them, and build their huts of the close black fibre of the peat, without suffering the ill consequences which might be anticipated.

All this valley of the Owrane is what would be called bleak and desolate, in spite of the fields and the farms; but it looked its best

under the fitful sunlight succeeding to the late heavy rains; colour, a yellowish green and purple gray; mountains and moorlands bordering the view on all sides, but at a considerable distance; and foregrounds such as Richardson delights to paint. We passed one picturesque ruin, that of the castle of Carrig-a-nass, trimly kept, and adorned with a bright garden. The fort overhung the river, and, according to our driver, had belonged to the O'Sullivans; and had sustained a siege from the forces of Queen Elizabeth. Crossing the Owraue by a stone bridge, which bore to our eyes signs of fortification, we left it at an angle, and began to ascend the slope of the hill towards the mountain Pass of Keimaneigh, a deep ravine cutting through the Sheeky mountains. It is almost a mile in length, and winds through steep cliffs adorned with the richest vegetation. The London pride, so plentiful in Glengariff, but which had totally disappeared in the unsheltered valley of the Owraue, again matted the rocks, which lay on either slope in the wildest confusion. At the narrowest part of the defile a sharp contest had in old times taken place between the Whiteboys and soldiers; and the Whiteboys, who occupied the heights, had tumbled down loose fragments on to the troops below, and thus added to the aspect of natural convulsion one great bastion of rock, more the shape of a castle, and might have been that mystic castle of St. John, in Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*, which rose before the fated voyager in all the majesty of feudal invitation, or melted away into morning mist, leaving naught but the wild rock and foaming torrent before the astonished eyes of those who sought its lonely site. Indeed, this wild and beautiful story, told in verse of clear ringing melody, and which seems comparatively little known among Sir Walter Scott's poems, recurs again and again to my memory amidst mountain scenery. It embodies the weird aspect which will sometimes seize upon glens and valleys; a something which pertains neither to their natural beauty nor to their scientific formation, but to the possible indwelling of the "Spirit of the Flood," and the "Spirit of the Fell," all through the Pass of Keimaneigh.

"Where the severed rocks resemble fragments of a frozen sea,
And the wild-deer flee,"

is heard the gurgle of mountain streams. They trickle in tiny streamlets from the very top of the rocks, having accumulated in some bog on the summit, and they gather volume as they leap, until they find a stony bed at the bottom of the ravine; and the stream flows on by the side of the road, clear and bright like melted diamonds, spreading out here and there in little pools, where infant trout dash about swiftly, and scorn the crumbs of bread we scatter upon the smooth ripples. On the wall between the beck and the road the maiden-hair fern grows profusely; and I found a dog-violet by the brink,

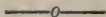
the first I have seen here. At the further end of Keimaneigh we came out on another valley, through which runs the rivulet destined to become "the pleasant waters of the river Lee;" and here is the white station-house where the "Cork car," *i. e.* from Killarney, Kenmare, Glengariff, &c., stops forty minutes; and here, says our guide-book, "the mountains which encircle the mystic lake of Gongane Barra begin to show their precipitous and gully-riven sides."

Just before coming to the station-house we diverged up a road to the left, past a thatched house with several small fields, till we attained a table-land on which lies a small placid lake encircling an island attainable by a causeway. This island is rendered venerable by massive ruins of an oratory and cells, and picturesque by a crown of scraggy half-withered ash-trees, their fantastic roots arching over the pathway in the wildest contortions. This is St. Finbar's Isle, a spot held in great veneration by the neighbouring peasantry, who come here by hundreds to make "rounds:" that is, to say prayers at certain stations on the island. Such devotional meetings are, however, discouraged by the clergy, who fear the disorders to which multitudinous meetings may give rise when not under the pastoral superintendence of one of their own body. The connection of St. Finbar with this lake and island are given in the following legend: "St. Patrick, after banishing the reptiles out of the country, overlooked one hideous monster, a winged-dragon, which desolated the adjacent country, and power was conferred on a holy man named Fineen Bar to drown the monster in Gongane Lake, on condition of erecting a church where the waters meet the tide; and the saint, having exterminated the monster, fulfilled the agreement by founding the present Cathedral of Cork," which is called St. Finbar, and is the Protestant cathedral of that city. We sat for a while upon the greensward of the islets, under shelter of the weird old ash-trees and the older ruins. A true love of solitude and an amazing power of concentration must those men have possessed who dwelt therein—their feet close to the cool gray waters, their faces set to the mountain summits. We in our day, of what faith soever we may be, cannot realise their existence, their habits of mind, their fashion of internal prayer, who dwelt thus in utter seclusion. While we were resting, an old man with a snow-white beard, who looked curiously like a wild mountain-goat on his hind-legs, came and essayed conversation, telling us that 500 people had been here on the previous Saturday making their rounds. He bore a bundle of walking-sticks cut from the ash, and a notched or marked stick, of the kind that the pilgrims use to count their prayers. And a little boy brought in a lovely bunch of white heather, for which he received in exchange the remains of our luncheon.

We were unwilling to return without exploring the head of the valley, and soon found that the lake was larger than it at first appeared, and wound round some considerable hillocks on the west. While we were discussing the possibility of shortening our path by crossing a luxuriantly beautiful bit of bog, up came a stout, good-looking woman of fifty, with beaming eyes and bare feet, who had a most voluble tongue in — Irish! She exhausted a great store of ideas for our benefit, and laughed heartily when she found we could not understand a word she said. A great deal of reflection at last produced the ejaculation of “Take the bundle?” which we were glad to let her do; and she shouldered our basket, and seemed willing to take us to the head of the valley, paddling along unconcernedly through the wet rocky paths with her handsome bare feet, while we picked our way along the grassy hillocks. The head of the valley was a semi-circular basin, which reminded me of Wartdale on a smaller scale. Once, doubtless, it was a tarn; now the bottom was occupied by a very “strong farmer,” whose house was shrouded in a grove of trees, while in the neighbouring field he and his men were stacking the wheat. It was a pretty scene of peaceful seclusion, hidden away in the inmost recess of the mountains; for though a footpath winds through and over the height to Bantry, all other means of communication cease in this “green valley”—two words which our Irish friend had somehow or other got hold of, and which she reiterated with great delight. Her name, she said, was Mary Cronin; and we extracted the information that she had a husband and four children, grown up, but unmarried. The Irish language, in her animated and musical accents, sounded much like German; and nothing could exceed the lively intelligence of her expression and gesture, or the freedom and sort of rough stateliness of her attitude and motion, as she moved along. She was deeply aware of the distinction between *Erinagh* and *Sassanach*, and all alive when she found I came from London; but exhibited a dignified sense of equality as an inhabitant of her land of lakes and mountains. She took us back to our car, where our white horse stood harnessed, refreshed with nearly three hours’ repose; and where our bearded driver, his legs cased in white gaiters, and his head covered by a pointed hat, which made him look more like a brigand than a peaceable citizen, stood ready to whirl us back through Keimaneigh, the valley of the Owrane, and the shores of Bantry Bay, to our beautiful Glengarriff, shrouded ere we arrived in the mists of a gray evening, portending a deluge on the morrow.

Sonnet.

GALATEA AND URANIA, OR ART AND FAITH.



"DREAD, venerable goddess, whom I fear,
 Gaze not upon me from thy starry height!
 I fear thy levelled shafts of piercing light,
 Thine unfamiliar radiance and severe.
 Thy sceptre bends not. Stern, defined, and clear
 Thy laws: thy face intolerantly bright:
 Thine is the empire of the Ruled and Right:
 Never hadst thou a part in smile or tear.
 I love the curving of the wind-arched billow;
 The dying flute-tone sweeter for its dying:
 To me less dear the pine-tree than the willow,
 The mountain than the shadows o'er it flying."
 Thus Galatea sung, whilst o'er the waters
 Urania bent, and cowered 'mid ocean's foam-white daughters.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Too Late.



CHAPTER VII.

"Do you feel the sun too much, darling?" said Ida, as she bent over the sofa, drawn close to the open window, on which the little thin white form and face of Lady Isabella was lying. "See, I can draw the venetian blind, and make a pleasant shade."

"Oh, how nice!" said the sick child. "I smell all the flowers now; how kind you are, Ida dear! I wish," she added, timidly looking up,— "I wish you would let me kiss you again."

"As often as you like, my darling;" and Ida bent over her with a shower of kisses; "what could I ever refuse you, my poor little victim?"

"Ida," said Isabella mysteriously, "if it was not wrong to think so, I would rather be ill than well."

"What! and bear all that pain in your side, and all the bitter medicine to take. Don't you remember how you cried out when Dr. Barret put that curious instrument of his on your chest? You wouldn't like that, Bella, I am sure. Oh, no! you are getting quite well now, my birdie; you will dance and play about again now, won't you? What's the matter?" as she saw the tears slowly falling over Isabella's pale cheeks.

"I'm afraid it's wicked," panted the child; "but I don't want to get well; I want to stay here with you. If I get well, I shall have to go back to Effington, and papa says I don't improve as he could wish. Ida, I should not mind *dying* if I could stay with you a good time longer, and you would nurse me."

"Don't talk so, my darling; it is only because you are weak. When you get strong again you will laugh at yourself, and forget all this; and you are to come and see me very often—be my little sister always. Come and see me in London; we will have such fun, you can't think; and then to Beauchamp again, and we will go together to Aunt Maria, your dear grandmama; so you see we shall almost always be together now, Isabel."

"I would rather die," said the child; "I should like to die here. I am not afraid to die. I did not feel afraid when I fell down on the sands, and then it all came over me, and I was blinded. I thought about mama: I thought I saw her all in white in heaven; and

when you brought me home, Ida, in the carriage, I was only half awake, and I thought I should find mama at the end. I do miss her so, Ida. I know nurse and Miss Ponsfort think I was so little when she died, that I don't remember her; but I do: I miss her so, I want to be with her."

Ida was weeping, herself, as she clasped Isabella in her arms and strove to comfort her.

"Isabel, my dear, I hope you are not encroaching on Miss Beauchamp's kindness," said Lord Effington, as he entered the room at the moment. "You are getting well now, you know; you must not give way. I don't wish you to be languid."

Ida felt the sudden start and the violent palpitation of Isabella's heart as her father's voice sounded in her ears.

"Oh, no interference with my patient, if you please, Lord Effington. We are only swearing an eternal friendship, and promising ourselves we will not be parted long."

Lord Effington's face expressed as much pleasure as it was capable of doing.

"Miss Beauchamp, I have long been wishing for an opportunity of speaking to you about Isabella; would you give me a few minutes on the terrace now?"

Ida rose instantly. Isabella's tearful confidence had moved her heart; and, full of impulse as she was, a sudden idea of asking Lord Effington to leave Isabella in her charge filled her mind. There would be the occupation and interest she so often wanted. Reginald should no longer regret the way in which her life was passed; so with glowing colour and sparkling eyes, she passed out on the terrace.

Reginald Beauchamp was sitting in the old wainscoted library; it was one of the coolest rooms in the house, for it was full of shady corners, and the embrasures of the windows were so deep, that the burning sun had little power to penetrate within. He had been writing letters, and a number of them lay ready for the post. He pushed away his chair from the table, composed himself, and began to read the *Times*. The door opened with a quick sudden click, which made Reginald look up, and Ida entered with evident agitation in her manner, her face and neck all in one deep glow.

"Come to cool yourself, Ida, I suppose," said Reginald. "Why, you look as if you had been baking the bread. What's the matter?" as Ida paced impetuously about the room.

"I have had the offer of a situation, Reginald; what do you think of that?—as *governess* to Lady Isabella Wilton;" and she

laughed scornfully. "I never was so insulted in my life; that that man, *Lucy's husband*, should dare to ask me to marry him."

"My dear Ida, you need not talk as if Lucy were alive," remarked her brother.

"Is there nothing owing to her memory?" returned Ida. "Is she, gentle, good angel as she was, to be put out of sight as if she had never been? Ought not one wife, such as she was, a million times too good for him, to content the man? Reginald, why won't you listen?"

For Reginald sank back in his chair, and slowly and deliberately unfolded the full sheet of the *Times*.

"My dear Ida, I don't know much about offers of marriage," said her brother, "but I was under the impression that when ladies refused them, as I gather you have just now done, they at least kept silence on the subject."

"Oh, you need not be the least afraid that I have betrayed Lord Effington's confidence, or hurt his feelings! Governess to Isabella! that is literally what he wanted me for. He thought I should be so 'suited for the high position I should occupy.' High position! how sick I am of the word! I would rather be a housemaid at once. I can see you laughing, Reggie, behind the paper. Well, I think you might show a little more kindness and sympathy. If I had a mother as other girls have, you would not have heard this at all;" and Ida, throwing herself on her knees beside one of the wide window-seats, leant her head on it, and sobbed passionately.

Reginald came and sat by her side, and, bending over her, stroked her hair. It reminded her of the days of their childhood, when he had been the confidant of her childish griefs, the unfailing champion of her rightful quarrels, when Ferdinand, her best-loved brother, had often left her in the lurch, only intent on getting out of a scrape himself; but Reginald had never failed her, except when she chose to be wilfully in the wrong.

"My dearest Ida," he said softly, "you are tired and overwrought. I don't see why you should vex yourself so about this; you can't expect Lord Effington to look at things from your point of view; but surely it will soon be over now. He has gone to Bruton on business to-day. He will only just come back to pick up Isabella, and then there will be an end of the matter."

"He says he has spoken to papa, and he approved," said Ida, raising her head. "What can papa care for me to wish such a thing!—do *you* wish it, Reginald? do *you* think it would be a good way of disposing of me?"

"No," said her brother; "I should be very sorry to see you Lady Effington."

"Oh, thank God for that, Reggie! I have had such a horrid feeling, as if you were all plotting against me. I see it's only one of papa's fancies; he will soon get rid of it. I did think that I, as an only daughter, might be spared all this to-do about marrying. I always get so disgusted at the way the Travers, and the Broughtons, and all the rest talk about it. Why can't I live and die Ida Beauchamp?"

"I hope not," said her brother. "I hope you will be married some day; but to a man whom you can respect and look up to,—one whom my father will like, and whose position is a suitable one for you. It has always seemed to me that married life would be what you are best suited for."

"Very well, sir," said Ida, gaily. "I'll e'en wait till the right man comes, or advertise for him in the *Times*. That is what Lord Effington ought to do, I'm sure. Do suggest it to him, Reggie;" and she ran out of the room once more, as blithe and light-hearted as usual.

Reginald looked after her and sighed. His face wore a deep sadness, such as was seldom seen on his calm features; and the frequent prayer, of which Ida seldom thought, but which was indeed her shield, went up for her—from the depths of his heart.

Once more did the Carsdale party assemble in the chapel of Beauchamp Hall; once more pleasant hours were spent together in the quaint shady gardens. Yet not so pleasant as heretofore; for a sense of coming change crept over the party. The following day the Carsdales were to leave Newcombe; and the familiar intercourse of the summer months would soon be only a happy memory. True, Ida talked of meeting again in London, and schemes for next summer were discussed; but they were felt to be only airy castles, fated to dissolve. So the parting words were said, and the parting smiles were given, and Ida felt, as she heard the wheels of the Carsdales' carriage slowly ascending the hill, that one episode of her life had closed. She lingered on the terrace, looking thoughtfully at the declining sun, and dreamily into the future. And thus we take our leave of her. Shall we follow her into that future, and see how the seeds sown in the pleasant time at Newcombe sprang up and bore fruit which the sower had not looked for?*

* The author of this serial was not aware, at its commencement, that a work had already been published bearing the title of "Too Late." It has therefore been judged best to bring the first part of the tale to an end in these pages, and continue and conclude the story elsewhere under a different title.

